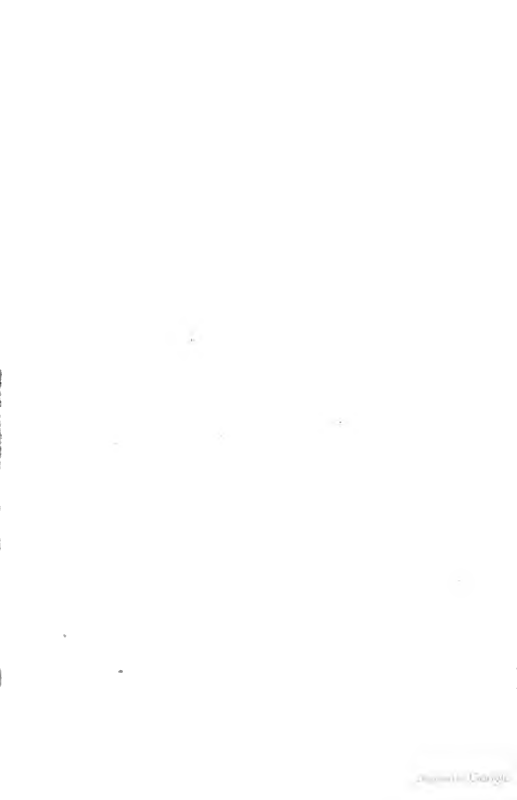




**E. Brox,**

Buchbinder in Leipzig.



12.42.2 P.O. angl. 1011<sup>2</sup> Eye, R, 25/9 31



# ENGLISCHER LIEDERSCHATZ.

HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

KARL ELZE.

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# ENGLISCHER LIEDERSCHATZ

AUS

ENGLISCHEN UND AMERIKANISCHEN DICHTERN

VORZUGSWEISE DES XIX. JAHRHUNDERTS.

MIT

NACHRICHTEN ÜBER DIE VERFASSER.

HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

KARL ELZE.

---

The world is full of poetry — the air  
Is living with its spirit; and the waves  
Dance to the music of its melodies,  
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veil'd  
And mantled with its beauty.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.



DESSAU.

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1851.

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## VORWORT.

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Die Menge der bereits vorhandenen englischen Gedichtsammlungen und Blumenlesen noch zu vermehren ist, zumal für einen unbekannten Schriftsteller, ein gewagtes Unternehmen, welches nur durch zweckmässige Auswahl und Anordnung seine Rechtfertigung finden kann. Nach einer solchen habe ich wenigstens gestrebt, indem ich versucht habe, einen stofflich geordneten Abriss der gegenwärtigen lyrischen Welt- und Lebensanschauung der Engländer und Anglo-Amerikaner zu geben.

Die Verbindung der amerikanischen mit den englischen Dichtern wird der aufmerksame Leser in der ersten Abtheilung von beiden Seiten gerechtfertigt finden. Dass das Verzeichniss der Verfasser, so wie die von mir selbst herrührenden Anmerkungen deutsch geschrieben sind, ist theils aus einem gewissen vaterländischen Gefühle, theils desshalb geschehen, weil das Buch zunächst für deutsche Leser berechnet ist. Ob ich hinsichtlich der

Anmerkungen das rechte Mass getroffen habe, mögen gütige Leser und Beurtheiler entscheiden. Von dem Grundsätze, ausschliesslich Erzeugnisse des gegenwärtigen Jahrhunderts aufzunehmen, bin ich nur da abgewichen, wo es der Plan der Sammlung ausdrücklich zu erfordern schien.

So möge denn das Buch, dessen Ausarbeitung mir bei der Ungunst öffentlicher wie persönlicher Verhältnisse Zuflucht und Genuss gewährt hat, seinem Zwecke entsprechend, Lehrern, Lernenden und Liebhabern der englischen Sprache und Dichtkunst gleichfalls Freude und Belehrung bringen!

DESSAU, im Juli 1851.

**Karl Elze.**

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# INHALT.

## I. VATERLAND UND HEIMATH.

	Seite
Rule Britannia. James Thomson . . . . .	3
God save the Queen . . . . .	4
On England. John Keats . . . . .	5
The Homes of England. Felicia Hemans . . . . .	6
The Chimes of England. Arthur Cleveland Coxe . . . . .	7
Ye Mariners of England. Thomas Campbell . . . . .	9
Evening by the Thames. William Wordsworth . . . . .	11
To the Thames at Westminster. Thomas Noon Talfourd . . . . .	12
Sonnet, composed on Westminster Bridge. William Wordsworth . . . . .	13
Adieu, Adieu! My native Shore. Lord Byron . . . . .	—
The Exile's Farewell. Barry Cornwall . . . . .	16
The Exile. Thomas Hood . . . . .	17

Caledonia. Robert Burns . . . . .	18
Address to Edinburgh. Robert Burns . . . . .	20
My Heart's in the Highlands. Robert Burns . . . . .	22
Staffa. William Sotheby . . . . .	23
Lachin y Gair. Lord Byron . . . . .	24
Afton Water. Robert Burns . . . . .	25
Hame, Hame, Hame. Allan Cunningham . . . . .	26
The Author's Farewell. Robert Burns . . . . .	27
The Exile's Song. Robert Gilfillan . . . . .	28

Shan Van Vocht. Anonymous . . . . .	30
The Green Little Shamrock of Ireland. Andrew Cherry . . . . .	31
Oh the Shamrock. Thomas Moore . . . . .	32
Hail to the Oak! W. Kertland . . . . .	34
Erin! the Tear and the Smile in Thine Eyes. Thomas Moore . . . . .	35

# VIII

	Seite
Gougane Barra. J. J. Callanan . . . . .	35
Sweet Avondu. J. J. Callanan . . . . .	37
Exile of Erin. Thomas Campbell . . . . .	39
Song of an Exile. Anonymous . . . . .	40

Columbia. Timothy Dwight . . . . .	41
Yankee Doodle. Dr. Sheekburg . . . . .	43
America to Great Britain. Washington Allston . . . . .	44
Hail, Columbia. Joseph Hopkinson . . . . .	45
The Star-spangled Banner. F. S. Key . . . . .	47
Our Country. William Jewett Pabodie . . . . .	48
Washington's Grave. Lucretia Davidson . . . . .	50
A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson. W. Cullen Bryant . . . . .	—
A Farewell to America. Richard Henry Wilde . . . . .	51

## II. WELT UND NATUR.

Earth. William Cullen Bryant . . . . .	55
Forest Hymn. W. Cullen Bryant . . . . .	58
Song of the Stars. W. Cullen Bryant . . . . .	62
When the Firmament Quivers. W. Cullen Bryant . . . . .	63
Thanatopsis. W. Cullen Bryant . . . . .	64
Nature. Anonymous . . . . .	67
Hymn. John Wilson . . . . .	68
The Sun. James G. Percival . . . . .	70
The Stars. Barry Cornwall . . . . .	76
To the Evening Star. Thomas Campbell . . . . .	—
The Light of Stars. Henry W. Longfellow . . . . .	77
Moonlight. Felicia Hemans . . . . .	79
The Cloud. Percy Bysshe Shelley . . . . .	80
The Rainbow. Thomas Campbell . . . . .	83
The World's Wanderers. Percy Bysshe Shelley . . . . .	85

The Voice of Spring. Felicia Hemans . . . . .	85
Lines, written in early Spring. W. Wordsworth . . . . .	87
Spring is coming. James Mack . . . . .	88
May-Day. Reginald Heber . . . . .	89
They Come! the Merry Summer Months. W. Motherwell . . . . .	90
Song of the Summer Winds. George Darley . . . . .	92



	Seite
<u>It is the last Rose of Summer. Thomas Moore . . . . .</u>	93
<u>The Autumn Leaf. Charles Mackay . . . . .</u>	94
<u>The Approach of Cold Weather. Sir Egerton Brydges . . . . .</u>	95
<u>The Winter Night. Wm. B. O. Peabody . . . . .</u>	96
<u>Stanzas. John G. C. Brainard . . . . .</u>	97
<u>Song. Alfred Tennyson . . . . .</u>	99

<u>The Winds. Hannah F. Gould . . . . .</u>	100
<u>The Winds. Sir Egerton Brydges . . . . .</u>	101
<u>The Water! The Water! Wm. Motherwell . . . . .</u>	—
<u>The Lake has burst. Barry Cornwall . . . . .</u>	104
<u>Sights and Sounds of the Night. Carlos Wilcox . . . . .</u>	105
<u>Night. James Montgomery . . . . .</u>	106
<u>The Song of Night. Felicia Hemans . . . . .</u>	108
<u>Good Night. Felicia Hemans . . . . .</u>	110
<u>Echo and Silence. Sir Egerton Brydges . . . . .</u>	111
<u>One Night as I did wander. Robert Burns . . . . .</u>	112
<u>Hymn to the Flowers. Horace Smith . . . . .</u>	113
<u>To a Flower. Barry Cornwall . . . . .</u>	115
<u>Bring Flowers. Felicia Hemans . . . . .</u>	116
<u>Morning. Maria Brooks . . . . .</u>	117
<u>Those Evening Bells. Thomas Moore . . . . .</u>	119
<u>The Midnight Wind. Wm. Motherwell . . . . .</u>	—
<u>The Winged Worshippers. Charles Sprague . . . . .</u>	120
<u>The Skylark. James Hogg . . . . .</u>	122
<u>To a Skylark. Percy B. Shelley . . . . .</u>	123
<u>Ode to a Nightingale. John Keats . . . . .</u>	126
<u>To the Mocking-Bird. R. Henry Wilde . . . . .</u>	129
<u>To the Whip-Poor-Will. Elizabeth F. Ellett . . . . .</u>	—
<u>The Green Isle of Lovers. Robert C. Sanda . . . . .</u>	130
<u>A Little Green Isle. Louis Legrand Nobie . . . . .</u>	131
<u>Oh! Had we some bright little Isle. Thomas Moore . . . . .</u>	133

<u>Address to the Ocean. Barry Cornwall . . . . .</u>	134
<u>The Deep. John G. C. Brainard . . . . .</u>	135
<u>The Coral Grove. James G. Percival . . . . .</u>	136
<u>The Treasures of the Deep. Felicia Hemans . . . . .</u>	138
<u>To a Wave. James O. Rockwell . . . . .</u>	139
<u>The Sea. Barry Cornwall . . . . .</u>	141
<u>A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea. Allan Cunningham . . . . .</u>	142
<u>The Sea-Bird's Song. John G. C. Brainard . . . . .</u>	143

	Seite
Where is the Sea? Felicia Hemans . . . . .	144
Break, Break, Break. Alfred Tennyson . . . . .	145

### III. DAS LEBEN.

Life. Edward Moxon . . . . .	149
A Psalm of Life. Henry W. Longfellow . . . . .	—
The common Lot. James Montgomery . . . . .	151
The Lot of Thousands. Mrs. Hunter . . . . .	152
Let's take this World as some Wide Scene. Thomas Moore . . . . .	153
This World is all a fleeting Show. Thomas Moore . . . . .	154
All that's bright must fade. Thomas Moore . . . . .	155
All is Vanity, saith the Preacher. Lord Byron . . . . .	156
My Life is like the Summer Rose. Richard Henry Wilde . . . . .	157
We might have been. Letitia El. Landon . . . . .	158
Withering, withering. Charles Fenno Hoffman . . . . .	160
Passing Away. Maria Jane Jewsbury . . . . .	—
The Death of the Old Year. Alfred Tennyson . . . . .	161
The Great of Earth. Mary Ann Browne . . . . .	163
What is Glory? What is Fame? Wm. Motherwell . . . . .	165
The Ages of Man. James Montgomery . . . . .	166
The Human Seasons. John Keats . . . . .	167
Maidenhood. Henry W. Longfellow . . . . .	168
Youth and Manhood. Richard Monckton Milnes . . . . .	170

Poesy. Edward Moxon . . . . .	171
Prevalence of Poetry. James G. Percival . . . . .	—
Thoughts of Heaven. Robert Nicoll . . . . .	176
I'm saddest when I sing. Thomas Haynes Bayly . . . . .	178
The Arrow and the Song. Henry W. Longfellow . . . . .	179
Song. Jonathan H. Bright . . . . .	180
Stanzas. Robert Southey . . . . .	181
Canzonet. Henry K. White . . . . .	182
A Wish. Samuel Rogers . . . . .	—
The Song of Dreams. Mary Ann Browne . . . . .	183
Oh, say not that my Heart is cold. Charles Wolfe . . . . .	185
A Deep and a Mighty Shadow. Barry Cornwall . . . . .	186
Go, let me weep. Thomas Moore . . . . .	187

Happiness. Anne Peyre Dinnies . . . . .	188
I'd be a Butterfly. Thom. Haynes Bayly . . . . .	189

<u>A Bottle and a Friend. Rob. Burns</u>	190
<u>The Smile. Felicia Hemans</u>	—
<u>Think not of the Future. Thom. Haynes Bayly</u>	191
<u>Quick, we have but a Second. Thomas Moore</u>	192
<u>The Merry Heart. H. H. Milman</u>	193
<u>Constancy. Joanna Baillie</u>	194

<u>Friends. James Montgomery</u>	195
<u>We have been Friends together. Mrs. Norton</u>	196
<u>If thou hast lost a Friend. Charles Swain</u>	197
<u>I am all alone. Thomas K. Hervey</u>	198
<u>What is Solitude? Charles Fenno Hoffman</u>	199
<u>Melody. Charles Fenno Hoffman</u>	200
<u>A Parting Song. Felicia Hemans</u>	201

<u>Langsyne. D. M. Moir</u>	202
<u>Footsteps of Angels. Henry W. Longfellow</u>	203
<u>I remember, I remember. Thomas Hood</u>	205
<u>Off in the Still Night. Thomas Moore</u>	206
<u>Bright Days departed. Zoe Holden</u>	207
<u>The Old Times. Letitia Elizabeth Landon</u>	208
<u>The Sleep. Elizabeth B. Barrett</u>	210
<u>The Rainy Day. Henry W. Longfellow</u>	212
<u>Sickness like Night. Felicia Hemans</u>	213
<u>We are seven. Wm. Wordsworth</u>	—
<u>The Family Meeting. Charles Sprague</u>	216
<u>The Old Familiar Faces. Charles Lamb</u>	217
<u>The Graves of a Household. Felicia Hemans</u>	218

<u>The Grave. James Montgomery</u>	220
<u>Song of Death. Robert Burns</u>	224
<u>When Coldness wraps this Suffering Clay. Lord Byron</u>	225
<u>Softly woo away her Breath. Barry Cornwall</u>	226
<u>The Departed. Mary Ann Browne</u>	227
<u>The Bridge of Sighs. Thomas Hood</u>	228
<u>Weep not for him that dieth. Mrs. Norton</u>	231
<u>I stood beside his Grave. William J. Pabodie</u>	233
<u>The old Kirk Yard. Thomas Haynes Bayly</u>	234
<u>A Dirge. George Croly</u>	—

## IV. DIE LIEBE.

	Seite
<u>Love. Edward Moxon</u>	239
<u>Love's Philosophy. Percy Bysshe Shelley</u>	—
<u>Song. Thomas Hood</u>	240
Love. Robert Southey	241
Love and Death. Alfred Tennyson	—
Woman. Alaric A. Watts	242
He was a Phantom of Delight. Wm. Wordsworth	243
<hr/>	
She wore a Wreath of Roses. Thom. Haynes Bayly	244
She walks in Beauty. Lord Byron	245
Lucy. Wm. Wordsworth	246
Song. (Day in melting purple dying.) Maria Brooks	246
Song. (I need not name thy thrilling name.) Edward Pinkney	248
Song. (We break the glass.) Edward Pinkney	—
The Quadroon. Barry Cornwall	249
Serenade. Charles Fenno Hoffman	250
The Dearest. John Sterling	—
<u>A Love Song. Eliza Cook</u>	252
<u>Come o'er the Sea. Thom. Moore</u>	253
Song. (The rain is falling.) Barry Cornwall	254
Flow on, thou Shining River. Thom. Moore	255
<u>Row gently here. Thom. Moore</u>	256
<u>Love. Sam. Taylor Coleridge</u>	257
<u>Stanzas. (Because from all that round thee move.) R. M. Milnes</u>	260
<u>Song. (Dost thou idly ask to hear.) Wm. Cullen Bryant</u>	262
<u>Pastoral Song. Rich. M. Milnes</u>	263
<u>To the Queen of my Heart. P. B. Shelley</u>	264
<u>Invitation. Zoe Holden</u>	265
<u>Serenade. J. J. Callanan</u>	266
Lines to an Indian Air. P. B. Shelley	267
The Night was still. J. J. Callanan	268
Something Childish. Sam. Taylor Coleridge	269
It is the Miller's Daughter. Alfred Tennyson	—
To a Lady. George D. Prentice	270
Oh, not not even when first we loved. Thom. Moore	271
John Anderson, my Jo. Rob. Burns	272
<hr/>	
On Parting. Lord Byron	272
Fare thee well. Lord Byron	273
Farewell to Nancy. Rob. Burns	275
Farewell. Lord Byron	276

	Seite
Bonnie Mary. Rob. Burns	277
We parted in Sadness. Ch. F. Hoffman	—
Go where Glory waits thee. Thom. Moore	278
Song. (Go, youth beloved.) Mrs. A. Ople	279
The Messenger Thought. Mary Ann Browne	280
Song. (I love him.) B. Cornwall	281
Upon thy Truth relying. Th. Haynes Bayly	282
Go, forget me! Charles Wolfe	283
I never wish to meet thee more. Th. H. Bayly	284
The Forsaken to the False one. M. A. Browne	285
Oh no! we never mention her. Th. H. Bayly	287
If I had thought thou couldst have died. Charles Wolfe	288
The Mald's Lament. Walter Savage Landor	289
To Mary in Heaven. Rob. Burns	290
Highland Mary. Rob. Burns	291
The Widow's Song. Edw. C. Pinkney	293

## V. EPISCHEs.

Bannock-Burn. Rob. Burns	297
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu. Sir Walter Scott	298
Young Lochinvar. Sir W. Scott	299
Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots. Rob. Burns	301
Godiva. Alfred Tennyson	303
The Fairies of the Caldon-Low. Mary Howitt	306
Battle of the Baltic. Thomas Campbell	309

Jephtha's Daughter. Lord Byron	312
Hymn of the Hebrew Mald. Sir Walter Scott	313
The Babylonian Captivity. Joel Barlow	314
Vision of Belshazzar. Lord Byron	315
Ruth. Thomas Hood	317
Mahmoud. Leigh Hunt	318
Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel. Leigh Hunt	320

The Soldier's Tear. Thomas Haynes Bayly	320
Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi. Wm. Motherwell	321
The Skeleton in Armour. Henry W. Longfellow	324
The Battle of Ivry. Thom. B. Macaulay	329
Hohenlinden. Thom. Campbell	333

	Seite
<u>The Burial of Sir John Moore.</u> Charles Wolfe	334
<u>Marco Bozzaris.</u> Fitz-Greene Halleck	335
<hr/>	
<u>Excelsior.</u> H. W. Longfellow	339
<u>Mariana.</u> Alfred Tennyson	341
<u>Dora.</u> Alfred Tennyson	343
<u>The Song of the Shirt.</u> Thom. Hood	348
<u>Come and gone.</u> Ebenezer Elliott	351
<u>The Convict Shlp.</u> Thom. K. Hervey	355
<u>The Palm Tree.</u> Fel. Hcmans	357
<u>The Shipwrecked Solitary's Song.</u> H. K. White	359
<u>A Song of Pitcairn's Island.</u> Wm. Cullen Bryant	361
<u>Missionary Hymn.</u> Bishop Heber	362
<u>Walter von der Vogelweide.</u> H. W. Longfellow	363

## VI. ÜBERSETZUNGEN.

<u>The Minstrel.</u> From Goethe. Wm. Tennant	369
<u>The Erlking.</u> From Goethe. Anonymous	370
<u>The Violet.</u> From Goethe. Wm. Tennant	372
<u>The Invincible Armada.</u> From Schiller. Sir E. Bulwer L.	373
<u>Thekla.</u> From Schiller. Wm. Peter	374
<u>The Knight of Toggenburg.</u> From Schiller. Sir E. Bulwer L.	375
<u>The Castle by the Sea.</u> From Uhland. H. W. Longfellow	378
<u>The Luck of Edenhall.</u> From Uhland. H. W. Longfellow	379
<u>The Passage.</u> From Uhland. Anonymous	381
<u>The Shepherd's Sunday Song.</u> From Uhland. Alex. Platt	382
<u>Count Eberstreit.</u> From Uhland. Alex. Platt	383
<u>The Poet's Life.</u> From Rückert. Joseph Gostick	384
<u>The Pilgrim of St. Just.</u> From Platen. Joseph Gostick	387
<u>The Sea hath its Pearls.</u> From Heine. H. W. Longfellow	388
<u>The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar.</u> From Heine. Mary Howitt	—
<u>The Sorrow of the German Weaver Boy.</u> From Frelligrath.	
Mary Howitt	391
<u>The Joiner's Apprentices.</u> From Frelligrath. Mary Howitt	394
<u>I am the Rose.</u> From Geibel. Joseph Gostick	395
<u>Song.</u> From Geibel. Joseph Gostick	396
<u>The Hemlock Tree.</u> Henry W. Longfellow	397

## VII. NACHRICHTEN ÜBER DIE VERFASSER 399





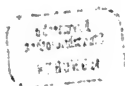
## VATERLAND UND HEIMATH.

---

England, my heart is truly thine —  
My loved, my native earth! —  
The land that holds a mother's grave,  
And gave that mother birth!  
Oh! keenly sad would be the fate  
That thrust me from thy shore,  
And faltering my breath, that sigh'd,  
"Farewell for evermore!"

But did I meet such adverse lot,  
I would not seek to dwell  
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds  
For Homer's song to tell.  
Away, thou gallant ship! I'd cry  
And bear me swiftly on:  
But bear me from my own fair land,  
To that of Washington!

ELIZA COOK.





## RULE BRITANNIA.

---

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command,  
Arose from out the azure main,  
This was the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sung the strain:  
    Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!  
    Britons never shall be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee,  
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,  
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.  
    Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!  
    Britons never shall be slaves!

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;  
As the loud blast, that tears the skies,  
Serves but to root thy native oak.  
    Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!  
    Britons never shall be slaves!

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
All their attempts to bend thee down  
Will but arouse thy generous flame,  
But work their woe and thy renown:  
    Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!  
    Britons never shall be slaves!

To thee belongs the rural reign;  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;  
All thine shall be the subject main,  
And every shore it circles thine!  
    Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!  
    Britons never shall be slaves!

The Muses, still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair;  
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
    Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!  
    Britons never shall be slaves!

JAMES THOMSON.

### GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

---

God save our gracious Queen,  
God save our noble Queen,  
    God save the Queen!  
Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
    God save the Queen!

O Lord, our God, arise,  
Scatter her enemies,  
    And make them fall!  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
On her our hopes we fix,  
    God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
 On her be pleased to pour,  
     Long may she reign;  
 May she defend our laws,  
 And ever give us cause,  
 With heart and voice to sing,\*  
     God save the Queen!

O grant her long to see  
 Friendship and amity  
     Always increase!  
 May she her scepter sway,  
 All loyal souls obey,  
 Join heart and voice: Huzza!  
     God save the Queen!

### ON ENGLAND.

HAPPY is England! I could be content  
     To see no other verdure than its own;  
     To feel no other breezes than are blown  
 Through its tall woods with high romances blent;  
 Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment  
     For skies Italian, and an inward groan  
     To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,  
 And half forget what world or wordling meant.  
 Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters;  
     Enough their simple loveliness for me;  
     Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging:  
     Yet do I often warmly burn to see  
     Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,  
 And float with them about their summer waters.

JOHN KEATS.

\* To sing with heart-applause.

## THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

---

THE stately homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand!  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land.  
The deer across their greensward bound  
Through shade and sunny gleam,  
And the swan glides past them with the sound  
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!  
Around their hearths by night,  
What gladsome looks of household love  
Meet in the ruddy light!  
There woman's voice flows forth in song,  
Or childhood's tale is told,  
Or lips move tunefully along  
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!  
How softly on their bowers  
Is laid the holy quietness  
That breathes from Sabbath-hours!  
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime  
Floats through their woods at morn;  
All other sounds, in that still time,  
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!  
 By thousands on her plains,  
 They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,  
 And round the hamlet-fanes.  
 Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
 Each from its nook of leaves,  
 And fearless there the lowly sleep,  
 As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!  
 Long, long, in hut and hall,  
 May hearts of native proof be rear'd  
 To guard each hallow'd wall!  
 And green for ever be the groves,  
 And bright the flowery sod,  
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
 Its country and its God!

FELICIA HEMANS.

### THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

THE chimes, the chimes of Motherland,  
 Of England green and old,  
 That out from fane and ivied tower  
 A thousand years have toll'd!  
 How glorious must their music be  
 As breaks the hallow'd day,  
 And calleth with a seraph's voice,  
 A nation up to pray!

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,  
 Sweet tales of olden time!  
 And ring a thousand memories  
 At vesper, and at prime;

At bridal and at burial,  
 For cottager and king —  
 Those chimes — those glorious Christian chimes,  
 How blessedly they ring!

Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,  
 Upon a Christmas morn,  
 Outbreaking, as the angels did,  
 For a Redeemer born;  
 How merrily they call afar,  
 To cot and baron's hall,  
 With holly deck'd and mistletoe,  
 To keep the festival!

The chimes of England, how they peal  
 From tower and gothic pile,  
 Where hymn and swelling anthem fill  
 The dim cathedral aisle;  
 Where windows bathe the holy light  
 On priestly heads that falls,  
 And stain the florid tracery  
 And banner-dighted walls!

And then, those Easter bells, in spring!  
 Those glorious Easter chimes;  
 How loyally they hail thee round,  
 Old queen of holy times!  
 From hill to hill, like sentinels,  
 Responsively they cry,  
 And sing the rising of the Lord,  
 From vale to mountain high.

I love ye — chimes of Motherland,  
 With all this soul of mine,  
 And bless the Lord that I am sprung  
 Of good old English line!

And like a son I sing the lay  
 That England's glory tells;  
 For she is lovely to the Lord,  
 For you, ye Christian bells!

And heir of her ancestral fame,  
 And happy in my birth,  
 Thee, too, I love, my forest-land,  
 The joy of all the earth;  
 For thine thy mother's voice shall be,  
 And here — where God is king,  
 With English chimes, from Christian spires,  
 The wilderness shall ring.

\* ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

A NAVAL ODE.

YE mariners of England!  
 That guard our native seas;  
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years  
 The battle and the breeze!  
 Your glorious standard launch again  
 To match another foe!  
 And sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy tempests blow;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow.

\* Die amerikanischen Dichter sind durch ein \* bezeichnet.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave!  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And ocean was their grave;  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,  
No towers along the steep;  
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak,  
She quells the flood below,  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy tempests blow;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn;  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.



EVENING BY THE THAMES.

---

How richly glows the water's breast  
Before us, tinged with evening hues,  
While, facing thus the crimson west,  
The boat her silent course pursues!  
And see how dark the backward stream!  
A little moment past so smiling!  
And still, perchance, with faithless gleam,  
Some other loiterer beguiling.

Such views the youthful bard allure;  
But, heedless of the following gloom,  
He deems their colours shall endure  
Till peace go with him to the tomb.  
And let him nurse his fond deceit,  
And what if he must die in sorrow!  
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,  
Though grief and pain may come to-morrow?

Glide gently thus, for ever glide,  
O Thames! that other bards may see  
As lovely visions by thy side  
As now, fair river! come to me.  
O glide, fair stream! for ever so,  
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,  
Till all our minds for ever flow,  
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought! — Yet be as now thou art,  
That in thy waters may be seen  
The image of a poet's heart,  
How bright, how solemn, how serene!  
Such as did once the poet bless,  
Who, murmuring here a later ditty,\*  
Could find no refuge from distress  
But in the milder grief of pity.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### TO THE THAMES AT WESTMINSTER.

---

WITH no cold admiration do I gaze  
Upon thy pomp of waters, matchless stream! /  
But home-sick fancy kindles with the beam  
That on thy lucid bosom faintly plays,  
And glides delighted through thy crystal ways,  
Till on her éye those wave-fed poplars gleam,  
Beneath whose shade her first ethereal maze  
She fashion'd; where she traced in clearest dream  
Thy mirror'd course of wood-enshrined repose  
Besprent with island haunts of spirits bright;  
And widening on — till, at the vision's close,  
Great London, only then a name of might  
For childish thought to build on, proudly rose  
A rock-throned city clad in heavenly light.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

\* Collins's (1720—1756) Ode on the Death of Thomson, the last written of the poems which were published during his lifetime.

## SONNET

COMPOSED ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1803.

---

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This city now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields and to the sky,  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep,  
In his first splendour, valley, rock or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ADIEU, ADIEU! MY NATIVE SHORE.

---

"ADIEU, adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native land — Good Night!

"A few short hours, and he will rise  
 To give the morrow birth;  
 And I shall hail the main and skies,  
 But not my mother earth.  
 Deserted is my own good hall,  
 Its hearth is desolate;  
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;  
 My dog howls at the gate.

"Come hither, hither, my little page!  
 Why dost thou weep and wail?  
 Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,  
 Or tremble at the gale?  
 But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;  
 Our ship is swift and strong:  
 Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly  
 More merrily along."

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,  
 I fear not wave nor wind;  
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I  
 Am sorrowful in mind;  
 For I have from my father gone,  
 A mother whom I love,  
 And have no friend, save these alone,  
 But thee — and one above.

"My father bless'd me fervently,  
 Yet did not much complain;  
 But sorely will my mother sigh  
 Till I come back again." —  
 "Enough, enough my little lad!  
 Such tears become thine eye;  
 If I thy guileless bosom had,  
 Mine own would not be dry.

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,  
 Why dost thou look so pale?  
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman?  
 Or shiver at the gale?"  
 "'Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?  
 Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;  
 But thinking on an absent wife  
 Will blanch a faithful cheek.

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,  
 Along the bordering lake,  
 And when they on their father call,  
 What answer shall she make?" —  
 "Enough, enough, my yeoman good,  
 Thy grief let none gainsay;  
 But I, who am of lighter mood,  
 Will laugh to flee away.

"For who would trust the seeming sighs  
 Of wife or paramour?  
 Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes  
 We late saw streaming o'er.  
 For pleasures past I do not grieve,  
 Nor perils gathering near;  
 My greatest grief is that I leave  
 No thing that claims a tear.

"And now I'm in the world alone,  
 Upon the wide, wide sea;  
 But why should I for others groan,  
 Where none will sigh for me?  
 Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
 Till fed by stranger hands;  
 But long ere I come back again,  
 He'd tear me where he stands.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
Athwart the foaming brine;  
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
So not again to mine.  
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!  
And when you fail my sight,  
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!  
My native land — Good Night!

LORD BYRON.

### THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

---

FAREWELL Old England's shores!  
Farewell her rugged men!  
Now, sailors, strain your oars!  
I ne'er will look again.  
I've liv'd — I've sought — I've seen —  
Oh, things I love too well,  
Upon those shores of green:  
So, England! long farewell!  
Farewell!

I go, — what matter where?  
The Exile, when he flies,  
Thinks not of other air, —  
Dreams not of alien skies:  
He seeks but to depart  
From the land he loves too well,  
From thoughts that smite his heart:  
So, England! long farewell!  
Farewell!

O'er lands and the lonely main,  
 A lonelier man, I roam,  
 To seek some balm for pain,  
 Perhaps to find a home:  
 I go, — but Time nor tide,  
 Nor all that tongue may tell,  
 Shall e'er from thee divide  
 My heart, — and so, farewell!  
 Old England, fare thee well!

BARRY CORNWALL.

### THE EXILE.

THE swallow with summer  
 Will wing o'er the seas,  
 The wind that I sigh to  
 Will visit thy trees,  
 The ship that it hastens  
 Thy ports will contain,  
 But me — I must never  
 See England again!

There's many that weep there,  
 But one weeps alone,  
 For the tears that are falling  
 So far from her own;  
 So far from thy own, love,  
 We know not our pain;  
 If death is between us,  
 Or only the main.

When the white cloud reclines  
 On the verge of the sea,  
 I fancy the white cliffs,  
 And dream upon thee;  
 But the cloud spreads its wings  
 To the blue heav'n and flies.  
 We never shall meet, love,  
 Except in the skies!

THOMAS HOOD.



### CALEDONIA.

THERE was once a day, but old Time then was young,  
 That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,  
 From some of your northern deities sprung,  
 (Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)  
 From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,  
 To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:  
 Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,  
 And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,  
 The pride of her kindred, the heroine grew:  
 Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,  
 "Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!"  
 With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,  
 To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;  
 But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort;  
 Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.



Long quiet she reigned ; till thitherward steers  
 A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand :  
 Repeated, successive, for many long years,  
 They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land :  
 Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,  
 They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside :  
 She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly,  
 The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north \*  
 The scourge of the seas and the dread of the shore ;  
 The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth  
 To wanton in carnage, and wallow in gore ;  
 O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,  
 No arts could appease them, no arms could repel ;  
 But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,  
 As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell. \*\*

The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose, \*\*\*  
 With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife ;  
 Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,  
 And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life ;  
 The Anglian lion, the terror of France,  
 Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood ;  
 But taught by the bright Caledonian lance,  
 He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,  
 Her bright course of glory for ever shall run :  
 For brave Caledonia immortal must be ;  
 I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun :

\* The Saxons.

\*\* Two famous battles, in which the Danes were defeated.

\*\*\* The Picts.

Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,  
 The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;  
 But brave Caledonia's the hypotenuse;  
 Then, ergo, she'll match them and match them always.

ROBERT BURNS.

### ADRESS TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA! Scotia's darling seat!  
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,  
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet  
 Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!  
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,  
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,  
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,  
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,  
 As busy Trade his labour plies;  
 There Architecture's noble pride  
 Bids elegance and splendour rise;  
 Here Justice, from her native skies,  
 High wields her balance and her rod;  
 There Learning, with his eagle eyes,  
 Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,  
 With open arms the stranger hail,  
 Their view enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,  
 Above the narrow, rural vale;  
 Attentive still to sorrow's wail,  
 Or modest merit's silent claim;  
 And never may their sources fail!  
 And never envy blot their name!

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn!  
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,  
 Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,  
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!  
 Fair Burnet \* strikes th' adoring eye,  
 Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine;  
 I see the Sire of love on high,  
 And own his work indeed divine!

There, watching high the least alarms,  
 Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;  
 Like some bold vet'ran, grey in arms,  
 And mark'd with many a seamy scar;  
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar,  
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,  
 Have oft withstood assailing war,  
 And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought and pitying tears  
 I view that noble, stately dome,  
 Where Scotia's kings of other years,  
 Fam'd heroes, had their royal home.  
 Alas! how chang'd the times to come;  
 Their royal name low in the dust!  
 Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam!  
 Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just!

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,  
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,  
 Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps,  
 Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:

\* Miss Elizabeth Burnet, die wegen ihrer Schönheit und Bildung gefeierte Tochter Lord Monboddo's, auf deren frühzeitigen Tod Burns eine Elegie gedichtet hat.

Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,  
Haply, my sires have left their shed,  
And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,  
Bold-following where your fathers led!

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!  
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,  
Where once beneath a monarch's feet  
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!  
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,  
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,  
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,  
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

ROBERT BURNS.

### MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

---

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;  
My heart's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer;  
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;  
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;  
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,  
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;  
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer,  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

ROBERT BURNS.

### STAFFA.

STAFFA, I scaled thy summit hoar,  
 I passed beneath thy arch gigantic,  
 Whose pillared cavern swells the roar,  
 When thunders on thy rocky shore  
 The roll of the Atlantic.

That hour the wind forgot to rave,  
 The surge forgot its motion,  
 And every pillar in thy cave  
 Slept in its shadow on the wave,  
 Unrippled by the ocean.

Then the past age before me came,  
 When 'mid the lightning's sweep,  
 Thy isle with its basaltic frame,  
 And every column wreathed with flame,  
 Burst from the boiling deep.

When 'mid Iona's wrecks meanwhile  
 O'er sculptured graves I trod,  
 Where Time had strewn each mouldering aisle  
 O'er saints and kings that reared the pile, •

I hailed the eternal God:  
 Yet, Staffa, more I felt his presence in thy cave  
 Than where Iona's cross rose o'er the western wave.

WILLIAM SOTHEBY.

## LACHIN Y GAIR.\*

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!  
 In you let the minions of luxury rove;  
 Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,  
 Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:  
 Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,  
 Round their white summits though elements war,  
 Though cataraets foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,  
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loeh na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,  
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;  
 On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,  
 As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade;  
 I sought not my home till the day's dying glory  
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;  
 For Fancy was cheer'd by traditional story  
 Disclosed by the natives of dark Loeh na Garr.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices  
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"  
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,  
 And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale:  
 Round Loeh na Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,  
 Winter presides in his cold icy car;  
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers —  
 They dwell in the tempests of dark Loeh na Garr:

\* Lachin y Gair, or, as it is pronounced in the Erse, Loch na Garr, towers proudly preeminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern Tourists mentions it as the highest mountain, perhaps, in Great Britain. Near Lachin y Gair I spent some of the early part of my life. LORD BYRON.

"Ill-starr'd, though brave, did no visions foreboding  
 Tell you that Fate had forsaken your cause?"  
 Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,  
 Victory crown'd not your fall with applause;  
 Still were you happy, in death's early slumber,  
 You rest with your clan, in the caves of Braemar,  
 The pibroch resounds to the piper's loud number  
 Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you;  
 Years must elapse ere I tread you again;  
 Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,  
 Yet, still, are you dearer than Albion's plain:  
 England! thy beauties are tame and domestic,  
 To one who has roved on the mountains afar;  
 Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,  
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr!

LORD BYRON.

### AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton!\* among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton! disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,  
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,  
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

\* Ein Flüsschen in Ayrshire.

How lofty, sweet Afton! thy neighbouring hills,  
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills:  
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,  
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,  
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!  
 There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,  
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!  
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
 As gath'ring sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave!

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes;  
 Flow gently, sweet river! the theme of my lays:  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton! disturb not her dream.

ROBERT BURNS.

### HAME, HAME, HAME.

HAME, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,  
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!  
 When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,  
 The larks shall sing me hame in my ain countrie;  
 Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,  
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty's begun for to fa',  
 The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';



But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,  
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.  
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,  
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

O there's naught frae ruin my country can save,  
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,  
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,  
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.  
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,  
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save,  
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their graves;  
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my e'e,  
"I'll shine on ye yet in yere ain countrie."  
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,  
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

## THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL

TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

---

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,  
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
I see it driving o'er the plain;  
The hunter now has left the moor,  
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,  
While here I wander, press'd wi' care,  
Along the bonnie banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,  
 By early Winter's ravage torn;  
 Across her placid azure sky,  
 She sees the scowling tempest fly:  
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,  
 I think upon the stormy wave,  
 Where many a danger I must dare,  
 Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,  
 'Tis not that fatal deadly shore:  
 Tho' death in every shape appear,  
 The wretched have no more to fear:  
 But round my heart the ties are bound,  
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;  
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
 To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's\* hills and dales,  
 Her heathy moors and winding vales;  
 The scenes where wretched fancy roves,  
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves!  
 Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!  
 My peace with these, my love with those:  
 The bursting tears my heart declare,  
 Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr!

ROBERT BURNS.

### THE EXILE'S SONG.

Oh! why left I my hame?  
 Why did I cross the deep?

\* Colla [Kyle] ist ein Bezirk in Ayrshire, nach einem sagenhaften Pictenkönig Collus so benannt.

Oh! why left I the land  
 Where my forefathers sleep?  
 I sigh for Scotia's shore,  
 And I gaze across the sea,  
 But I canna get a blink  
 O' my ain countrie!

The palm-tree waveth high,  
 And fair the myrtle springs;  
 And, to the Indian maid,  
 The bulbul sweetly sings.  
 But I dinna see the broom  
 Wi' its tassels on the lea,  
 Nor hear the lintie's sang  
 O' my ain countrie!

Oh! here no Sabbath bell  
 Awakes the Sabbath morn,  
 Nor song of reapers heard  
 Amang the yellow corn:  
 For the tyrant's voice is here,  
 And the wail of slaverie;  
 But the sun of freedom shines  
 In my ain countrie!

There's a hope for every wo,  
 And a balm for every pain,  
 But the first joys o' our heart  
 Come never back again.  
 There's a track upon the deep,  
 And a path across the sea;  
 But the weary ne'er return  
 To their ain countrie!

ROBERT GILFILLAN.



## SHAN VAN VOCHT.\*

Oh! the French are on the sea,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
 Oh! the French are in the bay,  
 They'll be here without delay,  
 And the Orange will decay,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And where will they have their camp?  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
 On the Curragh of Kildare;  
 The boys they will be there  
 With their pikes in good repair,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Then, what will the yeomen do?  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
 What should the yeomen do,  
 But throw off the red and blue,  
 And swear that they'll be true  
 To the Shan Van Vocht?

And what colour will they wear?  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
 What colour should be seen,

\* Dieses Lied, das als eine Art irischer Marseillaise gilt, bezieht sich wahrscheinlich auf die verunglückte Landung einer französischen Heeresabtheilung bei Killybegs (1798) zu Gunsten der Irländer. — Shan Van Vocht bedeutet im Irischen wörtlich 'eine arme alte Frau'. Curragh of Kildare heisst eine grasreiche Ebene südwestlich von Dublin, in welcher die Stadt Kildare liegt.

Where our fathers' homes have been,  
But their own immortal Green?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And will Ireland then be free?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
Yes! Ireland shall be free  
From the centre to the sea;  
Then hurrah for liberty!  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND.\*

THERE'S a dear little plant that grows in our isle,  
'Twas St. Patrick himself, sure, that set it;  
And the sun on his labour with pleasure did smile,  
And with dew from his eye often wet it.  
It thrives through the bog, through the brake, through  
the mireland;  
And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland,  
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,  
The sweet little, green little shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant still grows in our land,  
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,  
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,  
In each climate that they may appear in;

\* Das Kleeblatt, das Nationalsinnbild Irlands (wie die Rose dasjenige Englands und die Distel Schottlands), soll dem h. Patricius dazu gedient haben, den Irländern die Dreieinigkeit zu versinnlichen.

And shine through the bog, through the brake, through  
the mireland,  
Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland,  
The sweet little &c.

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,  
When its three little leaves are extended,  
Denotes from one stalk we together should toil,  
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended:  
And still through the bog, through the brake, through  
the mireland,  
From one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ire-  
land,  
The sweet little &c.

ANDREW CHERRY.

OH THE SHAMROCK.

THROUGH Erin's Isle,  
To sport awhile,  
As Love and Valour wander'd,  
With Wit, the sprite,  
Whose quiver bright  
A thousand arrows squander'd.  
Where'er they pass,  
A triple grass  
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,  
As softly green  
As emeralds seen  
Thro' purest crystal gleaming.  
Oh the shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!  
Chosen leaf,  
Of Bard and Chief,  
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Says Valour, "See,  
 "They spring for me,  
 "Those leafy gems of morning!"  
 Says Love, "No, no,  
 "For me they grow,  
 "My fragrant path adorning."  
 But Wit perceives  
 The triple leaves,  
 And cries, "Oh! do not sever  
 "A type, that blends  
 "Three godlike friends,  
 "Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"  
 Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!  
 Chosen leaf  
 Of Bard and Chief,  
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!

So firmly fond  
 May last the bond,  
 They wove that morn together,  
 And ne'er may fall  
 One drop of gall  
 On Wit's celestial feather.  
 May Love, as twine  
 His flowers divine,  
 Of thorny falsehood weed 'em;  
 May Valour ne'er  
 His standard rear  
 Against the cause of Freedom!  
 Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!  
 Chosen leaf  
 Of Bard and Chief,  
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!

THOMAS MOORE.

HAIL TO THE OAK!

---

WHEN from the new-formed pregnant earth  
Sprang vegetation's progeny,  
The Irish oak of ancient birth  
Arose the kingly forest tree.  
Hail to the oak, the Irish tree,  
And Irish hearts, with three times three.

Its verdure sickens where the slave  
To power despotic homage gives;  
But real Shillelah\* with the brave,  
True to the soil, luxuriant lives.  
Hail to the oak, the Irish tree,  
And hearts of oak, with three times three.

Our Druid rites have spread its fame;  
Our bards have sung the noble tree;  
Our sailors gain a deathless name,  
Borne on its planks to victory.  
Hail to the oak, the Irish tree,  
And British tars, with three times three.

Still may its circling arms extend  
To guard our isles from foreign foes;  
Its branching green head long defend  
The Shamrock, Thistle, and the Rose.  
Hail to the oak, the Irish tree,  
And British hearts, with three times three.

W. KERTLAND.

\* Shillelah ist ein Städtchen und Bezirk in der Grafschaft Wicklow, berühmt wegen seiner — jetzt unbedeutenden — Eichenwaldung.



# ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

ERIN, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,  
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!  
Shining through sorrow's stream,  
Saddening through pleasure's beam,  
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,  
Weep while they rise.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,  
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,  
Till, like the rainbow's light,  
Thy various tints unite,  
And form in heaven's sight  
One arch of peace!

THOMAS MOORE.

## GOUGANE BARRA.\*

THERE is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,  
Whence Allu of songs rushes forth like an arrow;  
In deep-valley'd Desmond\*\* a thousand wild fountains  
Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains.  
There grows the wild ash; and a time-stricken willow  
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,  
As, like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,  
If lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

\* Gougane Barra heisst der romantische See, aus welchem der Lee kommt.

\*\* South Munster, in distinction to Thomond or North Munster.

And its zone of dark hills — oh! to see them all bright'ning  
When the tempest flings out his red banner of lightning,  
And the waters come down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,  
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle;  
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,  
And wildly from Malloch\* the eagles are screaming:  
Oh! where is the dwelling in valley or highland  
So meet for a bard as that lone little island?

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,\*\*  
And lit the blue headland of sullen Ivara,\*\*\*  
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the  
ocean,  
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,  
And thought on the bards who oft gathering together  
In the cleft of thy rocks and the depth of thy heather,  
Dwelt far from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter  
As they raised their last song by the rush of thy water.

High sons of the lyre! oh how proud was the feeling  
To dream while alone through that solitude stealing;  
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,  
I alone waked the strain of her harp from its slumber,  
And gleaned the gray legend that long had been sleeping,  
Where oblivion's dull mist o'er its beauty was creeping,  
From the love which I felt for my country's sad story,  
When to love her was shame, to revile her was glory!

Last bard of the free! were it mine to inherit  
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,  
With the wrongs which like thee to my own land have  
bound me,  
Did your mantle of song throw its radiance around me;

\* A mountain over the lake.

\*\* The Irish name for Cape Clear.

\*\*\* Beer Haven.

Yet, yet on those bold cliffs might Liberty rally,  
 And abroad send her cry o'er the sleep of each valley.  
 But, rouse thee, vain dreamer! no fond fancy cherish,  
 Thy vision of Freedom in bloodshed must perish.

I soon shall be gone — though my name may be spoken  
 When Erin awakes and her fetters are broken —  
 Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's gleaming,  
 When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,  
 To bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,  
 Where calm Avonbue seeks the kisses of ocean,  
 And a wild wreath to plant from the banks of that river  
 O'er the heart and the harp that are silent for ever.

J. J. CALLANAN.

### SWEET AVONDU.\*

ON Cleada's\*\* hill the moon is bright,  
 Dark Avondu still rolls in light;  
 All changeless is that mountain's head,  
 That river still seeks ocean's bed.  
 The calm blue waters of Loch Lene  
 Still kiss their own sweet isles of green;  
 But where's the heart as firm and true,  
 As hill, or lake, or Avondu?

It may not be, the firmest heart  
 From all it loves must often part;  
 A look, a word, will quench the flame  
 That time or fate could never tame;

\* Avondu ist der einheimische Name des Flusses Blackwater in Munster.

\*\* Cleada and Cahlr-bearna form part of the chain of mountains, which stretches westward from Millstreet to Killarney.

And there are feelings, proud and high,  
That through all changes cannot die;  
That strive with love, and conquer too —  
I knew them all by Avondu.

How cross and wayward still is fate;  
I've learned at last, but learn'd too late;  
I never spoke of love — 't were vain;  
I knew it, still I dragged my chain.  
I had not, never had a hope:  
But who with passion's tide can cope?  
Headlong it swept this bosom through,  
And left it waste by Avondu.

Oh Avondu, I wish I were  
As once upon that mountain bare,  
Where thy young waters laugh and shine  
On the wild breast of Meenganine,  
I wish I were on Cleada's hill,  
Or by Glenluachra's rushy rill;  
But, no! I never more shall view,  
Those scenes I loved by Avondu.

Farewell ye soft and purple streaks  
Of evening on the beauteous Reeks;\*  
Farewell the mists that love to ride  
On Cahir-bearna's stormy side;  
Farewell November's moaning breeze,  
Wild minstrel of the dying trees.  
Clara! a fond farewell to you,  
No more we meet by Avondu.

No more — but thou, O glorious hill,  
Lift to the moon thy forehead still;

\* Macgilllicuddy's Reeks, in the neighbourhood of Killarney, are the highest mountains in Munster.

Flow on, flow on, thou dark swift river,  
Upon thy free wild course for ever;  
Exult, young hearts, in lifetime's spring,  
And taste the joys pure love can bring;  
But, wanderer, go — they're not for you;  
Farewell, farewell, sweet Avondu!

J. J. CALLANAN.

### EXILE OF ERIN.

---

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:  
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing  
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.  
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,  
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

SAD is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,  
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
A home and a country remain not to me.  
Never again in the green sunny bowers,  
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,  
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

EIRN my country! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.

Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me  
 In a mansion of peace — where no perils can chase me?  
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me?  
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?  
 Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?  
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?  
 And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?  
 Oh! my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,  
 Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?  
 Tears, like the rain drop, may fall without measure;  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,  
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:  
 Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!  
 Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!  
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,  
 Green be thy fields — sweetest isle of the ocean!  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion —  
 Erin mavournin! — Erin go bragh!\*

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### SONG OF AN EXILE.

FAREWELL, and for ever, my loved isle of sorrow,  
 Thy green vales and mountains delight me no more;  
 My bark's on the wave and the noon of to-morrow  
 Will see the poor exile far, far from thy shore.

\* Ireland, my darling, — Ireland for ever!

Again, my loved home, I may never behold thee,  
Thy hope was a meteor, — thy glory a dream;  
Accurst be the dastards, the slaves, that have sold thee,  
And doomed thee, lost Erin, to bondage and shame!

The senseless, the cold from remembrance may wean them,  
Through the world they unloved and unloving may roam;  
But the heart of the patriot — though seas roll between  
                                them —  
Forgets not the smiles of his once happy home.

Time may roll o'er me its circles uncheering,  
Columbia's proud forests around me shall wave;  
But the exile shall never forget thee, loved Erin,  
Till unmourned he sleep in a far, foreign grave.

ANONYMOUS.



**COLUMBIA.**

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise,  
The queen of the world and the child of the skies;  
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,  
While ages on ages thy splendours unfold.  
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time;  
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;  
Let the crimes of the east ne'er enermison thy name;  
Be freedom and science, and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire;  
Whelm nations in blood and wrap cities in fire;  
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,  
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.

A world is thy realm; for a world be thy laws,  
 Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;  
 On Freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,  
 Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,  
 And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;  
 New bards and new sages, unrivall'd, shall soar  
 To fame, unextinguish'd when time is no more;  
 To thee, the last refuge of virtue design'd,  
 Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;  
 Here, grateful, to Heaven with transport shall bring  
 Their incense, more fragrant than odours of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,  
 And genius and beauty in harmony blend;  
 The graces of form shall awake pure desire,  
 And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire:  
 Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,  
 And virtue's bright image enstamp'd on the mind,  
 With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,  
 And light up a smile in the aspect of wo.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,  
 The nations admire, and the ocean obey;  
 Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,  
 And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.  
 As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendour shall flow,  
 And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,  
 While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurl'd,  
 Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,  
 From war's dread confusion I pensively stray'd —  
 The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired,  
 The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired;



Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,  
 And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung:  
 "Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,  
 The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

\*TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

## YANKEE DOODLE.

A YANKEE boy is trim and tall  
 And never over fat, Sir,  
 At dance and frolic, hop and ball,  
 And nimble as a rat, Sir;  
 Yankee doodle guard your coast,  
 Yankee Doodle dandy,  
 Fear not then nor threat nor boast,  
 Yankee Doodle dandy.

He's always out on training day,  
 Commencement or Election;  
 At truck and trade he knows the way,  
 Of thriving to perfection.  
 Yankee Doodle &c.

His door is always open found,  
 His cider of the best, Sir,  
 His board with pumpkin pie is crown'd,  
 And welcome every guest, Sir.  
 Yankee Doodle &c.

Though rough and little is his farm,  
 That little is his own, Sir,  
 His hand is strong, his heart is warm,  
 'Tis truth's and honor's throne, Sir.  
 Yankee Doodle &c.

His country is his pride and boast,  
 He'll ever prove true blue, Sir,  
 When call'd upon to 'give his toast  
 'Tis Yankee Doodle, Doo, Sir.  
 Yankee Doodle &c.

DR. SHECKBURG.

### AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

ALL hail! thou noble land,  
 Our fathers' native soil!  
 O stretch thy mighty hand,  
 Gigantic grown by toil,  
 O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore;  
 For thou, with magic might,  
 Canst reach to where the light  
 Of Phoebus travels bright  
 The world o'er!

The genius of our clime,  
 From his pine-embattled steep,  
 Shall hail the great sublime;  
 While the Tritons of the deep  
 With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.  
 Then let the world combine —  
 O'er the main our naval line,  
 Like the milky-way, shall shine  
 Bright in fame!

Though ages long have pass'd  
 Since our father's left their home,  
 Their pilot in the blast,  
 O'er untravell'd seas to roam, —

Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!  
And shall we not proclaim  
That blood of honest fame,  
Which no tyranny can tame  
By its chains?

While the language free and bold  
Which the bard of Avon sung,  
In which our Milton told  
How the vault of heaven rung,  
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;  
While this, with reverence meet,  
Ten thousand echoes greet,  
From rock to rock repeat  
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,  
That mould a nation's soul,  
Still cling around our hearts,  
Between let ocean roll,  
Our joint communion breaking with the sun:  
Yet, still, from either beach,  
The voice of blood shall reach,  
More audible than speech,  
"We are one!"

\* WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

### HAIL, COLUMBIA.

---

HAIL, Columbia! happy land!  
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!  
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

And when the storm of war was gone,  
Enjoy'd the peace your valour won.

Let independence be our boast,  
Ever mindful what it cost;  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm — united — let us be,  
Rallying round our Liberty;  
As a band of brothers join'd,  
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;  
Defend your rights, defend your shore;  
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
Invade the shrine where sacred lies  
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.  
While offering peace sincere and just,  
In Heaven we place a manly trust,  
That truth and justice will prevail,  
And every scheme of bondage fail.  
Firm — united, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!  
Let Washington's great name  
Ring through the world with loud applause,  
Ring through the world with loud applause:  
Let every clime to Freedom dear  
Listen with a joyful ear.  
With equal skill, and godlike power,  
He governs in the fearful hour  
Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,  
The happier times of honest peace.  
Firm — united, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands,  
Once more to serve his country, stands —  
    The rock on which the storm will beat,  
    The rock on which the storm will beat:  
But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,  
His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you.  
    When hope was sinking in dismay,  
    And glooms obscured Columbia's day,  
    His steady mind, from changes free,  
    Resolved on death or liberty.  
    Firm — united, &c.

\* JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

### THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.\*

---

O! SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last glea-  
    ming;  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the pe-  
    rilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;  
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

\* This song is supposed to have been written by a prisoner on board the British fleet, on the morning after the unsuccessful bombardment of Fort M'Henry. — These lyrics (Hail, Columbia and The Star-spangled Banner) have not much poetic merit, but they are as well known throughout the United States as the Rhine Song is in Germany (1843) or the Marseilles Hymn in France.

What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep  
As it fitfully blows, half-conceals, half-discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;  
Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream;  
'T is the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,  
Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?  
Their blood hath wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution;  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;  
Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued  
land  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a  
nation.  
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

\*FRANCIS S. KEY.

## OUR COUNTRY.

---

OUR country! — 't is a glorious land!  
With broad arms stretch'd from shore to shore,

The proud Pacific chafes her strand,  
 She hears the dark Atlantic roar;  
 And, nurtured on her ample breast,  
 How many a goodly prospect lies  
 In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,  
 Enamell'd with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies, deck'd with flowers of gold,  
 Like sunlit oceans roll afar;  
 Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,  
 Reflecting clear each trembling star,  
 And mighty rivers, mountain-born,  
 Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,  
 Through forests where the bounding fawn  
 Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And, cradled mid her clustering hills,  
 Sweet vales in dreamlike beauty hide,  
 Where love the air with music fills,  
 And calm content and peace abide;  
 For plenty here her fulness pours  
 In rich profusion o'er the land,  
 And, sent to seize her generous store,  
 There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God! we thank thee for this home —  
 This bounteous birthland of the free;  
 Where wanderers from afar may come,  
 And breathe the air of liberty! —  
 Still may her flowers untrampled spring,  
 Her harvests wave, her cities rise;  
 And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,  
 Remain Earth's loveliest paradise!

\*WILLIAM JEWETT PABODIE.

## WASHINGTON'S GRAVE.

AND does a Hero's dust lie here?  
Columbia! gaze and drop a tear!  
His country's and the orphan's friend,  
See thousands o'er his ashes bend!

Among the heroes of the age,  
He was the warrior and the sage!  
He left a train of glory bright  
Which never will be hid in night.

The toils of war and danger past,  
He reaps a rich reward at last;  
His pure soul mounts on cherub's wings,  
And now with saints and angels sings.

The brightest on the list of fame,  
In golden letters shines his name;  
Her trump shall sound it through the world,  
And the striped banner ne'er be furl'd!

And every sex, and every age,  
From lisping boy, to learned sage,  
The widow, and her orphan son,  
Revere the name of Washington.

\*LUCRETIA DAVIDSON.

## A SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON.

COOL shades and dews are round my way,  
And silence of the early day;  
'Mid the dark rocks that watch his bed,  
Glitters the mighty Hudson spread,  
Unrippled, save by drops that fall  
From shrubs that fringe his mountain wall;



And o'er the clear still water swells  
The music of the Sabbath bells.

All, save this little nook of land,  
Circled with trees, on which I stand;  
All, save that line of hills which lie  
Suspended in the mimic sky —  
Seems a blue void, above, below,  
Through which the white clouds come and go;  
And from the green world's farthest steep  
I gaze into the airy deep.

Loveliest of lovely things are they,  
On earth, that soonest pass away.  
The rose that lives its little hour,  
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower;  
Even love, long tried and cherish'd long,  
Becomes more tender and more strong,  
At thought of that insatiate grave  
From which its yearnings cannot save.

River! in this still hour thou hast  
Too much of heaven on earth to last;  
Nor long may thy still waters lie,  
An image of the glorious sky.  
Thy fate and mine are not repose,  
And ere another evening close,  
Thou to thy tides shalt turn again,  
And I to seek the crowd of men.

\* WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### A FAREWELL TO AMERICA.\*

FAREWELL! my more than fatherland!  
Home of my heart and friends, adieu!

\* Das Exil und seine Poesie kennen die Amerikaner nicht.

Lingering beside some foreign strand,  
 How oft shall I remember you!  
 How often, o'er the waters blue,  
 Send back a sigh to those I leave,  
 The loving and beloved few,  
 Who grieve for me, — for whom I grieve!

We part! — no matter how we part,  
 There are some thoughts we utter not,  
 Deep treasured in our inmost heart,  
 Never reveal'd and ne'er forgot!  
 Why murmur at the common lot?  
 We part! — I speak not of the pain, —  
 But when shall I each lovely spot  
 And each loved face behold again?

It must be months, — it may be years, —  
 It may — but no! — I will not fill  
 Fond hearts with gloom, — fond eyes with tears,  
 "Curious to shape uncertain ill."  
 Though humble, — few and far, — yet, still  
 Those hearts and eyes are ever dear;  
 Theirs is the love no time can chill,  
 The truth no chance or change can sear!

All I have seen, and all I see,  
 Only endears them more and more;  
 Friends cool, hopes fade, and hours flee,  
 Affection lives when all is o'er!  
 Farewell, my more than native shore!  
 I do not seek or hope to find,  
 Roam where I will, what I deplore  
 To leave with them and thee behind!

\*RICHARD HENRY WILDE.



## WELT UND NATUR.

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— The men,  
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself  
Hold converse; grow familiar day by day  
With his conceptions; act upon his plan,  
And form to his the relish of their souls.



## EARTH.

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A MIDNIGHT black with clouds is in the sky;  
I seem to feel, upon my limbs, the weight  
Of its vast brooding shadow. All in vain  
Turns the tired eye in search of form; no star  
Pierces the pitchy veil; no ruddy blaze,  
From dwellings lighted by the cheerful hearth,  
Tinges the flowering summits of the grass.  
No sound of life is heard, no village hum,  
Nor measured tramp of footstep in the path,  
Nor rush of wing, while, on the breast of Earth,  
I lie and listen to her mighty voice:  
A voice of many tones — sent up from streams  
That wander through the gloom, from woods unseen,  
Sway'd by the sweeping of the tides of air,  
From rocky chasms where darkness dwells all day,  
And hollows of the great invisible hills,  
And sands that edge the ocean, stretching far  
Into the night — a melancholy sound!

O Earth! dost thou too sorrow for the past  
Like man thy offspring? Do I hear thee mourn  
Thy childhood's unreturning hours, thy springs  
Gone with their genial airs and melodies,  
The gentle generations of thy flowers,  
And thy majestic groves of olden time,  
Perish'd with all their dwellers? Dost thou wail  
For that fair age of which the poets tell,  
Ere the rude winds grew keen with frost, or fire  
Fell with the rains, or spouted from the hills,

To blast thy greenness, while the virgin night  
 Was guiltless and salubrious as the day?  
 Or haply dost thou grieve for those that die —  
 For living things that trod awhile thy face,  
 The love of thee and heaven — and now they sleep  
 Mix'd with the shapeless dust on which thy herds  
 Trample and graze? I too must grieve with thee,  
 O'er loved ones lost — their graves are far away  
 Upon thy mountains, yet, while I recline,  
 Alone, in darkness, on thy naked soil,  
 The mighty nourisher and burial-place  
 Of man, I feel that I embrace their dust.

Ha! how the murmur deepens! I perceive  
 And tremble at its dreadful import. Earth  
 Uplifts a general cry for guilt and wrong,  
 And heaven is listening. The forgotten graves  
 Of the heart-broken utter forth their plaint.  
 The dust of her who loved and was betray'd,  
 And him who died neglected in his age;  
 The sepulchres of those who for mankind  
 Labour'd, and earn'd the recompense of scorn;  
 Ashes of martyrs for the truth, and bones  
 Of those who, in the strife for liberty,  
 Where beaten down, their corse given to dogs,  
 Their names to infamy, all find a voice.  
 The nook in which the captive, overtoil'd,  
 Lay down to rest at last, and that which holds  
 Childhood's sweet blossoms, crush'd by cruel hands,  
 Send up a plaintive sound. From battle-fields,  
 Where heroes madly drove and dash'd their hosts  
 Against each other, rises up a noise,  
 As if the armed multitudes of dead  
 Stirr'd in their heavy slumber. Mournful tones  
 Come from the green abysses of the sea —  
 A story of the crimes the guilty sought

To hide beneath its waves. The glens, the groves,  
 Paths in the thicket, pools of running brook,  
 And banks and depths of lake, and streets and lanes  
 Of cities\*, now that living sounds are hush'd,  
 Murmur of guilty force and treachery.

Here, where I rest, the vales of Italy  
 Are round me, populous from early time,  
 And field of the tremendous warfare waged  
 'Twixt good and evil. Who, alas, shall dare  
 Interpret to man's ear the mingled voice  
 From all her ways and walls, and streets and streams,  
 And hills and fruitful fields? Old dungeons breathe  
 Of horrors veil'd from history; the stones  
 Of mouldering amphitheatres, where flow'd  
 The life-blood of the warrior slave, cry out.  
 The fanes of old religions, the proud piles  
 Rear'd with the spoil of empires — yea, the hearths  
 Of cities dug from their volcanic graves,  
 Report of human suffering and shame  
 And folly. Even the common dust, among  
 The springing corn and vine-rows, witnesses  
 The ages of oppression. Ah, I hear  
 A murmur of confused languages,  
 The utterance of nations now no more,  
 Driven out by mightier, as the days of heaven  
 Chase one another from the sky. The blood  
 Of freemen shed by freemen, till strange lords  
 Came in the hour of weakness, and made fast  
 The yoke that yet is worn, appeals to Heaven.

What then shall cleanse thy bosom, gentle Earth,  
 From all its painful memories of guilt?  
 The whelming flood, or the renewing fire,  
 Or the slow change of time? that so, at last,  
 The horrid tale of perjury and strife,

Murder and spoil, which men call history,  
May seem a fable, like the inventions told  
By poets of the gods of Greece. O thou,  
Who sittest far beyond the Atlantic deep,  
Among the sources of thy glorious streams,  
My native Land of Groves! a newer page  
In the great record of the world is thine,  
Shall it be fairer? Fear, and friendly hope,  
And envy, watch the issue, while the lines,  
By which thou shalt be judged, are written down.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### FOREST HYMN.

---

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learn'd  
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,  
And spread the roof above them, — ere he framed  
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,  
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,  
And offer'd to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
And supplication. For his simple heart  
Might not resist the sacred influences,  
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,  
And from the gray old trunks, that high in heaven  
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound  
Of the invisible breath, that sway'd at once  
All their green tops, stole over him, and bow'd  
His spirit with the thought of boundless power,  
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why  
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect  
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore  
Only among the crowd, and under roofs



That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,  
 Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,  
 Offer one hymn — thrice happy, if it find  
 Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand  
 Hath rear'd these venerable columns, thou  
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down  
 Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose  
 All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,  
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,  
 And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,  
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died  
 Among their branches; till, at last, they stood,  
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,  
 Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold  
 Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,  
 These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride  
 Report not. No fantastic carvings show,  
 The boast of our vain race, to change the form  
 Of thy fair works. But thou art here — thou fill'st  
 The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds,  
 That run along the summit of these trees  
 In music; — thou art in the cooler breath,  
 That, from the inmost darkness of the place,  
 Comes, scarcely felt; — the barky trunks, the ground,  
 The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.  
 Here is continual worship; — nature, here,  
 In the tranquillity that thou dost love,  
 Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around,  
 From perch to perch, the solitary bird  
 Passes; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs,  
 Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots  
 Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale  
 Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left  
 Thyself without a witness, in these shades,  
 Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace

Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak,  
 By whose immoveable stem I stand, and seem  
 Almost annihilated, — not a prince,  
 In all that proud old world beyond the deep,  
 E'er wore his crown as loftily as he  
 Wears the green coronal of leaves with which  
 Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root  
 Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare  
 Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower  
 With scented breath, and look so like a smile,  
 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,  
 An emanation of the indwelling Life,  
 A visible token of the upholding Love,  
 That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think  
 Of the great miracle that still goes on,  
 In silence, round me — the perpetual work  
 Of thy creation, finish'd, yet renew'd  
 For ever. Written on thy works, I read  
 The lesson of thy own eternity.  
 Lo! all grow old and die — but see, again,  
 How on the faltering footsteps of decay  
 Youth presses — ever gay and beautiful youth,  
 In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees  
 Wave not less proudly that their ancestors  
 Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost  
 One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,  
 After the flight of untold centuries,  
 The freshness of her far beginning lies,  
 And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate  
 Of his arch-enemy, Death — yea, seats himself  
 Upon the tyrant's throne — the sepulchre,  
 And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe  
 Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth  
 From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves  
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave  
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived  
The generation born with them, nor seem'd .  
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks  
Around them; — and there have been holy men  
Who deem'd it were not well to pass life thus.  
But let me often to these solitudes  
Retire, and in thy presence reassure  
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,  
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink,  
And tremble and are still. Oh, God! when thou  
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire  
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,  
With all the waters of the firmament,  
The swift, dark whirlwind that uproots the woods  
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,  
Uprises the great deep and throws himself  
Upon the continent, and overwhelms  
Its cities — who forgets not, at the sight,  
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,  
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?  
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face  
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath  
Of the mad, unchain'd elements to teach  
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate  
In these calm shades thy milder majesty,  
And to the beautiful order of thy works  
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

\* WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## SONG OF THE STARS.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,  
And the world in the smile of God awoke,  
And the empty realms of darkness and death  
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,  
And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame  
From the void abyss by myriads came, —  
In the joy of youth as they darted away,  
Through the widening wastes of space to play,  
Their silver voices in chorus rung,  
And this was the song the bright ones sung.

“Away, away, through the wide, wide sky, —  
The fair blue fields that before us lie, —  
Each sun with the worlds that round him roll,  
Each planet, poised on her turning pole;  
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,  
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

“For the source of glory uncovers his face,  
And the brightness o’erflows unbounded space;  
And we drink as we go the luminous tides  
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides:  
Lo, yonder the living splendours play;  
Away, on our joyous path, away!

“Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,  
In the infinite azure, star after star,  
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!  
How the verdure runs o’er each rolling mass!

And the path of the gentle winds is seen,  
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

"And see where the brighter day-beams pour,  
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;  
And the morn and eve, with their pomp of hues,  
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews;  
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,  
With her shadowy cone the night goes round!

"Away, away! in our blossoming bowers,  
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,  
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,  
See, Love is brooding, and Life is born,  
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,  
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

"Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,  
To weave the dance that measures the years;  
Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent,  
To the farthest wall of the firmament, —  
The boundless visible smile of Him,  
To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim."

\* WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## WHEN THE FIRMAMENT QUIVERS WITH DAY- LIGHT'S YOUNG BEAM.

WHEN the firmament quivers with daylight's young beam,  
And the woodlands awaking burst into a hymn,  
And the glow of the sky blazes back from the stream,  
How the bright ones of heaven in the brightness grow dim!

Oh, 'tis sad, in that moment of glory and song,  
To see, while the hill-tops are waiting the sun,  
The glittering band that kept watch all night long  
O'er Love and o'er Slumber, go out one by one.

Till the circle of ether, deep, ruddy and vast,  
Scaree glimmers with one of the train that were there;  
And their leader the day-star, the brightest and last,  
Twinkles faintly and fades in that desert of air.

Thus, Oblivion, from midst of whose shadow we came,  
Steals o'er us again when life's twilight is gone;  
And the crowd of bright names, in the heaven of fame,  
Grow pale and are quenched as the years hasten on.

Let them fade — but we'll pray that the age, in whose flight  
Of ourselves and our friends the remembrance shall die,  
May rise o'er the world, with the gladness and light  
Of the dawn that effaces the stars from the sky.

\*WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### THANATOPSIS.

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To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight

Over thy spirit, and sad images  
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —  
 Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around —  
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air, —  
 Comes a still voice — Yet a few days, and thee  
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
 In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
 Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,  
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
 Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim  
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,  
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
 To mix for ever with the elements,  
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.  
 Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
 Shalt thou retire alone — nor couldst thou wish  
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
 With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,  
 The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,  
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
 All in one mighty sepulchre. — The hills  
 Rock-ribb'd, and ancient as the sun, the vales  
 Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
 The venerable woods — rivers that move  
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
 That make the meadows green; and, pour'd round all,  
 Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —  
 Are but the solemn decorations all  
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,

The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
 That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings  
 Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,  
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,  
 Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there;  
 And millions in those solitudes, since first  
 The flight of years began, have laid them down  
 In their last sleep — the dead there reign alone.  
 So shalt thou rest — and what if thou withdraw  
 Unheeded by the living, and no friend  
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
 Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase  
 His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,  
 And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man, —  
 Shall one by one be gather'd to thy side,  
 By those, who, in their turn, shall follow them.  
 So live, that, when thy summons comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan, that moves  
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustain'd and soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

\* WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



NATURE.

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THE fair smile of morning,  
The glory of noon,  
The bright stars adorning  
The path of the moon;  
The mist-covered mountain,  
The valley and plain,  
The lake and the fountain,  
The river and main,  
Their magic combining,  
Illume and control  
The care and repining  
That darken the soul.

The timid Spring stealing  
Through light and perfume;  
The Summer's revealing  
Of beauty and bloom;  
The rich Autumn, glowing  
With fruit-treasures crown'd;  
The pale Winter, throwing  
His snow-wreaths around;  
All widely diffusing  
A charm on the earth,  
Wake loftier musing  
And holier mirth.

There is not a sorrow  
That hath not a balm  
From Nature to borrow,  
In tempest or calm;

There is not a season,  
There is not a scene,  
But Fancy and Reason  
May gaze on serene,  
And own it possessing  
A zest for the glad,  
A solace and blessing  
To comfort the sad.

ANONYMOUS.

### H Y M N.

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Oh beautiful the streams  
That through our vallies run,  
Singing and dancing in the gleams  
Of summer's cloudless sun.

The sweetest of them all  
From its fairy banks is gone;  
And the music of the waterfall  
Hath left the silent stone!

Up among the mountains  
In soft and mossy cell,  
By the silent springs and fountains  
The happy wild-flowers dwell.

The queen-rose of the wilderness  
Hath wither'd in the wind,  
And the shepherds see no loveliness  
In the blossoms left behind.

Birds cheer our lonely groves  
With many a beauteous wing —  
When happy in their harmless loves  
How tenderly they sing.

O'er all the rest was heard  
One wild and mournful strain, —  
But hush'd is the voice of that hymning bird,  
She ne'er must sing again!

Bright through the yew-trees' gloom  
I saw a sleeping dove!  
On the silence of her silvery plume,  
The sunlight lay in love.

The grove seem'd all her own  
Round the beauty of that breast —  
But the startled dove afar is flown;  
Forsaken is her nest!

In yonder forest wide  
A flock of wild-deer lies,  
Beauty breathes o'er each tender side,  
And shades their peaceful eyes.

The hunter in the night  
Hath singled out the doe,  
In whose light the mountain-flock lay bright,  
Whose hue was like the snow.

A thousand stars shine forth  
With pure and dewy ray —  
Till by night the mountains of our north  
Seem gladdening in the day.

O empty all the heaven!  
 Though a thousand lights be there —  
 For clouds o'er the evening-star are driven,  
 And shorn her golden hair!

JOHN WILSON.

## THE SUN.

CENTRE of light and energy! thy way  
 Is through the unknown void; thou hast thy throne,  
 Morning, and evening, and at noon of day,  
 Far in the blue, untended and alone:  
 Ere the first-waken'd airs of earth had blown,  
 On thou didst march, triumphant in thy light;  
 Then thou didst send thy glance, which still hath flown  
 Wide through the never-ending worlds of night,  
 And yet thy full orb burns with flash as keen and bright.

We call thee Lord of Day, and thou dost give  
 To earth the fire that animates her crust,  
 And wakens all the forms that move and live,  
 From the fine, viewless mould which lurks in dust,  
 To him who looks to heaven, and on his bust  
 Bears stamp'd the seal of God, who gathers there  
 Lines of deep thought, high feeling, daring trust  
 In his own center'd powers; who aims to share  
 In all his soul can frame of wide, and great, and fair.

Thy path is high in heaven; we cannot gaze  
 On the intense of light that girds thy ear;  
 There is a crown of glory in thy rays,  
 Which bears thy pure divinity afar,

To mingle with the equal light of star, —  
 For thou, so vast to us, art in the whole  
 One of the sparks of night that fire the air,  
 And, as around thy centre planets roll,  
 So thou, too, hast thy path around the central soul.

I am no fond idolater to thee,  
 One of the countless multitude, who burn,  
 As lamps, around the one Eternity,  
 In whose contending forces systems turn  
 Their circles round that seat of life, the urn  
 Where all must sleep, if matter ever dies:  
 Sight fails me here, but fancy can discern  
 With the wide glance of her all-seeing eyes,  
 Where, in the heart of worlds, the ruling Spirit lies.

And thou, too, hast thy world, and unto thee  
 We are as nothing; thou goest forth alone,  
 And movest trough the wide, aerial sea,  
 Glad as a conqueror resting on his throne  
 From a new victory, where he late had shown  
 Wider his power to nations; so thy light  
 Comes with new pomp, as if thy strength had grown  
 With each revolving day, or thou, at night,  
 Had lit again thy fires, and thus renew'd thy might.

Age o'er thee has no power: thou bring'st the same  
 Light to renew the morning, as when first,  
 If not eternal, thou, with front of flame,  
 On the dark face of earth in glory burst,  
 And warm'd the seas, and in their bosom nursed  
 The earliest things of life, the worm and shell;  
 Till, through the sinking ocean, mountains pierced,  
 And then came forth the land whereon we dwell,  
 Rear'd, like a magic fane, above the watery swell.

And there thy searching heat awoke the seeds  
 Of all that gives a charm to earth, and lends  
 An energy to nature; all that feeds  
 On the rich mould, and then, in bearing, bends  
 Its fruits again to earth, wherein it blends  
 The last and first of life; of all who bear  
 Their forms in motion, where the spirit tends,  
 Instinctive, in their common good to share,  
 Which lies in things that breathe, or late were living there.

They live in thee: without thee, all were dead  
 And dark; no beam had lighted on the waste,  
 But one eternal night around had spread  
 Funereal gloom, and coldly thus defaced  
 This Eden, which thy fairy hand hath graced  
 With such uncounted beauty; all that blows  
 In the fresh air of spring, and, growing, braced  
 Its form to manhood, when it stands and glows  
 In the full-temper'd beam, that gladdens as it goes.

Thou lookest on the earth, and then it smiles;  
 Thy light is hid, and all things droop and mourn;  
 Laughs the wide sea around her budding isles,  
 When through their heaven thy changing car is borne;  
 Thou wheel'st away thy flight, the woods are shorn  
 Of all their waving locks, and storms awake;  
 All, that was once so beautiful, is torn  
 By the wild winds which plough the lonely lake,  
 And, in their maddening rush, the crested mountains shake.

The earth lies buried in a shroud of snow;  
 Life lingers, and would die, but thy return  
 Gives to their gladden'd hearts an overflow  
 Of all the power that brooded in the urn  
 Of their chill'd frames, and then they proudly spurn

All bands that would confine, and give to air  
 Hues, fragrance, shapes of beauty, till they burn,  
 When, on a dewy morn, thou darrest there,  
 Rich waves of gold to wreath with fairer light the fair.

The vales are thine; and when the touch of spring  
 Thrills them, and gives them gladness, in thy light  
 They glitter, as the glancing swallow's wing  
 Dashes the water in his winding flight,  
 And leaves behind a wave that crinkles bright,  
 And widens outward to the pebbled shore, —  
 The vales are thine; and when they wake from night  
 The dews that bend the grass-tips, twinkling o'er  
 Their soft and oozy beds, look upward, and adore.

The hills are thine: they catch thy newest beam,  
 And gladden in thy parting, where the wood  
 Flames out in every leaf, and drinks the stream,  
 That flows from out thy fulness, as a flood  
 Bursts from an unknown land, and rolls the food  
 Of nations in its waters: so thy rays  
 Flow and give brighter tints than ever bud,  
 When a clear sheet of ice reflects a blaze  
 Of many twinkling gems, as every gloss'd bough plays.

Thine are the mountains, where they purely lift  
 Snows that have never wasted, in a sky  
 Which hath no stain; below, the storm may drift  
 Its darkness, and the thunder-gust roar by;  
 Aloft in thy eternal smile they lie,  
 Dazzling, but cold; thy farewell-glance looks there;  
 And when below thy hues of beauty die,  
 Girt round them, as a rosy belt, they bear,  
 Into the high, dark vault, a brow that still is fair.

The clouds are thine, and all their magic hues  
 Are pencill'd by thee; when thou bendest low,  
 Or comest in thy strength, thy hand imbues  
 Their waving fold with such a perfect glow  
 Of all pure tints, the fairy pictures throw  
 Shame on the proudest art; the tender stain  
 Hung round the verge of heaven, that as a bow  
 Girds the wide world, and in their blended chain  
 All tints to the deep gold that flashes in thy train:

These are thy trophies, and thou bend'st thy arch,  
 The sign of triumph, in a seven-fold twine,  
 Where the spent storm is hasting on its march,  
 And there the glories of thy light combine,  
 And form with perfect curve a lifted line,  
 Striding the earth and air; man looks, and tells  
 How peace and mercy in its beauty shine,  
 And how the heavenly messenger impels  
 Her glad wings on the path, that thus in ether swells.

The ocean is thy vassal; thou dost sway  
 His waves to thy dominion, and they go  
 Where thou, in heaven, dost guide them on their way,  
 Rising and falling in eternal flow;  
 Thou lookest on the waters, and they glow;  
 They take them wings, and spring aloft in air,  
 And change to clouds, and then, dissolving, throw  
 Their treasures back to earth, and, rushing, tear  
 The mountain and the vale, as proudly on they bear.

I, too, have been upon thy rolling breast,  
 Widest of waters; I have seen thee lie  
 Calm, as an infant pillow'd in its rest  
 On a fond mother's bosom, when the sky,  
 Not smoother, gave the deep its azure dye,



Till a new heaven was arch'd and glass'd below;  
 And then the clouds, that, gay in sunset, fly,  
 Cast on it such a stain, it kindled so,  
 As in the cheek of youth the living roses grow.

I, too, have seen thee on thy surging path,  
 When the night-tempest met thee: thou didst dash  
 Thy white arms high in heaven, as if in wrath,  
 Threatening the angry sky; thy waves did lash  
 The labouring vessel, and with deadening crash  
 Rush madly forth to scourge its groaning sides;  
 Onward thy billows came, to meet and clash  
 In a wild warfare, till the lifted tides  
 Mingled their yesty tops, where the dark stormeloud rides.

In thee, first light, the bounding ocean smiles,  
 When the quick winds uprear it in a swell,  
 That rolls, in glittering green, around the isles,  
 Where ever-springing fruits and blossoms dwell;  
 O! with a joy no gifted tongue can tell,  
 I hurry o'er the waters, when the sail  
 Swells tensely, and the light keel glances well  
 Over the curling billow, and the gale  
 Comes off the spiey groves to tell its winning tale.

The soul is thine: of old thou wert the power  
 Who gave the poet life; and I in thee  
 Feel my heart gladden at the holy hour  
 When thou art sinking in the silent sea;  
 Or when I climb the height, and wander free  
 In thy meridian glory, for the air  
 Sparkles and burns in thy intensity,  
 I feel thy light within me, and I share  
 In the full glow of soul thy spirit kindles there.

\*JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

THE STARS.

---

THEY glide upon their endless way,  
For ever calm, for ever bright,  
No blind hurry, no delay,  
Mark the Daughters of the Night:  
They follow in the track of Day,  
In divine delight.

And, oh! how still beneath the stars  
The once wild noisy Earth doth lie;  
As though she now forsook her jars,  
And caught the quiet of the sky.  
Pride sleeps; and Love (with all his scars)  
In smiling dreams doth lie.

Shine on, sweet orb'd Souls, for aye,  
For ever calm, for ever bright:  
We ask not whither lies your way,  
Nor whence ye came, nor what your light.  
Be, still, — a dream throughout the day,  
A blessing through the night!

BARRY CORNWALL.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

---

STAR that bringest home the bee,  
And sett'st the weary labourer free!

If any star shed peace, 't is thou  
That sendst it from above,  
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow  
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,  
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,  
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,  
And songs, when toil is done,  
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd  
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,  
Parted lovers on thee muse;  
Their remembrancer in heaven  
Of thrilling vows thou art,  
Too delicious to be riven  
By absence from the heart.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### THE LIGHT OF STARS.

---

THE night is come, but not too soon;  
And sinking silently,  
All silently, the little moon  
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,  
But the cold light of stars;  
And the first watch of night is given  
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?  
 The star of love and dreams?  
 O no! from that blue tent above  
 A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,  
 When I behold afar,  
 Suspended in the evening skies,  
 The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand  
 And smile upon my pain;  
 Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,  
 And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,  
 But the cold light of stars:  
 I give the first watch of the night  
 To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquer'd will,  
 He rises in my breast,  
 Serene, and resolute, and still,  
 And calm, and self-possess'd.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,  
 That readest this brief psalm,  
 As one by one thy hopes depart,  
 Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,  
 And thou shalt know ere long,  
 Know how sublime a thing it is  
 To suffer and be strong.

\*HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

## MOONLIGHT.

COME, gentle muse! now all is calm,  
The dew descends, the air is balm;  
Unruffled is the glassy deep,  
While moon-beams o'er its bosom sleep;  
The gale of summer mildly blows,  
The wave in soothing murmur flows;  
Unclouded Vesper shines on high,  
And ev'ry flow'r has clos'd its tearful eye.

Oh! at this hour, this placid hour,  
Soft music, wake thy magic pow'r!  
Be mine to hear thy dulcet measure,  
Thy warbling strains, that whisper pleasure;  
Thy heavenly airs, of cadence dying,  
And harp to every zephyr sighing;  
When roving by the shadowy beam,  
That gilds the fairy-bow'r and woodland-stream.

But all is still! no mellow sound  
Floats on the breeze of night around;  
Yet fancy, with some airy spell,  
Can wake 'sweet Echo' from her cell;  
Can charm her pensive votary's ear  
With plaintive numbers melting near;  
And bid celestial spirits rise,  
To pour their wild, enchanted melodies.

I love the rosy dawn of day,  
When Zephyr wakes the laughing May;

I love the summer-evening's close,  
That lulls the mind in calm repose;  
But sweeter far the hour serene,  
When softer colours paint the scene;  
When Vesper sheds a dewy ray  
And o'er the sleeping wave the moon-beams play.

FELICIA HEMANS.

### THE CLOUD.

---

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers  
From the seas and the streams;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
In their noon-day dreams.  
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
The sweet birds every one,  
When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,  
As she dances about the sun.  
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under;  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast;  
And all the night 't is my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,  
Lightning, my pilot, sits,  
In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,  
It struggles and howls at fits;

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
 This pilot is guiding me,  
 Lured by the love of the genii that move  
 In the depths of the purple sea;  
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
 Over the lakes and the plains,  
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
 The Spirit he loves remains;  
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,  
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
 And his burning plumes outspread,  
 Leaps on the back of my smiling rack,  
 When the morning star shines dead,  
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
 An eagle alit one moment may sit  
 In the light of its golden wings.  
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,  
 Its ardours of rest and of love,  
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
 From the depth of heaven above,  
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest  
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,  
 Whom mortals call the moon,  
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
 By the midnight breezes strewn;  
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
 Which only the angels hear,  
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
 The stars peep behind her and peer;  
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
 Like a swarm of golden bees,

When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas  
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;  
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,  
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
 Over a torrent sea,  
 Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,  
 The mountains its columns be.  
 The triumphal arch through which I march  
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
 When the powers of the air are chain'd to my chair,  
 Is the million-colour'd bow;  
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,  
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water  
 And the nursling of the sky;  
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;  
 I change, but I cannot die.  
 For after the rain, when with never a stain,  
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,  
 Build up the blue dome of air,  
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
 And out of the caverns of rain,  
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
 I arise and unbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



THE RAINBOW.

---

THE evening was glorious, and light through the trees  
Play'd the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and the breeze,  
The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay  
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

For the Queen of the Spring, as she pass'd down the vale  
Left her robe on the trees and her breath on the gale,  
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours  
And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd,  
O'er the west threw their splendour of azure and gold,  
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increas'd,  
Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith and east.

We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glow'd,  
When a vision of beauty appear'd on the cloud: —  
'Twas not like the Sun, as at mid-day we view,  
Nor the Moon, that rolls nightly through star-light and blue.

Like a spirit it came in the van of a storm!  
And the eye and the heart hail'd its beautiful form.  
For it look'd not severe like an Angel of Wrath,  
But its garment of brightness illumed its dark path.

In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood  
O'er the river, the village, the field and the wood;  
And river, field, village and woodlands grew bright,  
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.



'T is a picture in memory distinctly defined,  
 With the strong and unperishing colours of mind:  
 A part of my being beyond my control  
 Beheld on that cloud and transcribed on my soul.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

TELL me, thou star whose wings of light  
 Speed thee in thy fiery flight,  
 In what cavern of the night  
 Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and grey  
 Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,  
 In what depth of night or day  
 Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest  
 Like the world's rejected guest,  
 Hast thou still some secret nest  
 On the tree or billow?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



### THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come! ye have called me long,  
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song;  
 Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,  
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,  
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,  
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-flowers  
 By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers:  
 And the ancient graves, and the fallen<sup>o</sup> fanes,  
 Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.  
 But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,  
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy North,  
 And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,  
 The fisher is out on the sunny sea,  
 And the reindeer bounds through the pasture free,  
 And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
 And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,  
 And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky,  
 From the night bird's lay through the starry time,  
 In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,  
 To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,  
 When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;  
 They are sweeping on to the silvery main,  
 They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,  
 They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs,  
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,  
 And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!  
 Where the violets lie may now be your home.  
 Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,  
 And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly;  
 With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,  
 Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,  
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen;  
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,  
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;  
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,  
And Youth is abroad in my green domains.

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,  
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn;  
For me I depart to a brighter shore —  
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.  
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,  
And the flowers are not Death's — fare ye well, farewell!

FELICIA HEMANS.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

---

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,  
While in a grove I sate reclined,  
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link  
The human soul that through me ran;  
And much it grieved my heart to think  
What man has made of man.

Through primrose-tufts, in that sweet bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;  
And 't is my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played:  
Their thoughts I cannot measure: —  
But the least motion which they made,  
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,  
To catch the breezy air;  
And I must think, do all I can,  
That there was pleasure there.

If I these thoughts may not prevent,  
If such be of my creed the plan,  
Have I not reason to lament,  
What man has made of man?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### SPRING IS COMING.

---

SPRING is coming, spring is coming,  
Birds are chirping, insects humming;  
Flowers are peeping from their sleeping,  
Streams escaped from winter's keeping.  
In delighted freedom rushing,  
Dance along in music gushing,  
Scenes of late in deadness sadden'd,  
Smile in animation gladden'd;  
All is beauty, all is mirth,  
All is glory upon earth.  
Shout we then with Nature's voice,  
Welcome Spring! rejoice! rejoice!

Spring is coming, come, my brother,  
Let us rove with one another,

To our well-remember'd wild-wood,  
 Flourishing in nature's childhood;  
 Where a thousand flowers are springing,  
 And a thousand birds are singing;  
 Where the golden sunbeams quiver  
 On the verdure-girdled river;  
 Let our youth of feeling out,  
 To the youth of nature shout,  
 While the waves repeat our voice,  
 Welcome Spring! rejoice! rejoice!

\* JAMES NACK.

### MAY-DAY.

QUEEN of fresh flowers,  
 Whom vernal stars obey,  
 Bring thy warm showers,  
 Bring thy genial ray.  
 In Nature's greenest livery drest,  
 Descend on Earth's expectant breast,  
 To Earth and Heaven a welcome guest,  
 Thou merry month of May!

Mark! how we meet thee  
 As dawn of dewy day!  
 Hark! how we greet thee  
 With our roundelay!  
 While all the goodly things that be  
 In earth and air, and ample sea,  
 Are waking up to welcome thee,  
 Thou merry month of May!

Flocks on the mountains,  
 And birds upon their spray,  
 Tree, turf and fountains,  
 All hold holiday;  
 And love, the life of living things,  
 Love waves his torch, and claps his wings,  
 And loud and wide thy praises sings,  
 Thou merry month of May!

BISHOP HEBER.

## THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

---

THEY come! the merry summer months  
 Of beauty, song, and flowers;  
 They come! the gladsome months that bring  
 Thick leafiness to bowers.  
 Up, up my heart! and walk abroad,  
 Fling cark and care aside,  
 Seek silent hills, or rest thyself  
 Where peaceful waters glide;  
 Or, undernath the shadow vast  
 Of patriarchal tree,  
 Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky  
 In rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch  
 Is grateful to the hand,  
 And, like the kiss of maiden love,  
 The breeze is sweet and bland;  
 The daisy and the buttercup  
 Are nodding courteously,  
 It stirs their blood with kindest love  
 To bless and welcome thee:



And mark how with thine own thin locks —  
 They now are silver gray —  
 That blissful breeze is wantoning,  
 And whispering, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along  
 The ocean of yon sky  
 But hath its own wing'd mariners  
 To give it melody:  
 Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread  
 All gleaming like red gold,  
 And hark! with shrill pipe musical,  
 Their merry course they hold.  
 God bless them all, these little ones,  
 Who far above this earth,  
 Can make a scoff of its mean joys,  
 And vent a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upheav'd a sound,  
 From yonder wood it came;  
 The spirit of the dim, green glade  
 Did breathe his own glad name; —  
 Yes, it is he! the hermit bird,  
 That apart from all his kind,  
 Slow spells his beads monotonous  
 To the soft western wind;  
 Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again —  
 His notes are void of art,  
 But simplest strains do soonest sound  
 The deep founts of the heart!

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon  
 For thought-crased wight like me,  
 To smell again these summer flowers  
 Beneath this summer tree!

To suck once more in every breath  
 Their little souls away,  
 And feed my fancy with fond dreams  
 Of youth's bright summer day,  
 When, rushing forth like untamed colt,  
 The reckless truant boy  
 Wander'd through green woods all day long,  
 A mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now, I have had eause;  
 But oh! I'm proud to think  
 That each pure joy-fount loved of yore  
 I yet delight to drink; —  
 Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream,  
 The calm, unclouded sky,  
 Still mingle music with my dreams,  
 As in the days gone by.  
 When summer's loveliness and light  
 Fall round me dark and cold,  
 I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse —  
 A heart that hath wax'd old.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

### SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

---

Up the dale and down the bourne,  
 O'er the meadow swift we fly;  
 Now we sing, and now we mourn,  
 Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy-fringed river,  
 Through the murmuring reeds we sweep;  
 Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,  
 To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing  
 At the frolic things we say,  
 While aside her cheek we're rushing,  
 Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,  
 Kissing every bud we pass, —  
 As we did it in the bustle,  
 Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,  
 O'er the yellow heath we roam,  
 Whirling round about the fountain  
 Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,  
 While our vesper hymn we sigh;  
 Then unto our rosy pillows  
 On our weary wings we hie.

There of idlenesses dreaming,  
 Scarce from waking we refrain,  
 Moments long as ages deeming  
 Till we're at our play again.

GEORGE DARLEY.

'T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

---

'T is the last rose of summer  
 Left blooming alone;  
 All her lovely companions  
 Are faded and gone;

No flower of her kindred,  
 No rose-bud is nigh,  
 To reflect back her blushes,  
 Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!  
 To pine on the stem;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go, sleep thou with them.  
 Thus kindly I scatter  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
 Where thy mates of the garden  
 Lie scentless and dead,

So soon may I follow,  
 When friendships decay,  
 And from Love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away.  
 When true hearts lie wither'd,  
 And fond ones are flown,  
 Oh! who would inhabit  
 This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.

### THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Poor autumn leaf! down floating  
 Upon the blustering gale;  
 Torn from thy bough,  
 Where'st thou now,  
 Withered, and shrunk, and pale?

'I go, thou sad inquirer,  
 As list the winds to blow,  
 Sear, sapless, lost,  
 And tempest-tost,  
 I go where all things go.

The rude winds bear me onward  
 As suiteth them, not me,  
 O'er dale, o'er hill,  
 Through good, through ill,  
 As destiny bears thee.

What though for me one summer,  
 And threescore for thy breath —  
 I live my span,  
 Thou thine, poor man!  
 And then adown to death?

And thus we go together;  
 For lofty as thy lot,  
 And lowly mine,  
 My fate is thine,  
 To die and be forgot!'

CHARLES MACKAY.

## THE APPROACH OF COLD WEATHER.

ONE morn, what time the sickle 'gan to play  
 The eastern gates of heaven were open laid,  
 When forth the rosy Hours did lead a maid,  
 From her sweet eyes who shed a soften'd ray.  
 Blushing and fair she was; and from the braid

Of her gold locks she shook forth perfumes gay:

Yet languid look'd and indolently stray'd

A while, to watch the harvest borne away.

But now, with sinews braced, and aspect hale,

With buskin'd legs, and quiver 'cross her flung,

With hounds and horn she seeks the wood and vale,

And Echo listens to her forest song.

At eve, she flies to hear her poet's tale,

And "Autumn's" name resounds his shades among.

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

### THE WINTER NIGHT.

'T is the high festival of night!

The earth is radiant with delight;

And, fast as weary day retires,

The heaven unfolds its secret fires,

Bright, as when first the firmament

Around the new-made world was bent,

And infant seraphs pierced the blue,

Till rays of heaven came shining through.

And mark the heaven's reflected glow

On many an icy plain below;

And where the streams, with tinkling clash,

Against their frozen barriers dash,

Like fairy lances fleetly cast,

The glittering ripples hurry past;

And floating sparkles glance afar,

Like rivals of some upper star.

And see, beyond, how sweetly still

The snowy moonlight wraps the hill,

And many an aged pine receives  
The steady brightness on its leaves,  
Contrasting with those giant forms,  
Which, rified by the winter storms,  
With naked branches, broad and high,  
Are darkly painted on the sky.

From every mountain's towering head  
A white and glistening robe is spread,  
As if a melted silver tide  
Were gushing down its lofty side;  
The clear, cold lustre of the moon  
Is purer than the burning noon;  
And day hath never known the charm  
That dwells amid this evening calm.

The idler, on his silken bed,  
May talk of nature, cold and dead;  
But we will gaze upon this scene,  
Where some transcendent power hath been,  
And made these streams of beauty flow  
In gladness on the world below,  
Till nature breathes from every part  
The rapture of her mighty heart.

\*WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY.

## STANZAS.

---

THE dead leaves strew the forest walk,  
And wither'd are the pale wild flowers;  
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,  
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers.

7



Gone are the spring's green sprouting bowers,  
Gone summer's rich and mantling vines,  
And autumn, with her yellow hours,  
On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learn'd a clear and wild-toned note,  
That rose and swell'd from yonder tree —  
A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,  
There perch'd, and raised her song for me.  
The winter comes, and where is she?  
Away — where summer wings will rove,  
Where buds are fresh, and every tree  
Is vocal with the notes of love.

Too mild the breath of southern sky,  
Too fresh the flower that blushes there,  
The northern breeze that rustles by  
Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair;  
No forest tree stands stripp'd and bare,  
No stream beneath the ice is dead,  
No mountain top, with sleety hair,  
Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

Go there, with all the birds, and seek  
A happier clime, with livelier flight,  
Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek,  
And leave me lonely with the night.  
I'll gaze upon the cold north light,  
And mark where all its glories shone, —  
See — that it all is fair and bright,  
Feel — that it all is cold and gone.

\*JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.



SONG.

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A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours  
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers :  
    To himself he talks ;  
For at eventide, listening earnestly,  
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh  
    In the walks ;  
    Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks  
Of the mouldering flowers :  
    Heavily hangs the broad sunflower  
        Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;  
    Heavily hangs the hollyhock,  
        Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,  
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose  
    An hour before death ;  
My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves  
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,  
    And the breath  
    Of the fading edges of box beneath,  
And the year's last rose.  
    Heavily hangs the broad sunflower  
        Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;  
    Heavily hangs the hollyhock,  
        Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



THE WINDS.

---

WE come! we come! and ye feel our might,  
As we're hastening on in our boundless flight,  
And over the mountains, and over the deep,  
Our broad, invisible pinions sweep,  
Like the spirit of Liberty, wild and free!  
And ye look on our works, and own 't is we;  
Ye call us the Winds; but can ye tell  
Whither we go, or where we dwell?

Ye mark, as we vary our forms of power,  
And fell the forests, or fan the flower,  
When the hare-bell moves, and the rush is bent,  
When the tower's o'erthrown, and the oak is rent,  
As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,  
Or hurry its crew to a watery grave;  
And ye say it is we! but can ye trace  
The wandering winds to their secret place?

And, whether our breath be loud or high,  
Or come in a soft and balmy sigh,  
Our threatenings fill the soul with fear,  
Or our gentle whisperings woo the ear  
With music aerial, still, 't is we.  
And ye list, and ye look; but what do ye see?  
Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace,  
Or waken one note, when our numbers cease?

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand;  
We come and we go at his command.

Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,  
 His will is our guide, and we look not back:  
 And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away,  
 Or win us in gentle airs to play,  
 Then lift up your hearts to him, who binds  
 Or frees, as he will, the obedient winds.

\*HANNAH F. GOULD.

### THE WINDS.

SUBLIME the pleasure, meditating song,  
 Lull'd by the piping of the winds to lie,  
 While, ever and anon collecting, fly  
 The choir still swelling as they haste along,  
 And shake with full Æolian notes the sky.  
 A pause ensues: the sprites, that lead the throng,  
 Recall their force; and first, begin to sigh;  
 Then howls the gathering stream the rocking domes among.  
 Methinks I hear the shrieking spirits oft  
 Groan in the blast, and flying tempests lead:  
 While some aerial beings sighing soft  
 Round once-loved maids their guardian wishes plead;  
 Spirits of torment shrilly speak aloft,  
 And warn the wretch, who rolls in guilt, to heed.

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

### THE WATER! THE WATER!

THE water! the water!  
 The joyous brook for me,

That tuneth, through the quiet night,  
    Its ever-living glee.  
The water! the water!  
    That sleepless, merry heart,  
Which gurgles on unstintedly,  
    And loveth to impart  
To all around it some small measure  
Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The water! the water!  
    The gentle stream for me,  
That gushes from the old gray stone,  
    Beside the alder tree.  
The water! the water!  
    That ever-bubbling spring  
I loved and looked on while a child,  
    In deepest wondering, —  
And ask'd it whence it came and went,  
And when its treasures would be spent.

The water! the water!  
    The merry, wanton brook,  
That bent itself to pleasure me,  
    Like mine own shepherd crook.  
The water! the water!  
    That sang so sweet at noon,  
And sweeter still all night, to win  
    Smiles from the pale, proud moon,  
And from the little fairy faces  
That gleam in heaven's remotest places.

The water! the water!  
    The dear and blessed thing,  
That all day fed the little flowers  
    On its banks blossoming.  
The water! the water!

That murmur'd in my ear  
 Hymns of a saint-like purity,  
 That angels well might hear;  
 And whisper, in the gates of heaven,  
 How meek a pilgrim had been shriven.

The water! the water!  
 Where I have shed salt tears,  
 In loneliness and friendliness,  
 A thing of tender years.  
 The water! the water!  
 Where I have happy been,  
 And shower'd upon its bosom flowers  
 Cull'd from each meadow green,  
 And idly hoped my life would be  
 So crown'd by love's idolatry.

The water! the water!  
 My heart yet burns to think  
 How cool thy fountain sparkled forth,  
 For parched lip to drink.  
 The water! the water!  
 Of mine own native glen;  
 The gladsome tongue I oft have heard,  
 But ne'er shall hear again;  
 Though fancy fills my ear for aye  
 With sounds that live so far away!

The water! the water!  
 The mild and glassy wave,  
 Upon whose broomy banks I've long'd  
 To find my silent grave.  
 The water! the water!  
 Oh bless'd to me thou art;  
 Thus sounding in life's solitude,  
 The music of my heart,

And filling it, 'despite of sadness,  
With dreamings of departed gladness.

The water! the water!

The mournful, pensive tone,  
That whisper'd to my heart how soon  
This weary life was done.

The water! the water!

That roll'd so bright and free,  
And bade me mark how beautiful  
Was its soul's purity;  
And how it glanced to heaven its wave,  
As wandering on it sought its grave.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

### THE LAKE HAS BURST.

---

THE lake has burst! The lake has burst!  
Down through the chasms the wild waves flee,  
They gallop along  
With a roaring song,  
Away to the eager awaiting sea!

Down through the valleys, and over the rocks,  
And over the forests the flood runs free;  
And wherever it dashes,  
The oaks and the ashes  
Shrink, drop, and are borne to the hungry sea!

The cottage of reeds and the tower of stone,  
Both shaken to ruin, at last agree;  
And the slave and his master  
In one wide disaster  
Are hurried like weeds to the scornful sea!

The sea-beast he tosseth his foaming mane;  
He bellows aloud to the misty sky;  
And the sleep-buried Thunder  
Awakens in wonder,  
And the Lightning opens her piercing eye!

There is death above, there is death around;  
There is death wheresoever the waters be;  
There is nothing now doing  
But terror and ruin,  
On earth, and in air, and the stormy sea!

BARRY CORNWALL.

### SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE NIGHT.\*

---

ERE long the clouds were gone, the moon was set;  
When deeply blue without a shade of gray,  
The sky was fill'd with stars that almost met,  
Their points prolong'd and sharpen'd to one ray;  
Through their transparent air the milky-way  
Seem'd one broad flame of pure resplendent white,  
As if some globe on fire, turn'd far astray,  
Had cross'd the wide arch with so swift a flight,  
That for a moment shone its whole long track of light.

At length in northern skies, at first but small,  
A sheet of light meteorous begun  
To spread on either hand, and rise and fall  
In waves, that slowly first, then quickly run  
Along its edge, set thick but one by one

\* Vergl. "Sommernacht" von R. Reinick (Lieder von R. Reinick, Maier. Berlin 1844).

With spiry beams, that all at once shot high,  
Like those through vapours from the setting sun;  
Then sidelong as before the wind they fly,  
Like streaking rain from clouds that flit along the sky.

Now all the mountain-tops and gulfs between  
Seem'd one dark plain; from forests, caves profound,  
And rushing waters far below unseen,  
Rose a deep roar in one united sound,  
Alike pervading all the air around,  
And seeming e'en the azure dome to fill,  
And from it through soft ether to resound  
In low vibrations, sending a sweet thrill  
To every finger's end from rapture deep and still.

\*CARLOS WILCOX.

## N I G H T.

---

NIGHT is the time for rest;  
How sweet, when labours close,  
To gather round an aching breast,  
The curtain of repose,  
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head  
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;  
The gay romance of life,  
When truth that is and truth that seems,  
Blend in fantastic strife;  
Ah! visions less beguiling far  
Than waking dreams by daylight are!



Night is the time for toil;  
 To plough the classic field,  
 Intent to find the buried spoil  
 Its wealthy furrows yield;  
 Till all is ours that sages taught,  
 That poets sang or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;  
 To wet with unseen tears  
 Those graves of memory where sleep  
 The joys of other years;  
 Hopes that were angels in their birth,  
 But perished young like things on earth!

Night is the time to watch;  
 On ocean's dark expanse  
 To hail the Pleiades, or catch  
 The full moon's earliest glance,  
 That brings unto the home-sick mind  
 All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;  
 Brooding on hours misspent,  
 To see the spectre of despair  
 Come to our lonely tent;  
 Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,  
 Startled by Caesar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse;  
 Then from the eye the soul  
 Takes flight, and with expanding views  
 Beyond the starry pole,  
 Descries athwart the abyss of night  
 The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;  
Our Saviour oft withdrew  
To desert mountains far away;  
So will his followers do;  
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,  
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;  
When all around is peace,  
Calmly to yield the weary breath,  
From sin and suffering cease:  
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign  
To parting friends — such death be mine!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### THE SONG OF NIGHT.

---

I COME to thee, O Earth!  
With all my gifts; — for every flower, sweet dew,  
In bell, and urn, and chalice, to renew  
The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies  
Far amidst folding hills or forest-leaves,  
But, through its views of beauty, so receives  
A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star:  
Making thy streams, that on their noon-day track  
Gave but the moss, the reed, the lily back,  
Mirrors of worlds afar.

I come with peace; I shed  
Sleep through thy wood-walks o'er the honey-bee,  
The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's young glee,  
The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay  
The weary babe, and sealing with a breath  
Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams, beneath  
The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things!  
Who calls me silent? — I have many tones;  
The dark skies thrill with low mysterious moans  
Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone  
From the deep organ of the forest shades,  
Or buried streams, unheard amidst their glades,  
Till the bright day is done.

But in the human breast  
A thousand still small voices I awake,  
Strong in their sweetness, from the soul to shake  
The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past:  
From true hearts broken, gentle spirits torn,  
From crush'd affections, which, though long o'erborne,  
Make their tone heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb;  
O'er the sad couch of late repentant love,  
They pass — though low as murmurs of a dove —  
Like trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train:  
Who calls my lonely? Hosts around me tread,  
Th' intensely bright, the beautiful, the dread —  
Phantoms of heart and brain!

Looks from departed eyes  
These are my lightnings! — filled with anguish vain,  
Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,  
They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control  
Shut the dim violet, hush the woodland song,  
I am th' Avenging One! — the armed, the strong,  
The searcher of the soul!

I, that shower dewy light  
Through slumbering leaves, bring storms! — the tempest  
                                birth  
Of memory, thought, remorse: — be holy Earth!  
I am the solemn Night!

FELICIA HEMANS.

GOOD NIGHT.

DAY is past!  
Stars have set their watch at last,  
Founts that thro' the deep woods flow,  
Make sweet sounds unheard till now,  
Flowers have shut with fading light.  
Good Night!

Go to rest,  
Sleep sit dove-like on thy breast;  
If within that secret cell  
One dark form of memory dwell,  
Be it mantled from thy sight,  
Good Night!

Joy be thine!  
Kind looks o'er thy slumbers shine;  
Go, and in the spirit land  
Meet thy home's long parted band;  
Be their eyes all love and light,  
Good Night!

Peace to all!  
Dreams of Heaven on mourners fall,  
Exile! o'er thy couch may gleams  
Pass from thine own mountain streams,  
Bard! away to worlds more bright,  
Good Night.

FELICIA HEMANS.

### ECHO AND SILENCE.\*

---

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,  
And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,  
As mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,  
Thro' glens untrod, and woods that frown'd on high,  
Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy!

\* This sonnet was pronounced by Wordsworth the best sonnet in the language; and Mr. Southey said, that he knew not any poem in any language more beautifully imaginative.

And, lo, she's gone! — In robe of dark-green hue  
'T was Echo from her sister Silence flew,  
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky!  
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.

Not so her sister. — Hark! for onward still,  
With far-heard step, she takes her listening way,  
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill.

Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play  
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

### ONE NIGHT AS I DID WANDER.

---

ONE night as I did wander,  
When corn begins to shoot,  
I sat me down to ponder,  
Upon an auld tree-root:

Auld Ayr ran by before me,  
And bicker'd to the seas;  
A cushat\* crooded o'er me,  
That echoed thro' the braes.

ROBERT BURNS.

\* A dove or wood-pigeon.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

---

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with man, to twinkle  
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,  
And dew-drops on her holy altars sprinkle  
As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly  
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye!  
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy  
Incense on high.

Ye bright Mosaics! that with storied beauty  
The floor of nature's temple tessellate  
With numerous emblems of instructive duty,  
Your forms create.

Neath cloister'd boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,  
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,  
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth  
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column  
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,  
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,  
Which God hath plann'd;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,  
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;  
Its choir the winds and waves — its organ thunder —  
Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander  
 Through the green aisles, or stretch'd upon the sod,  
 Awed by the silence, reverently ponder  
 The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,  
 Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,  
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers  
 From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendour,  
 "Weep without wo, and blush without a crime,"  
 Oh may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender  
 Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,  
 Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;  
 How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory,  
 Are human flowers!"

In the sweet scented pictures, heavenly Artist!  
 With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall  
 What a delightful lesson thou impartest  
 Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure,  
 Blooming o'er field and wave by day and night,  
 From every source your sanction bids me treasure  
 Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary  
 For such a world of thought could furnish scope?  
 Each fading calyx a memento mori,  
 Yet fount of hope.



Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!

Upraised from seed or bulb interr'd in earth,  
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,  
A second birth.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,

Far from all voice of teachers or divines,  
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,  
Priests, sermons, shrines!

HORACE SMITH.

### TO A FLOWER.

---

DAWN, gentle flower,  
From the morning earth  
We will gaze and wonder  
At thy wondrous birth!

Bloom, gentle flower!  
Lover of the light,  
Sought by wind and shower,  
Fondled by the night!

Fade, gentle flower!  
All thy white leaves close;  
Having shewn thy beauty,  
Time 't is for repose.

Die, gentle flower,  
In the silent sun!  
So, — all pangs are over,  
All thy tasks are done!

Day hath no more glory,  
Though he soars so high;  
Thine is all man's story,  
Live, — and love, — and die!

BARRY CORNWALL.

### BRING FLOWERS.

---

BRING flowers, young flowers for the festal board,  
To wreath the cup where the wine is pour'd;  
Bring flowers! They are springing in wood and vale,  
Their breath floats out on the silent gale,  
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,  
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path,  
He hath shaken thrones in his stormy wrath!  
He comes with the spoils of nations back,  
The vines lie crushed in his chariot's track,  
The turf looks red, where he won the day —  
Bring flowers — to die in the conqueror's way.

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell;  
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell,  
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,  
And the bright world shut from his languid eye,  
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours  
And a dream of his youth — bring flowers — wild flowers.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear,  
They were born to blush in her shining hair.

She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,  
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,  
Her place is now by another's side —  
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride.

Bring flowers, pale flowers o'er the bier to shed;  
A crown for the brow of the early dead!  
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,  
For this in the woods was the violet nurs'd!  
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,  
They are love's last gift — bring ye flowers, pale flowers.

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,  
They are nature's offering, their place is there!  
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,  
With a voice of promise they come and part,  
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,  
They break forth in glory — bring flowers, bright flowers.

FELICIA HEMANS.

### M O R N I N G.

---

How beauteous art thou, O thou morning sun! —  
The old man, feebly tottering forth, admires  
As much thy beauty, now life's dream is done,  
As when he moved exulting in his fires.

The infant strains his little arms to catch  
The rays that glance about his silken hair;  
And Luxury hangs her amber lamps, to match  
Thy face, when turn'd away from bower and palace fair.

Sweet to the lip the draught, the blushing fruit;  
Music and perfumes mingle with the soul;  
How thrills the kiss, when feeling's voice is mute!  
And light and beauty's tints enhance the whole.

Yet each keen sense were dulness but for thee:  
Thy ray to joy, love, virtue, genius warms;  
Thou never weariest; no inconstancy  
But comes to pay new homage to thy charms.

How many lips have sung thy praise, how long!  
Yet, when his slumbering harp he feels thee woo,  
The pleased bard pours forth another song,  
And finds in thee, like love, a theme forever new.

Thy dark-eyed daughters come in beauty forth,  
In thy near realms; and, like their snow-wreaths fair,  
The bright-hair'd youths and maidens of the north  
Smile in thy colours when thou art not there.

'T is there thou bidst a deeper ardour glow,  
And higher, purer reveries completest;  
As drops that farthest from the ocean flow,  
Refining all the way, from springs the sweetest.

Haply, sometimes, spent with the sleepless night,  
Some wretch, impassion'd, from sweet morning's breath,  
Turns his hot brow, and sickens at thy light;  
But Nature, ever kind, soon heals or gives him death.

\* MARIA BROOKS.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

---

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!  
How many a tale their music tells,  
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,  
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are past away;  
And many a heart, that then was gay,  
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone;  
That tuneful peal will still ring on,  
While other bards shall walk these dells,  
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

---

MOURNFULLY! oh, mournfully  
This midnight wind doth sigh,  
Like some sweet plaintive melody  
Of ages long gone by:  
It speaks a tale of other years —  
Of hopes that bloomed to die —  
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,  
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! oh, mournfully  
This midnight wind doth moan;  
It stirs some chord of memory  
In each dull heavy tone.  
The voices of the much-loved dead  
Seem floating thereupon —  
All, all my fond heart cherished  
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully  
This midnight wind doth swell,  
With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,  
Hope's passionate farewell  
To the dreamy joys of early years,  
Ere yet grief's canker fell  
On the heart's bloom — ay, well may tears  
Start at that parting knell!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

### THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

---

GAY, guiltless pair,  
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?  
Ye have no need of prayer,  
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,  
Where mortals to their Maker bend?  
Can your pure spirits fear  
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew  
The crimes for which we come to weep.  
Penance is not for you,  
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 't is given  
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays;  
Beneath the arch of heaven  
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,  
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,  
And join the choirs that sing  
In yon blue dome not rear'd with hands.

Or, if ye stay,  
To note the consecrated hour,  
Teach me the airy way,  
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,  
On upward wings could I but fly,  
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,  
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'T were heaven indeed  
Through fields of trackless light to soar,  
On Nature's charms to feed,  
And Nature's own great God adore.

\*CHARLES SPRAGUE.

THE SKYLARK.

---

BIRD of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and eumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place —  
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!  
Wild is thy lay, and loud,  
Far in the downy cloud,  
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.  
Where, on thy dewy wing,  
Where art thou journeying?  
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,  
Over the cloudlet dim,  
Over the rainbow's rim,  
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!  
Then, when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the heather blooms,  
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place —  
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.



TO A SKYLARK.

---

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,  
From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are brightening,  
Thou dost float and run;  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight;  
Like a star of heaven,  
In the broad daylight  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear,  
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;  
What is most like thee?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see,  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unbeholden  
Its aerial hue  
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embower'd  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflower'd  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged  
thieves.

Sound of vernal showers  
 On the twinkling grass,  
 Rain-awaken'd flowers,  
 All that ever was  
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
 What sweet thoughts are thine:  
 I have never heard  
 Praise of love or wine  
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,  
 Or triumphal chant,  
 Match'd with thine would be all  
 But an empty vaunt —  
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
 Of thy happy strain?  
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
 What shapes of sky or plain?  
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance  
 Languor cannot be:  
 Shadow of annoyance  
 Never came near thee:  
 Thou lovest; but never knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
 Thou of death must deem  
 Things more true and deep  
 Than we mortals dream,  
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not:  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
Hate, and pride, and fear;  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

### ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

---

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk;  
'T is not through envy of thy happy lot  
But being too happy in thy happiness,  
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been  
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!  
O for a beaker full of the warm south,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
 And purple-stained mouth;  
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;  
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;  
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
 And leaden-eyed despairs;  
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee  
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:  
 Already with thee! tender is the night,  
 And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,  
 Clustered around by all her starry fays;  
 But here there is no light,  
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
 Through verdurous blooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet  
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;  
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
 Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;  
 And mid-May's eldest child,

The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time  
I have been half in love with caseful Death,  
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
The same that oft-times hath  
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.  
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
In the next valley's glades:  
Was it a vision or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music: — do I wake or sleep?

JOHN KEATS.

## TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

WING'D mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!  
 Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?  
 Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule  
 Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe:  
 Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe,  
 Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school;  
 To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,  
 Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule!  
 For such thou art by day — but all night long  
 Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,  
 As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song  
 Like to the melancholy JACQUES complain,  
 Musing on falsehood, folly, vice, and wrong,  
 And sighing for thy motley coat again.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

## TO THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BIRD of the lone and joyless night,  
 Whence is thy sad and solemn lay?  
 Attendant on the pale moon's light,  
 Why shun the garish blaze of day?  
  
 When darkness fills the dewy air,  
 Nor sounds the song of happier bird,  
 Alone, amid the silence, there  
 Thy wild and plaintive note is heard.

Thyself unseen, thy pensive moan  
Pour'd in no living comrade's ear,  
The forest's shaded depths alone  
Thy mournful melody can hear.

Beside what still and secret spring,  
In that dark wood, the livelong day,  
Sitt'st thou, with dusk and folded wing,  
To while the hours of light away?

Sad minstrel! thou hast learn'd, like me,  
That life's deceitful gleam is vain;  
And well the lesson profits thee,  
Who will not trust its charm again.

Thou, unbeguiled, thy plaint dost trill  
To listening night, when mirth is o'er;  
I, heedless of the warning, still  
Believe, to be deceived once more.

\*ELIZABETH F. ELLETT.

### THE GREEN ISLE OF LOVERS.

---

THEY say that, afar in the land of the west,  
Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest,  
Mid fens where the hunter ne'er ventured to tread,  
A fair lake unruffled and sparkling is spread;  
Where, lost in his course, the rapt Indian discovers,  
In distance seen dimly, the green Isle of Lovers.

There verdure fades never; immortal in bloom,  
Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume;



And low bends the branch with rich fruitage depress'd,  
 All glowing like gems in the crowns of the east;  
 There the bright eye of nature, in mild glory hovers:  
 'T is the land of the sunbeam, — the green Isle of Lovers!

Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss  
 The calm-flowing lake round that region of bliss  
 Where, wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair choirs  
 Glad measures still weave to the sound that inspires  
 The dance and the revel, mid forests that cover  
 On high with their shade the green Isle of the Lover.

But fierce as the snake, with his eyeballs of fire,  
 When his scales are all brilliant and glowing with ire,  
 Are the warriors to all, save the maids of their isle,  
 Whose law is their will, and whose life is their smile;  
 From beauty there valour and strength are not rovers,  
 And peace reigns supreme in the green Isle of Lovers.

And he who has sought to set foot on its shore,  
 In mazes perplex'd, has beheld it no more;  
 It fleets on the vision, deluding the view,  
 Its banks still retire as the hunters pursue;  
 O! who in this vain world of wo shall discover  
 The home undisturb'd, the green Isle of the Lover!

\*ROBERT C. SANDS.

### A LITTLE GREEN ISLE.

A LITTLE green isle in a lonely lake  
 There is in the cool north-west;  
 O, the loveliest isle in the month of May!  
 There the wild birds sleep, and the wild birds wake,

To flutter and sing, as the breezes shake  
 Their young in each moss-built nest:  
 O, that lone little isle!  
 How I loved it the while  
 I was wild and as merry as they!

The flowers are bright in the velvety grass,  
 And brighter around the springs:  
 O, sweetest flowers of the month of May!  
 As over the waters, as clear as glass,  
 The snowy swan and her younglings pass,  
 Her bugle-horn tune she sings:  
 O, that bright little isle!  
 How I loved it the while  
 I was tuneful and roving as they!

A rocking canoe, of the white-wood tree,  
 I had in that pleasant lake;  
 A leaf-like bark for the month of May!  
 Where the running pine and the roses be,  
 My sisters paddled along with me,  
 Our coronals gay to make:  
 O, that dear little isle!  
 How I loved it the while  
 I was young and light-hearted as they!

O, little lone isle of the silent lake,  
 Far off in the cool north-west,  
 My spirit is thine in the month of May!  
 Thou art beautiful yet, though billows break  
 O'er my light canoe, and the willows shake  
 Their locks where the lovely rest:  
 O, thou sweet, blessed isle!  
 I will cherish thee while  
 There are tears for such dear ones as they.

\*LOUIS LEGRAND NOBLE.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF  
OUR OWN.

---

OH! had we some bright little isle of our own,  
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,  
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,  
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;  
    Where the sun loves to pause  
    With so fond a delay,  
    That the night only draws  
    A thin veil o'er the day;  
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,  
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the elme,  
We should love, as they lov'd in the first golden time,  
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,  
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.  
    With affection as free  
    From decline as the bowers,  
    And, with hope, like the bee,  
    Living always on flowers,  
Our life should resemble a long day of light,  
And our death come on, holy and calm as the night.

THOMAS MOORE.



## ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

OH thou vast Ocean! ever sounding sea!  
Thou symbol of a dread immensity!  
Thou thing that windest round the solid world  
Like a huge animal, which downward hurl'd  
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,  
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.  
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep  
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.  
Thou speakest in the east and in the west  
At once, and on thy heavily laden breast  
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life  
Or motion yet are moved and meet in strife.  
The earth hath naught of this: no chance or change  
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare  
Give answer to the tempest-waken'd air;  
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range  
At will, and wound its bosom as they go:  
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow;  
But to their statcd rounds the seasons come,  
And pass like visions to their viewless home,  
And come again, and vanish: the young spring  
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,  
And winter always winds his sullen horn,  
When the wild autumn with a look forlorn  
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies  
Weep, and flowers sicken when the summer flies.  
— Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,  
A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,  
When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,  
A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds

Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven  
Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,  
How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,  
And stretch thine arms, and war at once with heaven.

Thou trackless and immeasurable main!  
On thee no record ever lived again  
To meet the hand that writ it: line nor lead  
Hath ever fathom'd thy profoundest deeps,  
Where haply the huge monster swells and sleeps,  
King of his watery limit, who, 'tis said,  
Can move the mighty ocean into storm —  
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element:  
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,  
And lovely in repose: thy summer form  
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves,  
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,  
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,  
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,  
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach —  
"Eternity, eternity, and power."

BARRY CORNWALL.

### THE DEEP.

---

THERE'S beauty in the deep:  
The wave is bluer than the sky;  
And, though the lights shine bright on high,  
More softly do the sea-gems glow,  
That sparkle in the depths below;  
The rainbow's tints are only made

When on the waters they are laid;  
And sun and moon most sweetly shine  
Upon the ocean's level brine.

There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep: —  
It is not in the surf's rough roar,  
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore, —  
They are but earthly sounds, that tell  
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,  
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,  
Or winds its softness through the flood,  
Echoes through groves, with coral gay,  
And dies, on spongy banks, away.

There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep: —  
Above, let tides and tempests rave,  
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave;  
Above, let care and fear contend.  
With sin and sorrow, to the end:  
Here, far beneath the tainted foam  
That frets above our peaceful home;  
We dream in joy, and wake in love,  
Nor know the rage that yells above.

There's quiet in the deep.

\*JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

### THE CORAL GROVE.

---

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,  
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove;

Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,  
That never are wet with falling dew,  
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,  
Far down in the green and glassy brine.  
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,  
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;  
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift  
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;  
The water is calm and still below,  
For the winds and waves are absent there,  
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow  
In the motionless fields of upper air:  
There, with its waving blade of green,  
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,  
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen  
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter:  
There, with a light and easy motion,  
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;  
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean  
Are bending like corn on the upland lea:  
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,  
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,  
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms  
Has made the top of the wave his own:  
And when the ship from his fury flies,  
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,  
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,  
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;  
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,  
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,  
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,  
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

\*JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

## THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,  
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?  
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,  
Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain.  
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!  
We ask not such from thee!

Yet more, the depths have more! What wealth untold,  
Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!  
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,  
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.  
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!  
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more! Thy waves have rolled  
Above the cities of a world gone by!  
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,  
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!  
Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play,  
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!  
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!  
They hear not now the booming waters roar, —  
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.  
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!  
Give back the true and brave!



Give back the lost and lovely! — those for whom  
 The place was kept at board and hearth so long;  
 The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,  
 And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!  
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown, —  
 But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;  
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,  
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown!  
 Yet must thou hear a voice: — Restore the Dead!  
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee! —  
 Restore the Dead, thou Sea!

FELICIA HEMANS.

### TO A WAVE.

LIST! thou child of wind and sea,  
 Tell me of the far-off deep,  
 Where the tempest's breath is free,  
 And the waters never sleep!  
 Thou perchance the storm hast aided,  
 In its work of stern despair,  
 Or perchance thy hand hath braided,  
 In deep caves, the mermaid's hair.

Wave! now on the golden sands,  
 Silent as thou art, and broken,  
 Bear'st thou not from distant strands  
 To my heart some pleasant token?

Tales of mountains of the south,  
 Spangles of the ore of silver;  
 Which, with playful singing mouth,  
 Thou hast leap'd on high to pilfer?

Mournful wave! I deem'd thy song  
 Was telling of a floating prison,  
 Which, when tempests swept along,  
 And the mighty winds were risen,  
 Founder'd in the ocean's grasp.  
 While the brave and fair were dying,  
 Wave! didst mark a white hand clasp  
 In thy folds, as thou wert flying?

Hast thou seen the hallow'd rock  
 Where the pride of kings reposes,  
 Crown'd with many a misty lock,  
 Wreathed with sapphire, green, and roses?  
 Or with joyous, playful leap,  
 Hast thou been a tribute flinging,  
 Up that bold and jutting steep,  
 Pearls upon the south wind stringing?

Faded Wave! a joy to thee,  
 Now thy flight and toil are over!  
 O, may my departure be  
 Calm as thine, thou ocean-rover!  
 When this soul's last pain or mirth  
 On the shore of time is driven,  
 Be its lot like thine on earth,  
 To be lost away in heaven!

\* JAMES O. ROCKWELL.

## THE SEA.

THE Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round;  
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,  
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!  
I am where I would ever be;  
With the blue above, and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go;  
If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh! how I love, to ride  
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,  
When every mad wave drowns the moon,  
Or whistles aloft its tempest tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,  
But I lov'd the great sea more and more,  
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;  
And a mother she was and is to me;  
For I was born on the open Sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,  
 In the noisy hour when I was born;  
 And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,  
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;  
 And never was heard such an outcry wild  
 As welcomed to life the Ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,  
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,  
 With wealth to spend and a power to range,  
 But never have sought, nor sighed for change;  
 And death, whenever he come to me,  
 Shall come on the wild unbounded Sea.

BARRY CORNWALL.

#### A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,  
 A wind that follows fast, —  
 And fills the white and rustling sail,  
 And bends the gallant mast:  
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
 While, like the eagle free,  
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
 Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!  
 I heard a fair one cry;  
 But give to me the snoring breeze,  
 And white waves heaving high:  
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,  
 The good ship tight and free, —  
 The world of waters is our home,  
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon  
 And lightning in yon cloud;  
 And hark! the music, mariners,  
 The wind is piping loud:  
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashing free, —  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

### THE SEA-BIRD'S SONG.

---

On the deep is the mariner's danger,  
 On the deep is the mariner's death,  
 Who, to fear of the tempest a stranger,  
 Sees the last bubble burst of his breath?  
   'T is the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,  
   Lone looker on despair,  
 The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,  
 The only witness there.

Who watches their course, who so mildly  
 Careen to the kiss of the breeze?  
 Who lists to their shrieks, who so wildly  
 Are clasp'd in the arms of the seas?  
   'T is the sea-bird, &c.

Who hovers on high o'er the lover,  
 And her who has clung to his neck?  
 Whose wing is the wing that can cover,  
 With its shadow, the foundering wreck?  
   'T is the sea-bird, &c.

My eye in the light of the billow,  
 My wing on the wake of the wave,  
 I shall take to my breast, for a pillow,  
 The shroud of the fair and the brave.  
 I'm a sea-bird, &c.

My foot on the iceberg has lighted,  
 When hoarse the wild winds veer about;  
 My eye, when the bark is benighted,  
 Sees the lamp of the light-house go out.  
 I'm the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,  
 Lone looker on despair;  
 The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,  
 The only witness there.

\*JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

### WHERE IS THE SEA?

---

WHERE is the sea? — I languish here —  
 Where is my own blue sea?  
 With all its barks in fleet career,  
 And flags and breezes free.

I miss that voice of waves, which first  
 Awoke my childhood's glee;  
 The measured chime — the thundering burst —  
 Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute —  
 I hear the whispering tree;  
 The echoes of my soul are mute; —  
 Where is my own blue sea?

Oh! rich your Myrtles' breath may rise,  
 Soft, soft, your winds may be;  
 Yet my sick heart within me dies —  
 Where is my own blue sea?

FELICIA HEMANS.

### BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,  
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
 And I would that my tongue could utter  
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,  
 That he shouts with his sister at play!  
 O well for the sailor lad,  
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
 To their haven under the hill;  
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,  
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
 Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.







## DAS LEBEN.

---

— In the service of Mankind to be  
A guardian God below; still to employ  
The mind's brave ardour in heroic aims,  
Such as may rise us o'er the grovelling herd,  
And make us shine for ever — that is life.

THOMSON.

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more; it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury  
Signifying nothing. —

SHAKESPEARE.



## L I F E.

---

Ah! what is life! a dream within a dream;  
A pilgrimage from peril rarely free;  
A bark that sails upon a changing sea,  
Now sunshine and now storm; a mountain stream,  
Heard, but scarce seen ere to the dark deep gone;  
A wild star blazing with unsteady beam,  
Yet for a season fair to look upon.  
Life is an infant on affection's knee,  
A youth now full of hope and transient glee,  
In manhood's peerless noon now bright, anon,  
A time-worn ruin silver'd o'er with years.  
Life is a race where slippery steeps arise,  
Where discontent and sorrow are the prize,  
And when the goal is won the grave appears.

EDWARD MOXON.

## A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the heart of the young man said to the psalmist.

---

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act, — act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.

\*HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

### THE COMMON LOT.

---

ONCE in the flight of ages past,  
There lived a man: — and who was he?  
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,  
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,  
The land in which he died unknown:  
His name has perish'd from the earth,  
This truth survives alone:

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,  
Alternate triumph'd in his breast:  
His bliss and wo, — a smile, a tear!  
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,  
The changing spirits' rise and fall;  
We know that these were felt by him  
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd, — but his pangs are o'er;  
Enjoy'd, — but his delights are fled;  
Had friends, — his friends are now no more;  
And foes, — his foes are dead.

He loved, — but whom he loved, the grave  
Hath lost in its unconscious womb,  
Oh she was fair! but naught could save  
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;  
Encounter'd all that troubles thee;  
He was — whatever thou hast been;  
He is — what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,  
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,  
Erewhile his portion, life and light,  
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye  
That once their shades and glory threw,  
Have left in yonder silent sky  
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,  
Their ruins, since the world began,  
Of him afford no other trace  
Than this, — there lived a man!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

---

WHEN hope lies dead within the heart,  
By secret sorrow close concealed,  
We shrink lest looks or words impart  
What must not be revealed.

'T is hard to smile when one would weep;  
To speak when one would silent be;  
To wake when one should wish to sleep,  
And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot by thousands cast  
Who wander in this world of care,  
And bend beneath the bitter blast,  
To save them from despair.

But nature waits her guests to greet,  
Where disappointment cannot come;  
And time guides with unerring feet  
The weary wanderers home.

MRS. HUNTER.

### LET'S TAKE THIS WORLD AS SOME WIDE SCENE.

---

LET's take this world as some wide scene,  
Through which, in frail, but buoyant boat  
With skies now dark and now serene,  
Together thou and I must float;  
Beholding oft, on either shore,  
Bright spots where we should love to stay;  
But Time plies swift his flying oar,  
And away we speed, away, away.

Should chilling winds and rains come on,  
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the show'r;  
Sit closer till the storm is gone,  
And, smiling, wait a sunnier hour.

And if that sunnier hour should shine,  
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,  
But happy, while 'tis thine and mine,  
Complain not when it fades away.

So shall we reach at last that Fall  
Down which life's currents all must go, —  
The dark, the brilliant, destined all  
To sink into the void below,  
Nor e'en that hour shall want its charms  
If, side by side, still fond we keep,  
And calmly, in each other's arms  
Together link'd, go down the steep.

THOMAS MOORE.

### THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

---

THIS world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given;  
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow —  
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,  
As fading hues of Even;  
And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,  
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb —  
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,  
From wave to wave we're driven,



And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,  
 Serve but to light the troubled way —  
 There's nothing calm but Heaven!

THOMAS MOORE.

### ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

ALL that's bright must fade, —  
 The brightest still the fleetest;  
 All that's sweet was made  
 But to be lost when sweetest.  
 Stars that shine and fall; —  
 The flower that drops in springing; —  
 These, alas! are types of all  
 To which our hearts are clinging.  
 All that's bright must fade, —  
 The brightest still the fleetest;  
 All that's sweet was made  
 But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize  
 Delights that end in aching?  
 Who would trust to ties  
 That every hour are breaking?  
 Better far to be  
 In utter darkness lying,  
 Than to be bless'd with light and see  
 That light for ever flying.  
 All that's bright must fade, —  
 The brightest still the fleetest;  
 All that's sweet was made  
 But to be lost when sweetest!

THOMAS MOORE.

"ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER."

---

FAME, wisdom, love, and power were mine,  
And health and youth possess'd me;  
My goblets blush'd from every vine,  
And lovely forms caress'd me;  
I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,  
And felt my soul grow tender;  
All earth can give, or mortal prize,  
Was mine of regal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days  
Remembrance can discover,  
Which all that life or earth displays  
Would lure me to live over.  
There rose no day, there roll'd no hour  
Of pleasure unembitter'd;  
And not a trapping deck'd my power  
That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

The serpent of the field, by art  
And spells, is won from harming;  
But that which coils around the heart,  
Oh! who hath power of charming?  
It will not list to wisdom's lore,  
Nor music's voice can lure it;  
But there it stings for evermore  
The soul that must endure it.

LORD BYRON.

## MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scatter'd on the ground — to die!  
Yet on the rose's humble bed  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if she wept the waste to see —  
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,  
Its hold is frail — its date is brief,  
Restless — and soon to pass away!  
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree will mourn its shade,  
The winds bewail the leafless tree,  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints, which feet  
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
All trace will vanish from the sand;  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,  
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

\*RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

---

WE might have been! these are but common words,  
And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing;  
They are the echo of those finer chords,  
Whose music life deplores when unavailing.  
We might have been!

We might have been so happy! says the child,  
Pent in the weary school-room during summer,  
When the green rushes mid the marshes wild,  
And rosy fruits attend the radiant comer.  
We might have been!

It is the thought that darkens on our youth,  
When first experience, sad experience, teaches  
What fallacies we have believed for truth,  
And what few truths endeavour ever reaches.  
We might have been!

Alas! how different from what we are  
Had we but known the bitter path before us;  
But feelings, hopes, and fancies left afar,  
What in the wide bleak world can e'er restore us?  
We might have been!

It is the motto of all human things,  
The end of all that waits on mortal seeking;  
The weary weight upon Hope's flagging wings,  
It is the cry of the worn heart while breaking —  
We might have been!

And when, warm with the heaven that gave it birth,  
 Dawns on our world-worn way Love's hour Elysian,  
 The last fair angel lingering on our earth,  
 The shadow of what thought obscures the vision?  
 We might have been!

A cold fatality attends on love,  
 Too soon or else too late the heart-beat quickens;  
 The star which is our fate springs up above,  
 And we but say, while round the vapour thickens,  
 We might have been!

Life knoweth no like misery; the rest  
 Are single sorrows, but in this are blended  
 All sweet emotions that disturb the breast;  
 The light that was our loveliest is ended.  
 We might have been!

Henceforth, how much of the full heart must be  
 A sealed book at whose contents we tremble?  
 A still voice mutters mid our misery,  
 The worst to hear, because it must dissemble —  
 We might have been!

Life is made up of miserable hours,  
 And all of which we craved a brief possessing,  
 For which we wasted wishes, hopes, and powers,  
 Comes with some fatal drawback on the blessing.  
 We might have been!

The future never renders to the past  
 The young beliefs intrusted to its keeping;  
 Inscribe one sentence — life's first truth and last —  
 On the pale marble where our dust is sleeping —  
 We might have been!

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

WITHERING — WITHERING.

---

WITHERING — withering — all are withering —  
All of Hope's flowers that youth hath nursed —  
Flowers of Love too early blossoming;  
Buds of Ambition too frail to burst.  
Faintly — faintly — O! how faintly  
I feel life's pulses ebb and flow:  
Yet, Sorrow, I know thou dealest daintily  
With one who should not wish to live moe.

Nay! why, young heart, thus timidly shrinking?  
Why doth thy upward wing thus tire?  
Why are thy pinions so droopingly sinking,  
When they should only waft thee higher?  
Upward — upward let them be waving,  
Lifting thy soul toward her place of birth.  
There are guerdons there more worth thy having —  
Far more than any these lures of the earth.

\*CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

PASSING AWAY.

---

I ASKED the stars in the pomp of night,  
Gilding its blackness with crowns of light,  
Bright with beauty and girt with power,  
Whether eternity were not their dower;  
And dirge-like music stole from their spheres  
Bearing this message to mortal ears: —

'We have no light that hath not been given,  
We have no strength but shall soon be riven,  
We have no power wherein man may trust,  
Like him are we things of time and dust;  
And the legend we blazon with beam and ray,  
And the song of our silence, is — Passing away.

'We shall fade in our beauty, the fair and bright,  
Like lamps that have served for a festival night;  
We shall fall from our spheres, the old and strong,  
Like rose-leaves swept by the breeze along;  
The worshipped as gods in the olden day,  
We shall be like a vain dream — Passing away.'

From the stars of heaven and the flowers of earth,  
From the pageant of power and the voice of mirth,  
From the mists of morn on the mountain's brow,  
From childhood's song and affection's vow,  
From all, save that o'er which soul bears sway,  
Breathes but one record — Passing away.

Passing away, sing the breeze and rill,  
As they sweep on their course by vale and hill; —  
Through the varying scenes of each earthly clime,  
'T is the lesson of nature, the voice of time,  
And man at last like his fathers grey,  
Writes in his own dast — Passing away.

MARIA JANE JEWSBURY.

## THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:

Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,  
 And tread softly and speak low,  
 For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die;  
 You came to us so readily,  
 You lived with us so steadily,  
 Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:  
 He will not see the dawn of day.  
 He hath no other life above.  
 He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,  
 And the New-year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go;  
 So long as you have been with us,  
 Such joy as you have seen with us,  
 Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;  
 A jollier year we shall not see.  
 But though his eyes are waxing dim,  
 And though his foes speak ill of him,  
 He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die;  
 We did so laugh and cry with you,  
 I 've half a mind to die with you,  
 Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,  
 But all his merry quips are o'er.  
 To see him die, across the waste  
 His son and heir doth ride post-haste,  
 But he 'll be dead before.



Every one for his own.  
 The night is starry and cold, my friend,  
 And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,  
 Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow  
 I heard just now the crowing cock.  
 The shadows flicker to and fro:  
 The cricket chirps: the light burns low:  
 'T is nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die.  
 "Old year, we 'll dearly rue for you:  
 What is it we can do for you?  
 Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.  
 Alack! our friend is gone.  
 Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:  
 Step from the corpse, and let him in  
 That standeth there alone,  
 And waiteth at the door.  
 There 's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
 And a new face at the door, my friend,  
 A new face at the door.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE GREAT OF EARTH.

Who are the great of earth?  
 Those, clad in silk and gold,  
 To celebrate whose birth  
 The loud artillery rolled?

To whom soft flattery's tone  
Is as the common air,  
Whose life hath never known  
A shadowing cloud of care?  
Not these alone!

Are they the great whose swords  
Are foremost in the fight,  
Whose names are stirring words  
For terror or delight;  
To whom the cup is crowned  
The festal board about,  
And who move with a trumpet's sound  
And a people's mighty shout?  
Not these alone!

Greater than these are they,  
The poet and the sage,  
Who leave no trace of clay  
Cumbering the radiant page;  
Who have their names enshrined  
Far above time or fate,  
These of the mighty mind,  
Oh, are not these the great?  
Not these alone!

Then read the record bright  
Of the martyr names of old,  
Those tales of holy might  
In history's pages told,  
Those hearts that would be free,  
Free in their thoughts and faith;  
Earth's great ones these must be  
In their victorious death?  
Not these alone!

Where'er a human heart  
Hath struggled to be still,  
To choose the better part,  
Against its own wild will;  
Where tears and prayers unknown  
Have with its passions striven,  
Unseen, unmarked, alone,  
'Neath the clear eye of Heaven;  
Greatness was there.

Where'er self-sacrifice  
Cheerful and unrepaid,  
Even by the loved one's eyes  
For whom 't was gladly made —  
Where'er such deed hath been,  
Though now it seemeth small  
There is a heart, I ween,  
Nobler in truth than all,  
Greater than all!

MARY ANN BROWNE.

## WHAT IS GLORY? WHAT IS FAME?

---

WHAT is glory? What is fame?  
The echo of a long lost name;  
A breath, an idle hour's brief talk;  
The shadow of an arrant naught;  
A flower that blossoms for a day,  
Dying next morrow:  
A stream that hurries on its way,  
Singing of sorrow; —

The last drop of a bootless shower,  
 Shed on a scree and leafless bower;  
 A rose, stuck in a dead man's breast, —  
 This is the world's fame at the best!

What is fame? and what is glory?  
 A dream, — a jester's lying story,  
 To tickle fools withal, or be  
 A theme for second infancy;  
 A joke scrawled on an epitaph;  
 A grin at death's own ghastly laugh,  
 A visioning that tempts the eye,  
 But mocks the touch — nonentity;  
 A rainbow, substanceless as bright,  
     Flitting for ever  
 O'er hill-top to more distant height,  
     Nearing us never;  
 A bubble, blown by fond conceit,  
 In very sooth itself to cheat;  
 The witch-fire of a frenzied brain;  
 A fortune that to lose were gain;  
 A word of praise, perchance of blame;  
 The wreck of a time-banded name, —  
 Ay, this is glory! — this is fame!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

### THE AGES OF MAN.

YOUTH, fond youth! to thee, in life's gay morning,  
     New and wonderful are heaven and earth;  
 Health the hills, content the fields adorning,  
     Nature rings with melody and mirth;  
 Love invisible, beneath, above,  
 Conquers all things, all things yield to love.

Time, swift time, from years their motion stealing,  
 Unperceived hath sober manhood brought;  
 Truth, her pure and humble forms revealing,  
 Peoples fancy's fairy-land with thought;  
 Then the heart, no longer prone to roam,  
 Loves, loves best, the quiet bliss of home.

Age, old age, in sickness, pain and sorrow,  
 Creeps with lengthening shadow o'er the scene;  
 Life was yesterday, 't is death to morrow,  
 And to-day the agony between:  
 Then how longs the weary soul for thee,  
 Bright and beautiful Eternity!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### THE HUMAN SEASONS.

FOUR seasons fill the measure of the year;  
 There are four seasons in the mind of man:  
 He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear  
 Takes in all beauty with an easy span:  
 He has his Summer, when luxuriously  
 Spring's honied bud of youthful thought he loves  
 To ruminate, and by such dreaming nigh  
 Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves  
 His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings  
 He furlcth close; contented so to look  
 On mists in idleness — to let fair things  
 Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.  
 He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,  
 Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

JOHN KEATS.

MAIDENHOOD.

---

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance,  
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem,  
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove, with startled eye,  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafen'd by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!  
Life hath quicksands, — Life hath snares!  
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered  
Birds and blossoms many-numbered; —  
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,  
When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds, that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.

\*HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

---

YOUTH, that pursuest with such eager pace  
    Thy even way,  
Thou pantest on, to win a mournful race: .  
    Then stay! oh, stay!

Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain;  
    Loiter, — enjoy:  
Once past, thou never wilt come back again  
    A second boy.

The hills of manhood wear a noble face,  
    When seen from far;  
The mist of light from which they take their grace  
    Hides what they are.

The dark and weary path those cliffs between  
    Thou canst not know,  
And how it leads to regions never-green,  
    Dead fields of snow.

Pause, while thou mayst, nor deem that fate thy gain,  
    Which, all too fast,  
Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain,  
    A man at last.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.





## POESY.

DIVINEST Poesy! without thy wings  
 Life were a burden, and not worth receiving;  
 Youth fadeth like a dream, care keeps us grieving,  
 Early we sicken at all pleasure brings.  
 Thou only art the ever genial maid,  
 That strew'st with flowers the winter of our way;  
 Companion meet in city or in shade,  
 Magician sweet whose wand all things obey;  
 Thou peoplest with divinities the grove,  
 Picturest old times, and with creative skill,  
 Mould'st men and manners to thy heavenly will.  
 Mistress of sympathy and winning love,  
 Oh be thou ever with me, with me — wholly,  
 To smile when I am gay, to sigh when melancholy.

EDWARD MOXON.

## PREVALENCE OF POETRY.

THE world is full of poetry — the air  
 Is living with its spirit; and the waves  
 Dance to the music of its melodies,  
 And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veil'd,  
 And mantled with its beauty; and the walls,  
 That close the universe with crystal in,  
 Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim  
 The unseen glories of immensity,

In harmonies, too perfect, and too high,  
 For aught but beings of celestial mould,  
 And speak to man in one eternal hymn,  
 Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

The year leads round the seasons, in a choir  
 Forever charming, and forever new,  
 Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,  
 The mournful, and the tender, in one strain,  
 Which steals into the heart, like sounds, that rise  
 Far off, in moonlight evenings, on the shore  
 Of the wide ocean, resting after storms;  
 Or tones, that wind around the vaulted roof,  
 And pointed arches, and retiring aisles  
 Of some old, lonely minster, where the hand,  
 Skilful, and moved, with passionate love of art,  
 Plays o'er the higher keys, and bears aloft  
 The peal of bursting thunder, and then calls,  
 By mellow touches! from the softer tubes,  
 Voices of melting tenderness, that blend  
 With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,  
 Commingling with the melody, is borne,  
 Rapt, and dissolved in ecstasy, to heaven.

'T is not the chime and flow of words, that move  
 In measured file, and metrical array;  
 'T is not the union of returning sounds,  
 Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,  
 And quantity, and accent, that can give  
 This all-pervading spirit to the ear,  
 Or blend it with the movings of the soul.  
 'T is a mysterious feeling, which combines  
 Man with the world around him, in a chain  
 Woven of flowers, and dipp'd in sweetness, till  
 He taste the high communion of his thoughts,  
 With all existence, in earth and heaven,

That meet him in the charm of grace and power.  
 'T is not the noisy babbler, who displays,  
 In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,  
 And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts,  
 Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments  
 That overload their littleness. Its words  
 Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break  
 Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full  
 Of all that passion, which, on Carmel, fired  
 The holy prophet, when his lips were coals,  
 His language wing'd with terror, as when bolts  
 Leap from the brooding tempest, arm'd with wrath,  
 Commission'd to affright us, and destroy.

Passion, when deep, is still; the glaring eye  
 That reads its enemy with glance of fire,  
 The lip, that curls and writhes in bitterness,  
 The brow contracted, till its wrinkles hide  
 The keen, fix'd orbs, that burn and flash below,  
 The hand firm clench'd and quivering, and the foot  
 Planted in attitude to spring, and dart  
 Its vengeance, are the language it employs.  
 So the poetic feeling needs no words  
 To give it utterance; but it swells, and glows,  
 And revels in the ecstasies of soul,  
 And sits at banquet with celestial forms,  
 The beings of its own creation, fair  
 And lovely, as e'er haunted wood and wave,  
 When earth was peopled, in its solitudes,  
 With nymph and naiad — mighty, as the gods,  
 Whose palace was Olympus, and the clouds,  
 That hung, in gold and flame, around its brow;  
 Who bore, upon their features, all that grand  
 And awful dignity of front, which bows  
 The eye that gazes on the marble Jove,  
 Who hurls, in wrath, his thunder, and the god,

The image of a beauty, so divine,  
 So masculine, so artless, that we seem  
 To share in his intensity of joy,  
 When, sure as fate, the bounding arrow sped,  
 And darted to the scaly monster's heart.

This spirit is the breath of Nature, blown  
 Over the sleeping forms of clay, who else  
 Doze on through life in blank stupidity,  
 Till by its blast, as by a touch of fire,  
 They rouse to lofty purpose, and send out,  
 In deeds of energy, the rage within.  
 Its seat is deeper in the savage breast,  
 Than in the man of cities; in the child,  
 Than in the maturer bosoms. Art may prune  
 Its rank and wild luxuriance, and may train  
 Its strong out-breakings, and its vehement gusts  
 To soft refinement, and amenity;  
 But all its energy has vanish'd, all  
 Its maddening, and commanding spirit gone,  
 And all its tender touches, and its tones  
 Of soul-dissolving pathos, lost and hid  
 Among the measured notes, that move as dead  
 And heartless, as the puppets in a show.

Well I remember, in my boyish days,  
 How deep the feeling, when my eye look'd forth  
 On Nature, in her loveliness, and storms;  
 How my heart gladden'd, as the light of spring  
 Came from the sun, with zephyrs, and with showers,  
 Waking the earth to beauty, and the woods  
 To music, and the atmosphere to blow,  
 Sweetly and calmly, with its breath of balm.  
 O! how I gazed upon the dazzling blue  
 Of summer's heaven of glory, and the waves,  
 That roll'd, in bending gold, o'er hill and plain;

And on the tempest, when it issued forth,  
In folds of blackness, from the northern sky,  
And stood above the mountains, silent, dark,  
Frowning, and terrible: then sent abroad  
The lightning, as its herald, and the peal,  
That roll'd in deep, deep volleys, round the hills,  
The warning of its coming, and the sound,  
That usher'd in its elemental war.  
And, O! I stood, in breathless longing fix'd,  
Trembling, and yet not fearful, as the clouds  
Heaved their dark billows on the roaring winds,  
That sent, from mountain top, and bending wood,  
A long, hoarse murmur, like the rush of waves,  
That burst, in foam and fury, on the shore.  
Nor less the swelling of my heart, when high  
Rose the blue arch of autumn, cloudless, pure  
As nature, at her dawning, when she sprang  
Fresh from the hand that wrought her; where the eye  
Caught not a speck upon the soft serene,  
To stain its deep cerulean, but the cloud,  
That floated, like a lonely spirit, there,  
White as the snow of Zemla, or the foam  
That on the mid-sea tosses, cinctured round,  
In easy undulations, with a belt  
Woven of bright Apollo's golden hair.  
Nor, when that arch, in winter's clearest night,  
Mantled in ebon darkness, strew'd with stars  
Its canopy, that seem'd to swell, and swell  
The higher, as I gazed upon it, till,  
Sphere after sphere, evolving, on the height  
Of heaven, the everlasting throne shone through,  
In glory's effulgence, and a wave,  
Intensely bright, roll'd, like a fountain, forth  
Beneath its sapphire pedestal, and stream'd  
Down the long galaxy, a flood of snow,  
Bathing the heavens in light, the spring, that gush'd,

In overflowing richness, from the breast  
 Of all-maternal nature. These I saw,  
 And felt to madness; but my full heart gave  
 No utterance to the ineffable within.  
 Words were too weak; they were unknown; but still  
 The feeling was most poignant: it has gone;  
 And all the deepest flow of sounds, that e'er  
 Pour'd, in a torrent fulness, from the tongue  
 Rich with the wealth of ancient bards, and stored  
 With all the patriarchs of British song  
 Hallow'd and render'd glorious, cannot tell  
 Those feelings, which have died, to live no more.

\*JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

### THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

HIGH thoughts!

They come and go,

Like the soft breathings of a listening maiden,

While round me flow

The winds, from woods and fields with gladness laden:

When the corn's rustle on the ear doth come —

When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum —

When the stars, dewdrops of the summer sky,

Watch over all with soft and loving eye —

While the leaves quiver

By the lone river,

And the quiet heart

From depths doth call

And garner all —

Earth grows a shadow

Forgotten whole,

And Heaven lives

In the blessed soul!

High thoughts!

They are with me,

When, deep within the bosom of the forest,

Thy morning melody

Abroad into the sky, thou, throstle, pourest.

When the young sunbeams glance among the trees —

When on the ear comes the soft song of bees —

When every branch has its own favourite bird

And songs of summer, from each thicket heard! —

Where the owl flitteth,

Where the roe sitteth,

And holiness

Seems sleeping there;

While nature's prayer

Goes up to heaven

In purity,

Till all is glory

And joy to me!

High thoughts!

They are my own

When I am resting on a mountain's bosom,

And see below me strown

The huts and homes where humble virtues blossom;

When I can trace each streamlet through the meadow —

When I can follow every fitful shadow —

When I can watch the winds among the corn,

And see the waves along the forest borne;

Where blue-bell and heather

Are blooming together,

And far doth come

The Sabbath bell,

O'er wood and fell;

I hear the beating

Of nature's heart;

Heaven is before me —  
 God! Thou art!

High thoughts!

They visit us

In moments when the soul is dim and darkened;

They come to bless,

After the vanities to which we hearkened:

When weariness hath come upon the spirit —

(Those hours of darkness which we all inherit) —

Bursts there not through a glint of warm sunshine,

A winged thought, which bids us not repine?

In joy and gladness,

In mirth and sadness,

Come signs and tokens;

Life's angel brings

Upon its wings

Those bright communings

The soul doth keep —

Those thoughts of heaven

So pure and deep!

ROBERT NICOLL.

### I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING.

You think I have a merry heart,

Because my songs are gay;

But, oh! they all were taught to me

By friends now far away;

The bird retains his silver note,

Though bondage chains his wing;

His song is not a happy one, —

I'm saddest when I sing!



I heard them first in that sweet home  
I never more shall see,  
And now each song of joy has got  
A plaintive turn for me!  
Alas! 't is vain in winter time  
To mock the songs of spring,  
Each note recalls some wither'd leaf, —  
I'm saddest when I sing!

Of all the friends I used to love,  
My harp remains alone,  
Its faithful voice still seems to be  
An echo of my own:  
My tears, when I bend over it,  
Will fall upon its string,  
Yet those who hear me, little think  
I'm saddest when I sing!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

### THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

---

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
 I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
 And the song, from beginning to end  
 I found again in the heart of a friend.

\*HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

### S O N G.

SHOULD sorrow o'er thy brow  
 Its darken'd shadows fling,  
 And hopes that cheer thee now,  
 Die in their early spring;  
 Should pleasure at its birth  
 Fade like the hues of even,  
 Turn thou away from earth, —  
 There's rest for thee in heaven!

If ever life shall seem  
 To thee a toilsome way,  
 And gladness cease to beam  
 Upon its clouded day;  
 If, like the wearied dove,  
 O'er shoreless ocean driven,  
 Raise thou thine eye above, —  
 There's rest for thee in heaven!

But, O! if always flowers  
 Throughout thy pathway bloom,  
 And gayly pass the hours,  
 Undimm'd by earthly gloom;  
 Still let not every thought  
 To this poor world be given,  
 Not always be forgot  
 Thy better rest in heaven!

When sickness pales thy cheek,  
 And dims thy lustrous eye,  
 And pulses low and weak  
 Tell of a time to die —  
 Sweet hope shall whisper then,  
 "Though thou from earth be riven,  
 There's bliss beyond thy ken, —  
 There's rest for thee in heaven!"

\*JONATHAN H. BRIGHT.

### STANZAS.

My days among the dead are pass'd;  
 Around me I behold,  
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
 The mighty minds of old;  
 My never-failing friends are they,  
 With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,  
 And seek relief in wo;  
 And while I understand and feel  
 How much to them I owe,  
 My cheeks have often been bedew'd  
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them  
 I live in long-past years;  
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
 Partake their hopes and fears,  
 And from their lessons seek and find  
 Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon  
My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all futurity:  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

### CANZONET.

---

MAIDEN! wrap thy mantle round thee,  
Cold the rain beats on thy breast:  
Why should horror's voice astound thee,  
Death can bid the wretched rest!  
All under the tree  
Thy bed may be,  
And thou mayst slumber peacefully.

Maiden! once gay Pleasure knew thee;  
Now thy cheeks are pale and deep:  
Love has been a felon to thee,  
Yet, poor maiden, do not weep:  
There's rest for thee  
All under the tree,  
Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

### A WISH.

---

MINE be a cot beside the hill;  
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;  
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,  
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch  
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;  
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring  
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;  
 And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing  
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,  
 Where first our marriage vows were given,  
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze,  
 And point with taper spire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

### THE SONG OF DREAMS. .

---

In the rosy glow of the evening cloud,  
 In the twilight's gloom —  
 In the sultry noon, when the flowers are bowed,  
 And the streams are dumb —  
 In the morning's beam, when the faint stars die  
 On the brightening flood of the azure sky —

We come!

Weavers of shadowy hopes and fears,  
 Darkeners of smiles, brighteners of tears,

We come!

We come where the Babe, on its mother's breast,  
 Lies in slumber deep —  
 We flit by the maiden's couch of rest,  
 And o'er her sleep

We float, like the honey-laden bees,  
 On the soft, warm breath of the languid breeze;  
     And sweep  
 Hues, more beautiful than we bring,  
 From her lip and her cheek, for each wandering wing  
     To keep.

We linger about the Lover's bower,  
     Hovering mute,  
 When he looks to the west for the sunset hour,  
     And lists for the foot  
 That falls so lightly on the grass,  
 We scarcely hear its echo pass;  
     And we put  
 In his heart all hopes, the radiant-crowned,  
 And hang sweet tones, and voices round  
     His lute.

We sit by the Miser's treasure-chest,  
     And near his bed —  
 And we watch his anxious heart's unrest,  
     And in mockery tread  
 With a seeming heavy step about;  
 And laugh when we hear his frightened shout  
     Of dread,  
 Lest the gnomes, who once o'er his gold did reign,  
 To his hoards, to claim it back again,  
     Have sped.

But a sunnier scene and a brighter sky  
     To-day is ours;  
 We have seen a youthful Poet lie  
     By a fountain's showers,  
 With his up-turned eyes and his dreamy look,  
 Reading the April sky's sweet book,

Written by the hours,  
Thinking those glorious thoughts that grow  
Untutored up in life's fresh glow,  
Like flowers.

We will catch the richest, brightest hue  
Of the rainbow's rim;  
The purest cloud that 'midst the blue  
Of Heaven doth swim;  
The clearest star-beam that shall be  
In a dew-drop shrined, when the twilight sea  
Grows dim; —  
And a spirit of love about them breathe,  
And twine them all in a magic wreath  
For him!

MARY ANN BROWNE.

OH, SAY NOT THAT MY HEART IS COLD.

OH, say not that my heart is cold  
To aught that once could warm it;  
That nature's form, so dear of old,  
No more has power to charm it;  
Or, that the ungenerous world can chill  
One glow of fond emotion  
For those who made it dearer still,  
And shared my wild devotion.

Still oft those solemn scenes I view  
In rapt and dreamy sadness;  
Oft look on those who loved them too  
With fancy's idle gladness;

Again I long'd to view the light  
 In nature's features glowing;  
 Again to tread the mountain's height,  
 And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

Stern duty rose, and frowning flung  
 His leaden chain around me;  
 With iron look and sullen tongue  
 He mutter'd as he bound me:  
 "The mountain-breeze, the boundless heaven  
 Unfit for toil the creature;  
 These for the free alone are given —  
 But what have slaves with nature?" •

CHARLES WOLFE.

### A DEEP AND A MIGHTY SHADOW.

A DEEP and a mighty shadow  
 Across my heart is thrown,  
 Like a cloud on a summer meadow  
 Where the thunder-wind hath blown!  
 The wild-rose, Fancy, dieth,  
 The sweet bird, Memory, flieth,  
 And leaveth me alone, —

Alone with my hopeless sorrow:  
 No other mate I know!  
 I strive to awake to-morrow;  
 But the dull words will not flow!  
 I pray, — but my prayers are driven  
 Aside by the angry heaven,  
 And weigh me down with wo!



I call on the past, to lend me  
 Its songs, to soothe my pain:  
 I bid the dim future send me  
 A light from its eyes, — in vain!  
 Naught comes; but a shrill cry starteth  
 From Hope, as she fast departeth: —  
 “I go, and come not again!”  
 BARRY CORNWALL.

### GO, LET ME WEEP.

Go, let me weep — there's bliss in tears,  
 When he who sheds them inly feels  
 Some lingering stain of early years  
 Effaced by every drop that steals.  
 The fruitless showers of worldly woe  
 Fall dark to earth and never rise;  
 While tears that from repentance flow  
 In bright exhalament reach the skies.  
 Go, let me weep.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew  
 More idly than the summer's wind,  
 And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,  
 But left no trace of sweets behind. —  
 The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves  
 Is cold, is faint to those that swell  
 The heart, where pure repentance grieves  
 O'er hours of pleasure, loved too well.  
 Leave me to sigh.  
 THOMAS MOORE.



## HAPPINESS.

THERE is a spell in every flower,  
 A sweetness in each spray,  
 And every simple bird has power  
 To please me with its lay!  
 And there is music on each breeze  
 That sports along the glade;  
 The crystal dew-drops on the trees  
 Are gems, by Fancy made.

There's gladness, too, in every thing,  
 And beauty over all:  
 For everywhere comes on, with spring,  
 A charm which cannot pall!  
 And I! — my heart is full of joy,  
 And gratitude is there,  
 That He, who might my life destroy,  
 Has yet vouchsafed to spare.

The friends I once condemn'd are now  
 Affectionate and true:  
 I wept a pledged one's broken vow —  
 But he proves faithful too.  
 And now there is a happiness  
 In every thing I see,  
 Which bids my soul rise up and bless  
 The God who blesses me.

\*ANNE PEYRE DINNIES.

# I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,  
 Where roses and lilies and violets meet;  
 Roving for ever from flower to flower,  
 Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.  
 I'd never languish for wealth or for power,  
 I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet;  
 I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,  
 Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

Oh! could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,  
 I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings.  
 Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,  
 They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.  
 Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary,  
 Power, alas! naught but misery brings;  
 I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,  
 Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings.

What though you tell me each gay little rover  
 Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day;  
 Surely 't is better, when summer is over,  
 To die, when all fair things are fading away.  
 Some in life's winter may toil to discover  
 Means of procuring a weary delay:  
 I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,  
 Dying when fair things are fading away.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

## A BOTTLE AND A FRIEND.

HERE'S a bottle and an honest friend!  
 What wad ye wish for mair, man?  
 Wha kens, before his life may end,  
 What his share may be of care, man?

Then catch the moments as they fly,  
 And use them as ye ought, man:  
 Believe me, happiness is shy,  
 And comes not aye when sought, man.

ROBERT BURNS.

## THE SMILE.

LET others love the pearly tear,  
 The blushing cheek adorning;  
 And say, 't is like the dew-drop clear,  
 That gems the rose of morning.

Let others love to see the fair  
 With pensive mien appearing;  
 Be mine, to hail the sprightly air,  
 The dimpled smile endearing.

It speaks good-humour's mild control  
 With magic fascination;  
 It tells the feelings of the soul,  
 With sportive animation.

Superior to the brightest eyes,  
 Or cheek with roses blooming;  
 A winning charm it still supplies  
 The lovely face illuming.

'T was Hebe taught fair beauty's queen  
 The gay, bewitching wile;  
 And still her glowing lips are seen  
 To wear a playful smile.

FELICIA HEMANS.

### THINK NOT OF THE FUTURE.

THINK not of the future, the prospect is uncertain;  
 Laugh away the present, while laughing hours remain:  
 Those who gaze too boldly through Time's mystic curtain,  
 Soon will wish to close it, and dream of joy again.

I, like thee, was happy, and, on hope relying,  
 Thought the present pleasure might revive again:  
 But receive my counsel — Time is always flying;  
 Then laugh away the present, while laughing hours  
 remain.

I have felt unkindness, keen as that which hurts thee;  
 I have met with friendship, fickle as the wind;  
 Take what friendship offers, ere its warmth deserts thee;  
 Well I know the kindest may not long be kind.

Would you waste the pleasure of the summer-season,  
 Thinking that the winter must return again?  
 If our summer's fleeting, surely that's a reason  
 For laughing off the present, while laughing hours  
 remain.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

---

QUICK! we have but a second,  
 Fill round the cup, while you may;  
 For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,  
 And we must away, away!  
 Grasp the pleasure that's flying,  
 For oh! not Orpheus' strain  
 Could keep sweet hours from dying,  
 Or charm to life again.  
 Then, quick! we have but a second,  
 Fill round the cup, while you may;  
 For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,  
 And we must away, away!

See the glass, how it flushes,  
 Like some young Hebe's lip;  
 And half meets thine, and blushes  
 That thou shouldst delay to sip.  
 Shame, oh shame unto thee,  
 If ever thou see'st that day,  
 When a cup or lip shall woo thee,  
 And turn untouch'd away!  
 Then, quick! we have but a second,  
 Fill round, fill round, while you may;  
 For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,  
 And we must away, away!

THOMAS MOORE.

## THE MERRY HEART.

I WOULD not from the wise require  
 The lumber of their learned lore;  
 Nor would I from the rich desire  
 A single counter of their store.  
 For I have ease, and I have wealth,  
 And I have spirits light as air;  
 And more than wisdom, more than wealth, —  
 A merry heart that laughs at care.

At once, 't is true, two witching eyes  
 Surprised me in a luckless season,  
 Turn'd all my mirth to lonely sighs,  
 And quite subdued my better reason.  
 Yet, 't was but love could make me grieve,  
 And love you know's a reason fair,  
 And much improved, as I believe,  
 The merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

So now, from idle wishes clear,  
 I make the good I may not find;  
 Adown the stream I gently steer,  
 And shift my sail with every wind.  
 And half by nature, half by reason,  
 Can still with pliant heart prepare,  
 The mind, attuned to every season,  
 The merry heart, that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,  
 Ye social feelings of the mind,

Give, sometimes give your sunny gleam,  
 And let the rest good-humour find.  
 Yes, let me hail and welcome give  
 To every joy my lot may share,  
 And pleased and pleasing let me live  
 With merry heart, that laughs at care.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

### CONSTANCY.

WITH the rough blast heaves the billow,  
 In the light air waves the willow,  
 Every thing of moving kind  
 Varies with the veering wind;  
 What have I to do with thee,  
 Dull, unjoyous constancy?

After fretted, pouting sorrow,  
 Sweet will be thy smile to-morrow;  
 Changing still, each passing thing  
 Fairest is upon the wing:  
 What have I to do with thee,  
 Dull, unjoyous constancy?

Song of love, and satire witty,  
 Sprightly glee and doleful ditty;  
 Every mood and every lay,  
 Welcome all, but do not stay;  
 For what have I to do with thee,  
 Dull, unjoyous constancy?

JOANNA BAILLIE.





## FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs;  
 Who hath not lost a friend?  
 There is no union here of hearts,  
 That finds not here an end:  
 Were this frail world our only rest, —  
 Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,  
 Beyond this vale of death, —  
 There surely is some blessed clime,  
 Where life is not a breath,  
 Nor life's affections transient fire,  
 Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,  
 Where parting is unknown —  
 A whole eternity of love  
 Form'd for the good alone;  
 And faith beholds the dying here  
 Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines  
 Till all are pass'd away,  
 As morning high and higher shines  
 To pure and perfect day:  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
 They hide themselves in heav'n's own light.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

WE have been friends together,  
 In sunshine and in shade;  
 Since first beneath the chestnut trees  
 In infancy we play'd.  
 But coldness dwells within thy heart,  
 A cloud is on thy brow;  
 We have been friends together —  
 Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;  
 We have laugh'd at little jests;  
 For the fount of hope was gushing  
 Warm and joyous in our breasts.  
 But laughter now hath fled thy lip,  
 And sullen glooms thy brow;  
 We have been gay together —  
 Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together,  
 We have wept with bitter tears,  
 O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd  
 The hopes of early years.  
 The voices which are silent there  
 Would bid thee clear thy brow;  
 We have been sad together —  
 Oh! what shall part us now?

MRS. NORTON.

## IF THOU HAST LOST A FRIEND.

If thou hast lost a friend,  
     By hard or hasty word,  
 Go, — call him to thy heart again;  
     Let pride no more be heard.  
 Remind him of those happy days,  
     Too beautiful to last;  
 Ask, if a word should cancel years  
     Of truth and friendship past?  
 Oh! if thou'st lost a friend,  
     By hard or hasty word,  
 Go, — call him to thy heart again;  
     Let pride no more be heard.

Oh! tell him, from thy thought  
     The light of joy hath fled;  
 That, in thy sad and silent breast,  
     Thy lonely heart seems dead;  
 That mount and vale, — each path ye trod,  
     By morn or evening dim, —  
 Reproach you with their frowning gaze,  
     And ask your soul for him.  
 Then, if thou'st lost a friend,  
     By hard or hasty word,  
 Go, — call him to thy heart again;  
     Let pride no more be heard.

CHARLES SWAIN.

# I AM ALL ALONE.

I AM all alone! and the visions that play  
Round life's young days, have pass'd away;  
And the songs are hush'd that gladness sings;  
And the hopes that I cherish'd have made them wings;  
And the light of my heart is dimm'd and gone,  
And I sit in my sorrow, — and all alone!

And the forms which I fondly loved are flown,  
And friends have departed — one by one;  
And memory sits, whole lonely hours,  
And weaves her wreath of hope's faded flowers,  
And weeps o'er the chaplet, when no one is near  
To gaze on her grief, or to chide her tear!

And the home of my childhood is distant far,  
And I walk in a land where strangers are;  
And the looks that I meet and the sounds that I hear  
Are not light to my spirit, nor song to my ear;  
And sunshine is round me, which I cannot see,  
And eyes that beam kindness, but not for me!

And the song goes round, and the glowing smile,  
But I am desolate all the while!  
And faces are bright and bosoms glad,  
And nothing, I think, but my heart, is sad!  
And I seem like a blight in a region of bloom,  
While I dwell in my own little circle of gloom!

I wander about, like a shadow of pain,  
 With a worm in my breast, and a spell on my brain;  
 And I list, with a start, to the gushing of gladness, —  
 Oh! how it grates on a bosom all sadness! —  
 So, I turn from a world where I never was known,  
 To sit in my sorrow, — and all alone!

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

### WHAT IS SOLITUDE?

Not in the shadowy wood,  
     Not in the crag-hung glen,  
 Not where the echoes brood  
     In caves untrod by men;  
 Not by the bleak sea-shore,  
     Where loitering surges break,  
 Not on the mountain hoar,  
     Not by the breezeless lake,  
 Not on the desert plain,  
     Where man hath never stood,  
 Whether on isle or main —  
     Not there is solitude!

Birds are in woodland bowers,  
     Voices in lonely dells,  
 Streams to the listening hours  
     Talk in earth's secret cells;  
 Over the gray-ribb'd sand  
     Breathe ocean's frothing lips,  
 Over the still lake's strand  
     The flower toward it dips;

Plunging the mountain's crest,  
 Life tosses in its pines;  
 Coursing the desert's breast,  
 Life in the steed's mane shines.

Leave — if thou wouldst be lonely —  
 Leave Nature for the crowd;  
 Seek there for one — one only —  
 With kindred mind endow'd!  
 There — as with Nature erst  
 Closely thou wouldst commune —  
 The deep soul-music, nursed  
 In either heart, attune!  
 Heart-wearied, thou wilt own,  
 Vainly that phantom woo'd,  
 That thou at last hast known  
 What is true solitude!

\* CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

## MELODY.

WHEN the flowers of Friendship or Love have decay'd,  
 In the heart that has trusted and once been betray'd,  
 No sunshine of kindness their bloom can restore;  
 For the verdure of feeling will quicken no more!

Hope, cheated too often, when life's in its spring,  
 From the bosom that nursed it forever takes wing!  
 And Memory comes, as its promises fade,  
 To brood o'er the havoc that Passion has made.

As 't is said that the swallow the tenement leaves  
 Where the ruin endangers her nest in the eaves,  
 While the desolate owl takes her place on the wall,  
 And builds in the mansion that nods to its fall.

\*CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

### A PARTING SONG.

WHEN will ye think of me, my friends?  
 When will ye think of me?  
 When the last red light, the farewell of day,  
 From the rock and the river is passing away,  
 When the air with a deepening hush is fraught,  
 And the heart grows burden'd with tender thought —  
 Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, kind friends?  
 When will ye think of me? —  
 When the rose of the rich midsummer time  
 Is fill'd with the hues of its glorious prime;  
 When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours fled,  
 From the walks where my footsteps no more may tread;  
 Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, sweet friends?  
 When will ye think of me? —  
 When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye  
 At the sound of some olden melody;  
 When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream,  
 When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream;  
 Then let it be!

Thus let my memory be with you friends!

Thus ever think of me!

Kindly and gently, but as of one

For whom 't is well to be fled and gone;

As of a bird from a chain unbound,

As of a wanderer whose home is found;

So let it be!

FELICIA HEMANS.

LANGSYNE.

LANGSYNE! — how doth the word come back

With magic meaning to the heart,

As memory roams the sunny track,

From which hope's dreams were loath to part!

No joy like by-past joy appears;

For what is gone we fret and pine.

Were life spun out a thousand years,

It could not match Langsyne!

Langsyne! — the days of childhood warm,

When, tottering by a mother's knee,

Each sight and sound had power to charm,

And hope was high, and thought was free.

Langsyne! the merry schoolboy days —

How sweetly then life's sun did shine!

Oh! for the glorious pranks and plays,

The raptures of Langsyne.



Langsyne! — yes, in the sound I hear  
 The rustling of the summer grove;  
 And view those angel features near  
 Which first awoke the heart to love.  
 How sweet it is in pensive mood,  
 At windless midnight to recline,  
 And fill the mental solitude  
 With spectres from Langsyne!

Langsyne! — ah, where are they who shared  
 With us its pleasures bright and blithe?  
 Kindly with some hath fortune fared;  
 And some have bowed beneath the seythe  
 Of death; while others scattered far  
 O'er foreign lands at fate repine,  
 Oft wandering forth, 'neath twilight's star,  
 To muse on dear Langsyne!

Langsyne! — the heart can never be  
 Again so full of guileless truth;  
 Langsyne! — the eyes no more shall see;  
 Ah no! the rainbow hopes of youth.  
 Langsyne! — with thee resides a spell  
 To raise the spirit, and refine.  
 Farewell! — there can be no farewell  
 To thee, loved, lost Langsyne!

D. M. MOIR.

### FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,  
 And the voices of the night  
 Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
 To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
 Shadows from the fitful fire-light  
 Dance upon the parlour-wall;

Then the forms of the departed  
 Enter at the open door;  
 The beloved, the true-hearted  
 Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
 Noble longings for the strife,  
 By the road-side fell and perished  
 Weary with the march of life.

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
 Who the cross of suffering bore,  
 Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
 Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous,  
 Who unto my youth was given,  
 More than all things else to love me,  
 And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,  
 Comes that messenger divine,  
 Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
 Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
 With those deep and tender eyes,  
 Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
 Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died.

\*HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

### I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

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I REMEMBER, I remember,  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn:  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day,  
But now, I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remem̄ber,  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets, and the lily-cups,  
Those flowers made of light!  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birth-day, —  
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember  
 Where I was used to swing,  
 And thought the air must rush as fresh  
 To swallows on the wing:  
 My spirit flew in feathers then,  
 That is so heavy now,  
 And summer pools could hardly cool  
 The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember  
 The fir-trees dark and high;  
 I used to think their slender tops  
 Were close against the sky:  
 It was a childish ignorance,  
 But now 't is little joy  
 To know I'm farther off from heav'n  
 Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

### OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT, 'in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me;  
 The smiles, the tears,  
 Of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken;  
 The eyes that shone,  
 Now dimm'd and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken!  
 Thus in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
 The friends, so link'd together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in wintry weather;  
 I feel like one,  
 Who treads alone  
 Some banquet-hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled,  
 Whose garlands dead,  
 And all but he departed!  
 Thus in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE.

### BRIGHT DAYS DEPARTED.

Oh a dirge for the bright days departed;  
 As for flowers that are bent by the blast,  
 Though the fiercer the wind that hath bow'd them,  
 The farther their fragrance is cast.

Oh a dirge for the bright days departed;  
 As for music whose cadence is stilled, —  
 For a fair vase now shattered and strewed,  
 That erst with rare odours was filled.

Oh a dirge for the bright days departed;  
 As for streams, whose fresh fountains, now dry,  
 The sunbeam forsakes, and the Naiad no more  
 Shall haunt with love's lingering sigh.

Oh a dirge for the bright days departed;  
As for forests now withered and sere,  
Where so late was the nightingale's warble,  
And the dove's note fell soft on the ear!

Oh a dirge for the bright days departed;  
As for clouds whose last glory is dim, —  
For waves that now roll on unlighted, —  
As for shrines where all mute is the hymn.

Oh a dirge for the bright days departed;  
As for stars that are faded and gone,  
And have left but wild dreams of their brightness  
In the heart that is darken'd and lone.

ZOE HOLDEN.

### THE OLD TIMES.

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Do you recall what now is living only  
Amid the memories garner'd at the heart?  
The quiet garden, quiet and so lonely,  
Where fruit and flowers had each an equal part?  
When we had gather'd cowslips in the meadow  
We used to bear them to the ancient seat,  
Moss-grown, beneath the apple-tree's soft shadow,  
Which flung its rosy blossoms at our feet,  
In the old, old times,  
The dear old times.

Near was the well o'er whose damp walls were weeping  
Stonecrop, and groundsel, and pale yellow flowers,  
While o'er the banks the strawberry plants were creeping  
In the white beauty of June's earliest hours.

The currant-bush and lilac grew together;  
 The bean's sweet breath was blended with the rose;  
 Alike rejoicing in the pleasant weather  
 That brought the bloom to these, the fruit to those,  
     In the old, old times,  
 The dear old times.

There was no fountain over marble falling;  
 But the bees murmur'd one perpetual song,  
 Like soothing waters, and the birds were calling  
 Amid the fruit-tree blossoms all day long;  
 Upon the sunny grass-plot stood the dial,  
 Whose measured time strange contrast with ours made:  
 Ah! was it omen of life's after trial,  
 That even the hours were told in shade,  
     In the old, old times,  
 The dear old times?

But little reck'd we then of those sick fancies  
 To which in after life the spirit yields:  
 Our world was of the fairies and romances  
 With which we wander'd o'er the summer fields;  
 Then did we question of the down-balls blowing  
 To know if some slight wish would come to pass;  
 If showers we fear'd, we sought where there was growing  
 Some weather flower which was our weather glass:  
     In the old, old times,  
 The dear old times.

Yet my heart warms at these fond recollections,  
 Breaking the heavy shadow on my day.  
 Ah! who hath cared for all the deep affections —  
 The love, the kindness I have thrown away?  
 The dear old garden! There is now remaining  
 As little of its bloom as rests with me.

The only memory is this sad complaining,  
 Mourning that never more for us can be  
     The old, old times,  
     The dear old times.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

### THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep." — Psalm CXXVII. 2.\*

Of all the thoughts of God that are  
 Borne inward unto souls afar,  
     Along the Psalmist's music deep —  
 Now tell me if that any is,  
 For gift or grace surpassing this —  
     "He giveth His beloved sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved?  
 The hero's heart, to be unmoved —  
     The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep —  
 The senate's shout to patriot vows —  
 The monarch's crown, to light the brows? —  
     "He giveth His beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?  
 A little faith, all undisproved —  
     A little dust, to overweep —  
 And bitter memories, to make  
 The whole earth blasted for our sake!  
     "He giveth His beloved sleep."

\* Nach Luther's Uebersetzung: "denn seinen Freunden giebt er es schlafend."



"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,  
 But have no tune to charm away  
     Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:  
 But never doleful dream again  
 Shall break the happy slumber, when  
     "He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
 O men, with wailing in your voices!  
     O delved gold, the wailers heap!  
 O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
 God makes a silence through you all,  
     And "giveth His beloved sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill;  
 His cloud above it saileth still,  
     Though on its slope men toil and reap!  
 More softly than the dew is shed,  
 Or cloud is floated overhead,  
     "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Ha! men may wonder while they scan  
 A living, thinking, feeling man,  
     In such a rest his heart to keep;  
 But angels say — and through the word  
 I ween their blessed smile is heard —  
     "He giveth His beloved sleep!"

For me, my heart, that erst did go,  
 Most like a tired child at a show,  
     That sees through tears the juggler's leap, —  
 Would now its wearied vision close,  
 Would childlike on His love repose,  
     Who "giveth His beloved sleep!"

And, friends! — dear friends! — when it shall be  
 That this low breath is gone from me,  
 And round my bier ye come to weep —  
 Let me, most loving of you all,  
 Say, not a tear must o'er her fall —  
 "He giveth His beloved sleep!"

ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

### THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
 It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
 The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
 But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
 And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
 It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
 My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,  
 But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
 And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;  
 Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
 Thy fate is the common fate of all:  
 Into each life some rain must fall,  
 Some days must be dark and dreary.

\*HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

## SICKNESS LIKE NIGHT.

THOU art like night, O sickness! deeply stilling  
 Within my heart the world's disturbing sound,  
 And the dim quiet of my chamber filling  
 With low, sweet voices by life's tumult drown'd.  
 Thou art like awful night! — thou gather'st round  
 The things that are unseen, though close they lie —  
 And with a truth, clear, startling, and profound,  
 Givest their dread presence to our mental eye.  
 Thou art like starry, spiritual night!  
 High and immortal thoughts attend thy way,  
 And revelations, which the common light  
 Brings not, though wakening with its rosy ray  
 All outward life: — Be welcome, then, thy rod,  
 Before whose touch my soul unfolds itself to God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

## WE ARE SEVEN.

— — A SIMPLE child,  
 That lightly draws its breath,  
 And feels its life in every limb,  
 What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:  
 She was eight years old, she said;  
 Her hair was thick with many a curl  
 That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
 And she was wildly clad:  
 Her eyes were fair, and very fair,  
 — Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
 How many may you be?"  
 "How many? Seven in all," she said,  
 And wondering looked at me.

"And who are they? I pray you, tell."  
 She answered, "Seven are we;  
 And two of us at Conway dwell,  
 And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
 My sister and my brother;  
 And, in the churchyard cottage, I  
 Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,  
 And two are gone to sea,  
 Yet ye are seven! — I pray you tell,  
 Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,  
 "Seven boys and girls are we;  
 Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
 Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,  
 Your limbs they are alive;  
 If two are in the churchyard laid,  
 Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"

The little maid replied,

"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,

And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,

My kerchief there I hem;

And there upon the ground I sit,

And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,

When it is light and fair,

I take my little porringer,

And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane:

In bed she moaning lay,

Till God released her of her pain;

And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;

And, when the grass was dry,

Together round her grave we played,

My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,

And I could run and slide,

My brother John was forced to go,

And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,

"If they two are in heaven?"

Quick was the little maid's reply,

"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!  
 Their spirits are in heaven!"  
 'T was throwing words away: for still  
 The little maid would have her will,  
 And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### THE FAMILY MEETING.

WE are all here!  
 Father, mother,  
 Sister, brother,  
 All who hold each other dear.  
 Each chair is fill'd — we're all at home;  
 To-night let no cold stranger come:  
 It is not often thus around  
 Our old familiar hearth we're found:  
 Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;  
 For once be every care forgot;  
 Let gentle Peace assert her power,  
 And kind Affection rule the hour;  
 We're all — all here.

We're not all here!  
 Some are away — the dead ones dear,  
 Who throng'd with us this ancient hearth,  
 And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.  
 Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,  
 Look'd in and thinn'd our little band:  
 Some like a night-flash pass'd away,  
 And some sank, lingering, day by day;  
 The quiet graveyard — some lie there —  
 And cruel Ocean has his share —  
 We're not all here.

We are all here!  
 Even they — the dead — though dead, so dear;  
 Fond Memory, to her duty true,  
 Brings back their faded forms to view.  
 How life-like, through the mist of years,  
 Each well-remember'd face appears!  
 We see them as in times long past;  
 From each to each kind looks are cast;  
 We hear their words, their smiles behold;  
 They're round us as they were of old —  
 We are all here!

We are all here!  
 Father, mother,  
 Sister, brother,  
 You that I love with love so dear.  
 This may not long of us be said;  
 Soon must we join the gather'd dead;  
 And by the hearth we now sit round,  
 Some other circle will be found.  
 Oh! then, that wisdom may we know,  
 Which yields a life of peace below!  
 So, in the world to follow this,  
 May each repeat, in words of bliss,  
 We're all — all here!

\*CHARLES SPRAGUE.

### THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,  
 In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,  
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
 Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,  
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women!  
 Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her —  
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;  
 Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;  
 Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood.  
 Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,  
 Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
 Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?  
 So might we talk of the old familiar faces —

How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
 And some are taken from me; all are departed;  
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

### THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,  
 They filled one home with glee;  
 Their graves are severed, far and wide,  
 By mount, and stream, and sea.



The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow;  
She had each folded flower in sight —  
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the west,  
By a dark stream is laid —  
The Indian knows his place of rest,  
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,  
He lies where pearls lie deep;  
He was the loved of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed  
Above the noble slain:  
He wrapt his colours round his breast,  
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one — o'er her the myrtle showers  
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;  
She faded 'midst Italian flowers —  
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played  
Beneath the same green tree;  
Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
And cheered with song the hearth —  
Alas! for love, if thou wert all,  
And nought beyond, on earth!

FELICIA HEMANS.



## THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,  
 A rest for weary pilgrims found,  
 They softly lie and sweetly sleep  
 Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky  
 No more disturbs their deep repose,  
 Than summer-evening's latest sigh  
 That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head  
 And aching heart beneath the soil,  
 To slumber in that dreamless bed  
 From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,  
 And cast me helpless on the wild!  
 I perish; — O, my mother Earth,  
 Take home thy child!

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,  
 Shall gently moulder into thee;  
 Nor leave one wretched trace behind  
 Resembling me.

Hark! a strange sound affrights mine ear;  
 My pulse, my brain runs wild, — I rave:  
 Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?  
 "I am the grave.

"The grave, that never spake before,  
 Hath found at length a tongue to chide:  
 Oh listen! I will speak no more; —  
                     Be silent, pride!

"Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn,  
     The victim of consuming care?  
 Is thy distracted conscience torn  
                     By fell despair?

"Do foul misdeeds of former times  
     Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?  
 And ghosts of unforgiven crimes  
                     Murder thy rest?

"Lash'd by the furies of the mind,  
     From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee?  
 Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find  
                     A friend in me:

"By all the terrors of the tomb, —  
     Beyond the power of tongue to tell:  
 By the dread secrets of my womb;  
                     By death and hell.

"I charge thee live! repent and pray,  
     In dust thine infamy deplore:  
 There yet is mercy, — go thy way,  
                     And sin no more.

"Art thou a mourner? — hast thou known  
     The joy of innocent delights;  
 Endearing days for ever flown,  
                     And tranquil nights?

"O live! — and deeply cherish still  
 The sweet remembrance of the past:  
 Rely on Heaven's unchanging will  
 For peace at last.

"Art thou a wanderer? — hast thou seen  
 O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?  
 A shipwreck'd sufferer, hast thou been  
 Misfortune's mark?

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,  
 Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam:  
 Live! thou shalt reach a sheltering port, —  
 A quiet home.

"To friendship didst thou trust thy fame,  
 And was thy friend a deadly foe, —  
 Who stole into thy breast, to aim  
 A surer blow?

"Live! — and repine not o'er his loss, —  
 A loss unworthy to be told:  
 Thou hast mistaken sordid dross  
 For friendship's gold.

"Seek the true treasure, seldom found,  
 Of power the fiercest griefs to calm;  
 And soothe the bosom's deepest wound  
 With heavenly balm.

"Did woman's charm thy youth beguile, —  
 And did the fair one faithless prove?  
 Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,  
 And sold thy love?

"Live! 'T was a false bewildering fire;  
 Too often love's insidious dart  
 Thrills the fond soul with wild desire, —  
 But kills the heart.

"Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,  
 To gaze on listening beauty's eye;  
 To ask, — and pause in hope and fear  
 Till she reply.

"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast, —  
 A brighter maiden faithful prove;  
 Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest  
 In woman's love.

"Whate'er thy lot — whoe'er thou be,  
 Confess thy folly, — kiss the rod;  
 And in thy chastening sorrows see  
 The hand of God.

"A bruised reed He will not break, —  
 Afflictions all his children feel:  
 He wounds them for his mercy's sake, —  
 He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath his mighty hand,  
 Prostrate his Providence adore:  
 'T is done! Arise! He bids thee stand,  
 To fall no more.

"Now, traveller in the vale of tears,  
 To realms of everlasting light,  
 Through time's dark wilderness of years  
 Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found;  
And while the mouldering ashes sleep  
Low in the ground;

"The Soul, of origin divine,  
God's glorious image, freed from clay,  
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine  
A star of day.

"The sun is but a spark of fire, —  
A transient meteor in the sky:  
The soul, immortal as its Sire,  
Shall never die!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### SONG OF DEATH.

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FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,  
Now gay with the bright setting sun!  
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear, tender ties,  
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,  
Go, frighten the coward and slave!  
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,  
No terrors hast thou for the brave!

Thou strik'st the poor peasant, he sinks in the dark,  
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name:  
Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!  
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,  
 Our king and our country to save;  
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,  
 Oh! who would not die with the brave?

ROBERT BURNS.

### WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,  
 Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?  
 It cannot die, it cannot stay,  
 But leaves its darken'd dust behind.  
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace  
 By steps each planet's heavenly way?  
 Or fill at once the realms of space,  
 A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,  
 A thought unscen, but seeing all,  
 All, all in earth, or skies display'd,  
 Shall it survey, shall it recal:  
 Each fainter trace that memory holds,  
 So darkly of departed years,  
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,  
 And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,  
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back;  
 And where the furthest heaven had birth,  
 The spirit trace its rising track.

And where the future mars or makes,  
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,  
 While sun is quench'd or system breaks,  
 Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,  
 It lives all passionless and pure:  
 An age shall fleet like earthly year;  
 Its years as moments shall endure.  
 Away, away, without a wing,  
 O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly;  
 A nameless and eternal thing,  
 Forgetting what it was to die.

LORD BYRON.

### SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

---

SOFTLY woo away her breath,  
 Gentle Death!  
 Let her leave thee with no strife,  
 Tender, mournful, murmuring Life!  
 She hath seen her happy day;  
 She hath had her bud and blossom;  
 Now she pales and shrinks away,  
 Earth, into thy gentle bosom.

She hath done her bidding here,  
 Angels dear!  
 Bear her perfect soul above,  
 Flaming Seraph, — winged Love!



Good she was, and fair in youth,  
 And her mind was seen to soar,  
 And her heart was wed to truth;  
 Take her, then, for evermore, —  
 For ever — evermore!

BARRY CORNWALL.

### THE DEPARTED.\*

A FADED flower, a bud of beauty blasted,  
 A broken lute, a precious diamond shattered,  
 A stream of purest water early wasted,  
 A priceless essence on the desert scattered, —  
 Like these thou hast perished, in thy beauty mild,  
 To which shall we compare thee, lovely child?

If to the faded flower, we know its fruit  
 Is garnered up 'midst Heaven's holy treasures;  
 If to the lovely-toned, but broken lute,  
 Its echo mingleth now in heavenly measures;  
 The diamond is not lost, its fragments gather  
 Into a star before the Eternal Father!

The stream beside the streams of life is flowing,  
 And ever fed from their celestial springs;  
 The essence round the Throne eternal, going  
 Embodied on a Seraph's radiant wings;  
 Oh lost one — let us call thee what we will,  
 The very name hath consolation still.

\* Maria Jane Mackenzie, a beautiful and gifted child, who died,  
 May 1836, aged seven years.

But we will liken thee to some clear lamp,  
 Whose brightness with the light within it blended;  
 And through the cold world's gathering mist and damp,  
 Thy soul was as the flame that upward tended:  
 The lamp is broken, and the unprisoned fire  
 Doth to the region of its birth aspire!

MARY ANN BROWNE.

### THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

'Drowned! Drowned!' — Hamlet.

ONE more unfortunate,  
 Weary of breath,  
 Rashly importunate,  
 Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,  
 Lift her with care;  
 Fashion'd so slenderly,  
 Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments  
 Clinging like cerements,  
 Whilst the wave constantly  
 Drips from her clothing;  
 Take her up instantly,  
 Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;  
 Think of her mournfully,  
 Gently and humanly;  
 Not of the stains of her,  
 All that remains of her  
 Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
 Into her mutiny  
 Rash and undutiful:  
 Past all dishonour,  
 Death has left on her  
 Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
 One of Eve's family —  
 Wipe those poor lips of hers  
 Oozing so clammyly.

Loop up her tresses  
 Escaped from the comb,  
 Her fair auburn tresses;  
 Whilst wonderment guesses  
 Where was her home?

Who was her father?  
 Who was her mother?  
 Had she a sister?  
 Had she a brother?  
 Or was there a dearer one  
 Still, and a nearer one  
 Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity  
 Of Christian charity  
 Under the sun!  
 Oh! it was pitiful!  
 Near a whole city full,  
 Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
 Fatherly, motherly

Feelings had changed;  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence;  
Even God's Providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood, with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river:  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery  
Swift to be hurled —  
Any where, any where  
Out of the world.

In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran, —  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it — think of it,  
Dissolute man!  
Lave in it, drink of it  
Then, if you can.

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently, — kindly, —  
Smoothe, and compose them;  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
Thro' muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurred by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest.  
Cross her hands humbly  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behaviour,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour.

THOMAS HOOD.

### WEEP NOT FOR HIM THAT DIETH.

WEEP not for him that dieth —  
For he sleeps, and is at rest;  
And the couch whereon he lieth  
Is the green earth's quiet breast:

But weep for him who pineth  
 On a far land's hateful shore,  
 Who wearily declineth  
 Where ye see his face no more!

Weep not for him that dieth,  
 For friends are round his bed,  
 And many a young lip sigheth  
 When they name the early dead;  
 But weep for him that liveth  
 Where none will know or care,  
 When the groan his faint heart giveth  
 Is the last sigh of despair.

Weep not for him that dieth,  
 For his struggling soul is free,  
 And the world from which it flieth  
 Is a world of misery;  
 But weep for him that weareth  
 The captive's galling chain:  
 To the agony he beareth,  
 Death were but little pain.

Weep not for him that dieth,  
 For he has ceased from tears,  
 And a voice to his replieth  
 Which he hath not heard for years;  
 But weep for him who weepeth  
 On that cold land's cruel shore —  
 Blest, blest is he that sleepeth, —  
 Weep for the dead no more!

MRS. NORTON.

# I STOOD BESIDE HIS GRAVE.

I stood beside the grave of him,  
 Whose heart with mine had fondly beat,  
 While memories, from their chambers dim,  
 Throng'd mournful, yet how sadly sweet!

It was a calm September eve,  
 The stars stole trembling into sight,  
 Save where the day, as loth to leave,  
 Still flush'd the heavens with rosy light.

The crickets in the grass were heard,  
 The city's murmur softly fell,  
 And scarce the dewy air was stirr'd,  
 As faintly toll'd the evening-bell.

O Death! had then thy summons come,  
 To bid me from this world away, —  
 How gladly had I hail'd the doom  
 That stretch'd me by his mouldering clay!

And twilight deepen'd into night,  
 And night itself grew wild and drear, —  
 For clouds rose darkly on the sight,  
 And winds sigh'd mournful on the ear: —

And yet I linger'd mid the fern,  
 Though gleam'd no star the eye to bless —  
 For, O, 't was agony to turn  
 And leave him to his loneliness!

WILLIAM JEWETT PARODIE.

THE OLD KIRK YARD.

---

OH! come, come with me, to the old kirk yard,  
I well know the path through the soft green sward;  
Friends slumber there we were wont to regard,  
We'll trace out their names in the old kirk yard.  
Oh! mourn not for them, their grief is o'er,  
Oh! weep not for them, they weep no more,  
For deep is their sleep, though cold and hard  
Their pillow may be in the old kirk yard.

I know it is in vain, when friends depart,  
To breathe kind words to a broken heart;  
I know that the joy of life seems marr'd  
When we follow them home to the old kirk yard.  
But were I at rest beneath yon tree,  
Why shouldst thou weep, dear love, for me;  
I'm wayworn and sad, ah! why then retard  
The rest that I seek in the old kirk yard?

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

A DIRGE.

---

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!"  
Here the evil and the just,  
Here the youthful and the old,  
Here the fearful and the bold,  
Here the matron and the maid,  
In one silent bed are laid:



Here the vassal and the king  
Side by side lie withering;  
Here the sword and sceptre rust —  
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along,  
O'er this pale and mighty throng:  
Those that wept then, those that weep,  
All shall with these sleepers sleep.  
Brothers, sisters of the worm,  
Summer's sun, or winter's storm,  
Song of peace, or battle's roar,  
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more;  
Death shall keep his solemn trust —  
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast,  
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last;  
It shall come in fear and wonder,  
Heralded by trump and thunder;  
It shall come in strife and toil,  
It shall come in blood and spoil,  
It shall come in empire's groans,  
Burning temples, trampled thrones;  
Then, ambition, rue thy lust!  
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign;  
In the east the King shall shine;  
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,  
Thousand thousands round his state;  
Spirits with the crown and plume,  
Tremble then, thou sullen tomb!  
Heaven shall open on our sight,  
Earth be turn'd to living light,

Kingdoms of the ransom'd just —  
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall, gorgeous as a gem,  
Shine thy mount, Jerusalem;  
Then shall in the desert rise  
Fruits of more than Paradise;  
Earth by angel feet be trod,  
One great garden of her God;  
Till are dried the martyr's tears,  
Through a glorious thousand years.  
Now in hope of Him we trust —  
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

GEORGE CROLY.



## DIE LIEBE.

---

What is life when wanting love?  
Night without a morning:  
Love's the cloudless summer's sun,  
Nature gay adorning.

ROBERT BURNS.

I loved, and was beloved again;  
In sooth, it is a happy doom,  
But yet where happiest ends in pain.

LORD BYRON.



## LOVE.

---

THERE is a flower that never changeth hue;  
In vain the angry winds its leaves assail;  
Triumphant over time, in every vale  
It lifts its hopeful head, glistening with dew.  
The maiden rears it in her own sweet looks;  
The youth conjures it in the summer shade,  
Pictures its image, as by murmuring brooks  
He flies from scenes that his chaste dreams invade.  
The very fields its presence own in spring;  
The hills re-echo with a song of gladness;  
The heavens themselves their store of tribute bring,  
And in this flower all things renounce their sadness.  
O Love! where is the heart that knows not thee?  
Thou only bloomest everlastingly!

EDWARD MOXON.

## LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

---

THE fountains mingle with the river,  
And the rivers with the ocean,  
The winds of heaven mix for ever  
With a sweet emotion;  
Nothing in the world is single;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle —  
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
 And the waves clasp one another;  
 No sister flower would be forgiven  
 If it disdain'd its brother:  
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea; —  
 What are all these kissings worth,  
 If thou kiss not me?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

### S O N G.

THE stars are with the voyager  
 Wherever he may sail;  
 The moon is constant to her time;  
 The sun will never fail;  
 But follow, follow round the world,  
 The green earth and the sea;  
 So love is with the lover's heart,  
 Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars  
 Must daily lose their light;  
 The moon will veil her in the shade;  
 The sun will set at night.  
 The sun may set, but constant love  
 Will shine when he's away;  
 So that dull night is never night,  
 And day is brighter day.

THOMAS HOOD.

L O V E.

---

THEY sin who tell us love can die.  
With life all other passions fly,  
All others are but vanity.  
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell:  
Earthly these passions, as of earth,  
They perish where they have their birth.  
But love is indestructible;  
Its holy flame for ever burneth;  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth:  
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times oppressed,  
It here is tried and purified,  
And hath in heaven its perfect rest:  
It soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest time of love is there.  
Oh! when a mother meets on high  
The babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,  
The day of wo, the anxious night,  
For all her sorrow, all her tears,  
An over-payment of delight?

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

LOVE AND DEATH.

---

WHAT time the mighty moon was gathering light  
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,

And all about him roll'd his lustrous eyes ;  
 When, turning round a cassia, full in view,  
 Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,  
 And talking to himself, first met his sight :  
 "You must be gone," said Death, "these walks are mine."  
 Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight ;  
 Yet ere he parted said, "This hour is thine :  
 Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree  
 Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,  
 So in the light of great eternity  
 Life eminent creates the shade of death ;  
 The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,  
 But I shall reign for ever over all."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## W O M A N.

WOMAN, gentle woman, has a heart  
 Fraught with the sweet humanities of life.  
 Swayed by no selfish aim, she bears her part  
 In all our joys and woes ; in pain and strife  
 Fonder and still more faithful ! when the smart  
 Of care assails the bosom, or the knife  
 Of "keen endurance" cuts us to the soul  
 First to support us, foremost to console !  
 Oh what were man, in dark misfortune's hour  
 Without her cherishing aid ! a nerveless thing,  
 Sinking ignobly 'neath the passing power  
 Of every blast of fortune. She can bring  
 A balm for each deep wound. As when the shower  
 More heavily falls, the bird of eve will sing  
 In richer notes ; sweeter is woman's voice  
 When through the storm it bids the soul rejoice !

ALARIC A. WATTS.



## SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

SHE was a phantom of delight,  
 When first she gleam'd upon my sight;  
 A lovely apparition, sent  
 To be a moment's ornament;  
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;  
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
 But all things else about her drawn  
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn;  
 A dancing shape, an image gay,  
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
 A spirit, yet a woman too!  
 Her household motions light and free,  
 And steps of virgin liberty;  
 A countenance in which did meet  
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
 A creature not too bright or good  
 For human nature's daily food;  
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
 The very pulse of the machine;  
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
 A traveller between life and death;  
 The reason firm, the temperate will,  
 Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;

A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,  
 To warn, to comfort, and command;  
 And yet a spirit still, and bright  
 With something of an angel light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



### SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

SHE wore a wreath of roses  
 The night that first we met,  
 Her lovely face was smiling  
 Beneath her curls of jet;  
 Her footstep had the lightness  
 Her voice the joyous tone,  
 The tokens of a youthful heart,  
 Where sorrow is unknown;  
 I saw her but a moment —  
 Yet, methinks, I see her now,  
 With the wreath of summer flowers  
 Upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange blossoms,  
 When next we met, she wore;  
 The expression of her features  
 Was more thoughtful than before;  
 And standing by her side was one  
 Who strove, and not in vain,  
 To soothe her, leaving that dear home  
 She ne'er might view again.

I saw her but a moment —

Yet, methinks, I see her now,  
With the wreath of orange blossoms  
Upon her snowy brow.

And once again I see that brow,  
No bridal wreath is there,  
The widow's sombre cap conceals  
Her once luxuriant hair;  
She weeps in silent solitude,  
And there is no one near  
To press her hand within his own,  
And wipe away the tear.

I see her broken-hearted!

Yet, methinks, I see her now  
In the pride of youth and beauty,  
With a garland on her brow.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

### SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

---

SHE walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half-impair'd the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent.

LORD BYRON.

### L U C Y.

---

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways,  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye;  
Fair as a star when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and oh,  
The difference to me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### S O N G.

---

DAY, in melting purple dying,  
Blossoms, all around me sighing,

Fragrance, from the lilies straying,  
 Zephyr, with my ringlets playing,  
     Ye but waken my distress;  
 I am sick of loneliness.

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,  
 Come, ere night around me darken;  
 Though thy softness but deceive me,  
 Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee;  
     Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,  
 Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure:  
 All I ask is friendship's pleasure;  
 Let the shining ore lie darkling,  
 Bring no gem in lustre sparkling:  
     Gifts and gold are nought to me,  
 I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,  
 Ecstasy but in revealing;  
 Paint to thee the deep sensation,  
 Rapture in participation,  
     Yet but torture, if compest  
 In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me!  
 Let these eyes again caress thee;  
 Once, in caution, I could fly thee:  
 Now, I nothing could deny thee;  
     In a look if death there be,  
 Come, and I will gaze on thee!

\* MARIA BROOKS.

SONG.

---

I NEED not name thy thrilling name,  
Though now I drink to thee, my dear,  
Since all sounds shape that magic word,  
That fall upon my ear, — Mary;  
And silence, with a wakeful voice,  
Speaks it in accents loudly free,  
As darkness hath a light that shows  
Thy gentle face to me, — Mary.

I pledge thee in the grape's pure soul,  
With scarce one hope, and many fears,  
Mix'd, were I of a melting mood,  
With many bitter tears, — Mary —  
I pledge thee, and the empty cup  
Emblems this hollow life of mine,  
To which, a gone enchantment, thou  
No more wilt be the wine, — Mary.

\*EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

SONG.

---

WE break the glass, whose sacred wine,  
To some beloved health we drain.  
Lest future pledges, less divine,  
Should e'er the hallow'd toy profane;  
And thus I broke a heart that pour'd  
Its tide of feelings out for thee,  
In draughts, by after-times deplored,  
Yet dear to memory.

But still the old, impassion'd ways  
 And habits of my mind remain,  
 And still unhappy light displays  
 Thine image chamber'd in my brain,  
 And still it looks as when the hours  
 Went by like flights of singing birds,  
 Or that soft chain of spoken flowers,  
 And airy gems — thy words.

\*EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

### THE QUADROON.

SAY they that all beauty lies  
 In the paler maiden's hue?  
 Say they that all softness flies,  
 Save from eyes of April blue?  
 Arise thou, like a night in June,  
 Beautiful Quadroon!

Come, — all dark and bright, as skies  
 With the tender starlight hung!  
 Loose the Love from out thine eyes!  
 Loose the Angel from thy tongue!  
 Let them hear Heaven's own sweet tune,  
 Beautiful Quadroon!

Tell them — Beauty (born above)  
 From no shade nor hue doth fly:  
 All she asks is Mind, is Love;  
 And both upon thine aspect lie,  
 (Like the light upon the moon,)  
 Beautiful Quadroon!

BARRY CORNWALL.

SERENADE.

---

SLEEPING! why now sleeping?  
The moon herself looks gay,  
While through thy lattice peeping,  
Wilt not her call obey?  
Wake, love, each star is keeping  
For thee its brightest ray;  
And languishes the gleaming  
From fire-flies now streaming  
Athwart the dewy spray.

Awake, the skies are weeping  
Because thou art away.  
But if of me thou'rt dreaming,  
Sleep, loved one, while you may;  
And music's wings shall hover  
Softly thy sweet dreams over,  
Fanning dark thoughts away,  
While, dearest, 'tis thy lover  
Who'll bid each bright one stay.

\*CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

THE DEAREST.

---

OH! that from far-away mountains  
Over the restless waves,  
Where bubble-enchanted fountains,  
Rising from jewell'd caves,



I could call a fairy bird,  
 Who, whene'er thy voice was heard,  
 Should come to thee, dearest!

He should have violet pinions,  
 And a beak of silver white,  
 And should bring from the sun's dominions  
 Eyes that would give thee light.  
 Thou shouldst see that he was born  
 In a land of gold and morn,  
 To be thy servant, dearest!

Oft should he drop on thy tresses  
 A pearl or diamond stone,  
 And would yield to thy light caresses  
 Blossoms in Eden grown.  
 Round thy path his wings would shower  
 Now a gem, and now a flower,  
 And dewy odours, dearest!

He should fetch from his eastern island  
 The songs that the Peris sing,  
 And when evening is clear and silent,  
 Spells to thy ear would bring,  
 And with his mysterious strain  
 Would entrance thy weary brain,  
 Love's own music, dearest!

No Phœnix, alas! will hover,  
 Sent from the morning star;  
 And thou must take of thy lover  
 A gift not brought so far:  
 Wanting bird, and gem, and song,  
 Ah! receive and treasure long,  
 A heart that loves thee, dearest!

JOHN STERLING.

A LOVE SONG.

---

DEAR Kate, I do not swear and rave,  
Or sigh sweet things as many can;  
But though my lip ne'er plays the slave,  
My heart will not disgrace the man,  
I prize thee — ay, my bonnie Kate,  
So firmly fond this breast can be,  
That I would brook the sternest fate,  
If it but left me health and thee.

I do not promise that our life  
Shall know no shade on heart or brow;  
For human lot and mortal strife  
Would mock the falsehood of such vow.  
But when the clouds of pain and care  
Shall teach us we are not divine,  
My deepest sorrows thou shalt share,  
And I will strive to lighten thine.

We love each other, yet perchance  
The murmurs of dissent may rise;  
Fierce words may chase the tender glance,  
And angry flashes light our eyes.  
But we must learn to check the frown,  
To reason rather than to blame;  
The wisest have their faults to own,  
And you and I, girl, have the same.

You must not like me less, my Kate,  
For such an honest strain as this;

I love thee dearly, but I hate  
 The puling rhymes of "kiss" and "bliss".  
 There's truth in all I've said or sung;  
 I woo thee as a man should woo;  
 And though I lack a honey'd tongue,  
 Thou'lt never find a breast more true.

ELIZA COOK.

### COME O'ER THE SEA.

COME o'er the sea,  
 Maiden, with me,  
 Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows;  
 Seasons may roll,  
 But the true soul  
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.  
 Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;  
 'T is life where thou art, 't is death where thou art not.  
 Then come o'er the sea,  
 Maiden, with me,  
 Come wherever the wild wind blows;  
 Seasons may roll,  
 But the true soul  
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea  
 Made for the Free,  
 Land for courts and chains alone?  
 Here we are slaves,  
 But, on the waves,  
 Love and Liberty's all our own.  
 No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,  
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around us —

Then come o'er the sea,  
 Maiden, with me,  
 Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows;  
 Seasons may roll,  
 But the true soul  
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

THOMAS MOORE.

### S O N G.

THE rain is falling;  
 The wind is loud;  
 The morning is hiding  
 Behind a cloud;  
 The stars are scattered  
 By dawn of day;  
 But where is my lover?  
 Afar — away!

The East is brighter;  
 The wind is still;  
 The sun is rising  
 Beyond the hill;  
 It cometh — it shineth;  
 The dawn is day;  
 And the step of my lover — ?  
 It comes this way.

Ah, the sky — it changeth,  
 The rain — the sun,  
 As the hope that we cherish  
 Is lost or won.

What care for the shadows,  
If hearts be gay?  
What use in the summer,  
If friends decay?

The bloom of the seasons  
Will come, will fly;  
And the heavens will alter,  
We know not why:  
But the mind that we temper  
Is our domain;  
And the Truth of the Spirit  
Should conquer pain.

BARRY CORNWALL.

### FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

---

Flow on, thou shining river;  
But, ere thou reach the sea,  
Seek Ella's bower, and give her  
The wreaths I fling o'er thee.  
And tell her thus, if she 'll be mine,  
The current of our lives shall be,  
With joys along their course to shine,  
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wandering thither,  
Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,  
Then leave those wreaths to wither  
Upon the cold bank there;

And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,  
Her lone and loveless charms shall be  
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,  
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

THOMAS MOORE.

### ROW GENTLY HERE.

---

Row gently here,  
My gondolier,  
So softly wake the tide,  
That not an ear,  
On earth, may hear,  
But hers to whom we glide.  
Had Heaven but tongues to speak, as well  
As starry eyes to see,  
Oh, think what tales't would have to tell  
Of wand'ring youths like me!

Now rest thee here,  
My gondolier;  
Hush, hush, for up I go,  
To climb yon light  
Balcony's height,  
While thou keep'st watch below.  
Ah! did we take for Heaven above  
But half such pains as we  
Take, day and night, for woman's love,  
What angels we should be!

THOMAS MOORE.

## L O V E.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
 Are all but ministers of love,  
 And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I  
 Live o'er again that happy hour,  
 When midway on the mount I lay,  
 Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,  
 Had blended with the lights of eve;  
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,  
 My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,  
 The statue of the armed knight;  
 She stood and listened to my lay,  
 Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,  
 My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!  
 She loves me best whene'er I sing  
 The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,  
 I sang an old and moving story —  
 An old rude song that suited well  
 That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,  
 With downcast eyes and modest grace;  
 For well she knew, I could not choose  
 But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore  
 Upon his shield a burning brand;  
 And that for ten long years he woo'd  
 The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!  
 The deep, the low, the pleading tone  
 With which I sang another's love,  
 Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,  
 With downcast eyes and modest grace;  
 And she forgave me, that I gazed  
 Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn  
 Which crazed this bold and lovely knight,  
 And that he crossed the mountain woods,  
 Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,  
 And sometimes from the darksome shade,  
 And sometimes starting up at once,  
 In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face  
 An angel beautiful and bright;  
 And that he knew it was a fiend,  
 This miserable knight!



And that, unknowing what he did,  
 He leaped amid a murderous band,  
 And saved from outrage worse than death  
 The lady of the land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,  
 And how she tended him in vain —  
 And ever strove to expiate  
 The scorn that crazed his brain;

And that she nursed him in a cave;  
 And how his madness went away,  
 When on the yellow forest leaves  
 A dying man he lay;

His dying words — but when I reach'd  
 That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
 My faltering voice and pausing harp  
 Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense  
 Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve —  
 The music, and the doleful tale,  
 The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
 An undistinguishable throng;  
 And gentle wishes long subdued,  
 Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,  
 She blushed with love and virgin shame;  
 And, like the murmur of a dream,  
 I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stept aside,  
As conscious of my look she stept —  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,  
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,  
She pressed me with a meek embrace,  
And bending back her head, looked up,  
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,  
And partly 'twas a bashful art,  
That I might rather feel, than see,  
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,  
And told her love with virgin pride;  
And so I won my Genevieve,  
My bright and beauteous bride!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### STANZAS.

---

BECAUSE, from all that round thee move,  
Planets of beauty, strength, and grace,  
I am elected to thy love,  
And have my home in thy embrace,  
I wonder all men do not see  
The crown that thou hast set on me.

Because, when prostrate at thy feet,  
Thou didst emparadise my pain, —

Because thy heart on mine has beat,  
 Thy head within my hands has lain,  
 I am transfigured, by that sign,  
 Into a being like to thine.

The mirror from its glossy plain  
 Receiving still returns the light,  
 And being generous of its gain,  
 Augments the very solar might:  
 What unreflected light would be,  
 Is just thy spirit without me.

Thou art the flame, whose rising spire  
 In the dark air sublimely sways,  
 And I the tempest that swift fire  
 Gathers at first, and then obeys:  
 All that was thine ere we were wed  
 Have I by right inherited.

Is life a stream? Then from thy hair  
 One rosebud on the current fell,  
 And straight it turn'd to crystal there,  
 As adamant immovable:  
 Its steadfast place shall know no more  
 The sense of after and before.

Is life a plant? The king of years  
 To mine nor good nor ill can bring; —  
 Mine grows no more; no more it fears  
 Even the brushing of his wing;  
 With sheathed scythe I see him go, —  
 I have no flowers that he can mow.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

## SONG.

Dost thou idly ask to hear  
 At what gentle seasons  
 Nymphs relent, when lovers near  
 Press the tenderest reasons?  
 Ah, they give their faith too oft  
 To the careless wooer;  
 Maiden's hearts are always soft,  
 Would that men's were truer!

Woo the fair one, when around  
 Early birds are singing;  
 When, o'er all the fragrant ground,  
 Early herbs are springing:  
 When the brookside, bank, and grove,  
 All with blossoms laden,  
 Shine with beauty, breathe of love, —  
 Woo the timid maiden.

Woo her, when, with rosy blush,  
 Summer eve is sinking;  
 When, on rills that softly gush,  
 Stars are softly winking;  
 When, through boughs that knit the bower,  
 Moonlight gleams are stealing;  
 Woo her, till the gentle hour  
 Wake a gentler feeling.

Woo her, when autumnal dyes  
 Tinge the woody mountain;  
 When the dropping foliage lies,  
 In the choked-up fountain;

Let the scene that tells how fast  
 Youth is passing over,  
 Warn her, ere her bloom is past,  
 To secure her lover.

Woo her, when the northwinds call  
 At the lattice nightly;  
 When, within the cheerful hall,  
 Blaze the fagots brightly;  
 While the wintry tempest round  
 Sweeps the landscape hoary,  
 Sweeter in her ear shall sound  
 Love's delightful story.

\* WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

#### PASTORAL SONG.

I WANDER'D by the brook-side,  
 I wander'd by the mill, —  
 I could not hear the brook flow,  
 The noisy wheel was still;  
 There was no burr of grasshopper,  
 No chirp of any bird,  
 But the beating of my own heart  
 Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beside the elm-tree,  
 I watch'd the long, long shade,  
 And as it grew still longer,  
 I did not feel afraid;  
 For I listen'd for a footfall,  
 I listen'd for a word, —  
 But the beating of my own heart  
 Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not, —  
 The night came on alone, —  
 The little stars sat one by one,  
 Each on a golden throne;  
 The evening air past by my cheek,  
 The leaves above were stirr'd, —  
 But the beating of my own heart  
 Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,  
 When something stood behind, —  
 A hand was on my shoulder,  
 I knew its touch was kind:  
 It drew me nearer — nearer, —  
 We did not speak one word,  
 For the beating of our own hearts  
 Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

### TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART.

SHALL we roam, my love,  
 To the twilight grove,  
 When the moon is rising bright;  
 Oh, I'll whisper there,  
 In the cool night-air,  
 What I dare not in broad day-light!

I'll tell thee a part  
 Of the thoughts that start  
 To being when thou art nigh;  
 And thy beauty, more bright  
 Than the stars' soft light,  
 Shall seem as a weft from the sky.

When the pale moonbeam,  
 On tower and stream,  
     Sheds a flood of silver sheen,  
 How I love to gaze  
 As the cold ray strays  
     O'er thy face, my heart's throned queen.

Wilt thou roam with me  
 To the restless sea,  
     And linger upon the steep,  
 And list to the flow  
 Of the waves below,  
     How they toss, and roar, and leap?

Those boiling waves,  
 And the storm that raves  
     At night o'er the foaming crest,  
 Resemble the strife  
 That, from earliest life,  
     The passion has waged in my breast.

Oh, come then and rove,  
 To the sea or the grove,  
     When the moon is rising bright,  
 And I'll whisper there,  
 In the cold night-air,  
     What I dare not in broad day-light.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

### INVITATION.

COME with me, love! the meads along  
 To listen to the Sunday song

Of birds and waters fair;  
 And we will seek the wood's retreat,  
 Where flowers and moss shall tempt our feet,  
 And God himself be there!

Come with me, love! the Poet's lay  
 Shall be our theme along the way,  
 And our Affection's birth  
 We'll tell of — while the bliss it brings  
 Shall gild with light all life-day things,  
 And sanctify the Earth!

ZOE HOLDEN.

### SERENADE.

THE blue waves are sleeping,  
 The breezes are still,  
 The light dews are weeping  
 Soft tears on the hill.  
 The moon in mild beauty  
 Shines brightly above;  
 Then come to the casement  
 O Mary, my love.

No form from the lattice  
 Did ever recline  
 Over Italy's waters  
 More lovely than thine.  
 Then come to the window,  
 And shed from above  
 One glance of thy bright eye,  
 One smile of thy love.



From the storms of this world  
 How gladly I'd fly  
 To the calm of that breast,  
 To the heaven of that eye.  
 How deeply I love thee  
 'Twere useless to tell,  
 Farewell then, my dear one,  
 My Mary farewell!

J. J. CALLANAN.

### LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of thee,  
 In the first sweet sleep of night,  
 When the winds are breathing low,  
 And the stars are shining bright;  
 I arise from dreams of thee,  
 And a spirit in my feet,  
 Has led me — who knows how? —  
 To thy chamber window, sweet.

• The wandering airs they faint,  
 On the dark and silent stream,  
 The Champak odours fail  
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;  
 The nightingale's complaint,  
 It dies upon her heart,  
 As I must do on thine,  
 O beloved as thou art.

O lift me from the grass!  
 I die, I faint, I fail;

Let thy love in kisses rain  
 On my lips and eyelids pale.  
 My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
 My heart beats loud and fast;  
 Oh press it close to thine again,  
 Where it will break at last!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

### THE NIGHT WAS STILL.

The night was still, the air was balm,  
 Soft dew around were weeping;  
 No whisper rose o'er ocean's calm,  
 Its waves in light were sleeping;  
 With Mary on the beach I strayed,  
 The stars beam'd joy above me;  
 I prest her hand, and said 'sweet maid,  
 Oh tell me, do you love me?'

With modest air she drooped her head,  
 Her cheek of beauty veiling;  
 Her bosom heav'd — no word she said;  
 I mark'd her strife of feeling;  
 'O speak my doom, dear maid,' I cried,  
 'By yon bright heaven above thee!'  
 She gently raised her eyes, and sighed:  
 'Too well you know I love thee.'

J. J. CALLANAN.

## SOMETHING CHILDISH, BUT VERY NATURAL.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

If I had but two little wings,  
 And were a little feathery bird,  
 To you I'd fly, my dear!  
 But thoughts like these are idle things,  
 And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:  
 I'm always with you in my sleep;  
 The world is all one's own.  
 But then one wakes and where am I?  
 All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:  
 So I love to wake ere break of day:  
 For though my sleep be gone,  
 Yet, while 't is dark, one shuts one's lids  
 And still dreams on!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

## IT IS THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

It is the miller's daughter,  
 And she is grown so dear, so dear,  
 That I would be the jewel  
 That trembles at her ear:  
 For hid in ringlets day and night,  
 I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle  
 About her dainty, dainty waist,  
 And her heart would beat against me,  
 In sorrow and in rest:  
 And I should know if it beat right,  
 I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,  
 And all day long to fall and rise  
 Upon her balmy bosom,  
 With her laughter or her sighs,  
 And I would lie so light, so light,  
 I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### TO A LADY.

I THINK of thee when morning springs  
 From sleep, with plumage bathed in dew,  
 And, like a young bird, lifts her wings  
 Of gladness on the welkin blue.

And when, at noon, the breath of love  
 O'er flower and stream is wandering free,  
 And sent in music from the grove,  
 I think of thee — I think of thee.

I think of thee, when, soft and wide,  
 The evening spreads her robes of light,  
 And, like a young and timid bride,  
 Sits blushing in the arms of night.

And when the moon's sweet crescent springs  
 In light o'er heaven's deep, waveless sea,  
 And stars are forth, like blessed things,  
 I think of thee — I think of thee.

I think of thee; — that eye of flame,  
 Those tresses, falling bright and free,  
 That brow, where "Beauty writes her name,"  
 I think of thee — I think of thee.

\*GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

# OH, NO! NOT EVEN WHEN FIRST WE LOVED.

OH, no! — not ev'n when first we loved,  
 Wert thou as dear as now thou art;  
 Thy beauty then my senses moved,  
 But now thy virtues bind my heart.  
 What was but passion's sigh before,  
 Has since been turn'd to reason's vow;  
 And, though I then might love thee more,  
 Trust me, I love thee better now!

Although my heart, in earlier youth,  
 Might kindle with more wild desire,  
 Believe me, it has gain'd in truth  
 Much more than it has lost in fire.  
 The flame now warms my inmost core,  
 That then but sparkled o'er my brow;  
 And, though I seem'd to love thee more,  
 Yet, oh, I love thee better now!"

THOMAS MOORE.

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN Anderson, my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquent,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonnie brow was brent;  
 But now your brow is bald, John,  
 Your locks are like the snaw;  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither,  
 And monie a cantie day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither.  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go;  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.

## ON PARTING.

THE kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left,  
 Shall never part from mine,  
 Till happier hours restore the gift  
 Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting-glance, which fondly beams,  
 An equal love may see:  
 The tear that from thine eyelid streams  
 Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest  
 In gazing when alone;  
 Nor one memorial for a breast,  
 Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write — to tell the tale  
 My pen were doubly weak:  
 Oh! what can idle words avail,  
 Unless the heart could speak?

By day or night, in weal or woe,  
 That heart, no longer free,  
 Must bear the love it cannot show,  
 And silent ache for thee.

LORD BYRON.

### FARE THEE WELL.

---

FARE thee well! and if for ever,  
 Still for ever, fare thee well:  
 Even though unforgiving, never  
 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.  
 Would that breast were bared before thee,  
 Where thy head so oft hath lain,  
 While that placid sleep came o'er thee  
 Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,  
 Every inmost thought could show!  
 Then thou wouldst at last discover  
 'T was not well to spurn it so.  
 Though the world for this commend thee —  
 Though it smile upon the blow,  
 Even its praises must offend thee,  
 Founded on another's woe —  
 Though my many faults defaced me,  
 Could no other arm be found  
 Than the one which once embraced me,  
 To inflict a cureless wound?  
 Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;  
 Love may sink by slow decay,  
 But by sudden wrench, believe not  
 Hearts can thus be torn away:  
 Still thine own its life retaineth —  
 Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;  
 And the undying thought which paineth  
 Is — that we no more may meet.  
 These are words of deeper sorrow  
 Than the wail above the dead;  
 Both shall live, but every morrow  
 Wake us from a widow'd bed.  
 And when thou wouldst solace gather,  
 When our child's first accents flow,  
 Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"  
 Though his care she must forego?  
 When her little hands shall press thee,  
 When her lip to thine is prest,  
 Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,  
 Think of him thy love had bless'd!  
 Should her lineaments resemble  
 Those thou never more mayst see,  
 Then thy heart will softly tremble  
 With a pulse yet true to me.



All my faults perchance thou knowest,  
 All my madness none can know;  
 All my hopes, where'er thou goest,  
 Wither — yet with thee they go.  
 Every feeling hath been shaken;  
 Pride, which not a world could bow,  
 Bows to thee — by thee forsaken,  
 Even my soul forsakes me now:  
 But 't is done — all words are idle —  
 Words from me are vainer still;  
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
 Force their way without the will. —  
 Fare thee well! — thus disunited,  
 Torn from every nearer tie,  
 Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted —  
 More than this I scarce can die.

LORD BYRON.

### FAREWELL TO NANCY.\*

Aë fond kiss, and then we sever!  
 Aë farewell, alas, for ever!  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
 Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,  
 While the star of hope she leaves him?  
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;  
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,  
 Naething could resist my Nancy:

\* These exquisitely affecting stanzas contain the essence of a thousand love tales. SIR WALTER SCOTT.

But to see her, was to love her;  
 Love but her, and love for ever.  
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
 Never met — or never parted,  
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!  
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!  
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!  
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!  
 Ae farewell, alas! for ever!  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

ROBERT BURNS.

### FAREWELL.

---

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer  
 For others' weal avail'd on high,  
 Mine will not all be lost in air,  
 But waft thy name beyond the sky.  
 'T were vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:  
 Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,  
 When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,  
 Are in that word — Farewell! — Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;  
 But in my breast, and in my brain,  
 Awake the pangs that pass not by,  
 The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.

My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,  
 Though grief and passion there rebel;  
 I only know we loved in vain —  
 I only feel — Farewell! — Farewell!

LORD BYRON.

### BONNIE MARY.

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,  
 And fill it in a silver tassie;  
 That I may drink before I go,  
 A service to my bonnie lassie.  
 The boat rocks at the pier of Leith;  
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry;  
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,  
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
 The glittering spears are ranked ready;  
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
 The battle closes thick and bloody:  
 But it's not the roar o' sea or shore  
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry;  
 Nor shout o' war that's heard afar,  
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

### WE PARTED IN SADNESS.

We parted in sadness, but spoke not of parting;  
 We talk'd not of hopes that we both must resign,  
 I saw not her eyes, and but one tear-drop starting  
 Fell down on her hand as it trembled in mine:

Each felt that the past we could never recover,  
Each felt that the future no hope could restore;  
She shudder'd at wringing the heart of her lover,  
I dared not to say I must meet her no more.

Long years have gone by, and the spring-time smiles ever  
As o'er our young loves it first smiled in their birth.  
Long years have gone by, yet that parting, O! never  
Can it be forgotten by either on earth.  
The note of each wild bird that carols toward heaven,  
Must tell her of swift-winged hopes that were mine,  
And the dew that steals over each blossom at even,  
Tells me of the tear-drop that wept their decline.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

### GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

---

Go where glory waits thee,  
But while fame elates thee,  
Oh! still remember me.  
When the praise thou meetest  
To thine ear is sweetest,  
Oh! then remember me.  
Other arms may press thee,  
Dearer friends caress thee,  
All the joys that bless thee,  
Sweeter far may be;  
But when friends are nearest,  
And when joys are dearest,  
Oh! then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest  
By the star thou lovest,

Oh! then remember me.  
 Think, when home returning,  
 Bright we've seen it burning,  
 Oh! thus remember me.  
 Oft as summer closes,  
 When thine eye reposes  
 On its ling'ring roses,  
 Once so lov'd by thee,  
 Think of her who wove them,  
 Her who made thee love them,  
 Oh! then remember me!

When, around thee dying,  
 Autumn leaves are lying,  
 Oh! then remember me.  
 And, at night, when gazing  
 On the gay hearth blazing,  
 Oh! still remember me.  
 Then should music, stealing  
 All the soul of feeling,  
 To thy heart appealing,  
 Draw one tear from thee;  
 Then let memory bring thee  
 Strains I us'd to sing thee, —  
 Oh! then remember me!

THOMAS MOORE.

### S O N G.

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades  
 New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!  
 Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,  
 To think on her thou leav'st behind.

Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,  
 Must never be my happy lot;  
 But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,  
 Forget me not! Forget me not!

Yet, should the thought of my distress  
 Too painful to thy feelings be,  
 Heed not the wish I now express,  
 Nor ever deign to think on me:  
 But oh! if grief thy steps attend,  
 ' If want, if sickness be thy lot,  
 And thou require a soothing friend,  
 Forget me not! Forget me not!

AMELIA OPIE.

### THE MESSENGER THOUGHT.

I SEND a thought to thee,  
 The deep, unspoken essence of my love;  
 I send it like a home-returning dove,  
 Far over land and sea;  
 Ah! shall it reach thee? shall it find a nest,  
 Beloved! in thy breast?

I send it forth with all  
 The winged and burning power the lightning hath;  
 Through night and storm and tempest is its path;  
 Ah! shall its radiance fall  
 Upon thy soul and wake a thrilling start  
 Of memory in thy heart?

I send it a full glance  
 From the soul's eye, that shall, without a word,  
 Cause all thy spirit inly to be stirred,  
     Then bring a magic trance,  
 A momentary spell of deep delight  
 Upon the heart to-night.

'T is gone! Doth not it reach  
 With its swift flight its destined haven now?  
 Doth it not whisper blessing, trust and vow  
     In its own wordless speech?  
 Doth not its viewless stress thy soul compel  
 Even now on mine to dwell?

I will believe the dream —  
 Will fancy I can rule thy thoughts with mine;  
 That I have power on that high soul of thine,  
     Though vain the vision seem  
 To those who know not how my every thought  
 Is with thine image fraught.

Ah could that thought return!  
 Return and bring some token of its stay!  
 Vain hope! it loves too dearly to delay,  
     Where my full heart doth yearn,  
 Even unto aching, at this hour to be  
 With thee, beloved, with thee!

MARY ANN BROWNE.

### SONG.

I LOVE him; I dream of him;  
     I sing of him by day;  
 And all the night I hear him talk,  
     And yet — he's far away!

There's beauty in the morning;  
 There's sweetness in the May;  
 There's music in the running stream;  
 And yet — he's far away!

I love him; I trust in him;  
 He trusteth me alway:  
 And so the time flies hopefully,  
 Although — he's far away!

BARRY CORNWALL.

### UPON THY TRUTH RELYING.

THEY say we are too young to love,  
 Too wild to be united;  
 In scorn they bid us both renounce  
 The fond vows we have plighted.  
 They send thee forth to see the world,  
 Thy love by absence trying:  
 Then go! for I can smile farewell —  
 Upon thy truth relying.

I know that Pleasure's hand will throw  
 Her silken nets about thee;  
 I know how lonesome I shall find  
 The long, long days without thee.  
 But in thy letters there 'll be joy,  
 The reading — the replying;  
 I'll kiss each word that's traced by thee —  
 Upon thy truth relying.



When friends applaud thee, I'll sit by  
 In silent rapture gazing;  
 And, oh! how proud of being loved  
 By her they have been praising!  
 But should detraction breathe thy name,  
 The world's reproof defying:  
 I'll love thee — laud thee — trust thee still —  
 Upon thy truth relying.

E'en those who smile to see us part  
 Shall see us meet with wonder;  
 Such trials only make the heart  
 That truly loves grow fonder.  
 Our sorrows past shall be our pride,  
 When with each other vying,  
 Thou wilt confide in him, who lives  
 Upon thy truth relying.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

### GO, FORGET ME!

Go, forget me — why should sorrow  
 O'er that brow a shadow fling?  
 Go, forget me — and to-morrow  
 Brightly smile and sweetly sing.  
 Smile — though I shall not be near thee;  
 Sing — though I shall never hear thee.  
 May thy soul with pleasure shine,  
 Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing,  
 Clothes the meanest things in light;  
 And when thou, like him, art going,  
 Loveliest objects fade in night.

All things looked so bright about thee,  
That they nothing seemed without thee;  
By that pure and lucid mind<sup>o</sup>  
Earthly things were too refined.

Go, thou vision, wildly gleaming,  
Softly on my soul that fell;  
Go, for me no longer beaming,  
Hope and beauty fare ye well!  
Go, and all that once delighted  
Take, and leave me all benighted,  
Glory's burning gen'rous swell,  
Fancy, and the poet's shell.

CHARLES WOLFE

I NEVER WISH TO MEET THEE MORE.

I NEVER wish to meet thee more, though I am still thy  
friend;  
I never wish to meet thee more, since dearer ties must end;  
With worldly smiles and worldly words I could not pass  
thee by,  
Nor turn from thee unfeelingly with cold averted eye.

I could not bear to see thee 'midst the thoughtless and  
the gay;  
I could not bear to view thee decked in fashion's bright  
array;  
And less could I endure to meet thee pensive and alone,  
When through the trees the evening breeze breathes forth  
its cheerless moan.

For I have met thee 'midst the gay and thought of none  
but thee;

And I have seen the bright array, when it was worn for me;  
And often near the sunny waves I've wandered by thy side,  
With joy that passed away as fast as sunshine from the  
tide.

But cheerless is the summer! there is nothing happy now;  
The daisy withers on the lawn, the blossom on the bough:  
The boundless sea looks chillingly, like winter's waste  
of snow,  
And it has lost the soothing sound with which it used  
to flow.

I never wish to meet thee more, yet think not I've been  
taught  
By smiling foes, to injure thee by one unworthy thought.  
No — blest with some beloved one, from care and sorrow  
free,  
May thy lot in life be happy, undisturbed by thoughts  
of me!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

### THE FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE ONE.

My brow is dim before its time,  
And my face hath passed from its early prime,  
And my youthful spirit is checked and cold,  
And I feel my outworn heart grown old,  
And a peevish, fretting feverishness  
Keepeth me ever comfortless:  
Thou who once loved me, see!  
'T is all for thee!

Beneath this brow the anxious thought,  
 Like the unseen mole, hath busily wrought,  
 And furrowed the wrinkles gathering there,  
 Traces of early, wasting care;  
 My heart is cased in a shield of pride,  
 But within there burneth a lava tide,  
 And this fretting fever is better far  
 Than the bursting out of that hidden war;  
 Better to let my temper play,  
 Like wind with the leaves on an autumn day,  
 With the petty cares that round it flit,  
 Than to loose the passion that doth sit  
 Throned in my bosom. False one see!  
 'T is all for thee!

And if I meet thee with steady gaze,  
 And a sterner look than in other days,  
 If my speech sound sharp, and short, and strange,  
 Oh canst thou marvel at the change?  
 The change! Ah, where? 't is not in me,  
 Save in those outward forms to thee:  
 The flood of tenderness rebels —  
 It riseth up, it heaves, it swells!  
 I feel that even now (so weak  
 Is woman's anger!) didst thou speak  
 One kindly word, one gentle phrase,  
 In the tones and terms of other days,  
 I should fall on thy neck, and weep  
 Away the floods of sorrow's deep;  
 I should forget the past, or deem  
 It was but a distempered dream,  
 A dream of a dark night, that morn  
 Away to far off shades had borne.  
 It may not be; I still must keep  
 Watch o'er the thoughts that will not sleep,  
 Be cold, be proud, be prudent; smile

With my heart yearning all the while  
For the old times! and then return  
With hands that tremble, cheeks that burn,  
Unto my home, and all my pride  
And cold indifference cast aside.  
Oh! if thou couldst but see me kneeling  
In all the pangs of tortured feeling,  
My clasping hands, my streaming eyes,  
My soul's unspoken agonies —  
Surely that image of despair  
Would haunt thee like an endless care;  
Surely the bitter thought would lurk  
Forever near 'This was my work!'  
These pangs, these woes thou mayst not see,  
Are all for thee!

MARY ANN BROWNE.

### OH NO! WE NEVER MENTION HER.

---

Oh no! we never mention her;  
Her name is never heard;  
My lips are now forbid to speak  
That once familiar word.  
From sport to sport they hurry me,  
To banish my regret;  
And when they win a smile from me,  
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene  
The charms that others see;  
But were I in a foreign land,  
They'd find no change in me.

'T is true that I behold no more  
The valley where we met;  
I do not see the hawthorn tree —  
But how can I forget!

They tell me she is happy now —  
The gayest of the gay;  
They hint that she forgets me now,  
But heed not what they say;  
Like me perhaps she struggles with  
Each feeling of regret;  
But if she loves, as I have loved,  
She never can forget.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

### IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULDST HAVE DIED.

---

IF I had thought thou couldst have died,  
I might not weep for thee;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be!  
It never through my mind had past,  
The time would e'er be o'er, —  
And I on thee should look my last,  
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,  
And think 'twill smile again;  
And still the thought I will not brook,  
That I must look in vain!

But when I speak, thou dost not say  
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;  
 And now I feel, as well I may,  
 Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,  
 All cold and all serene, —  
 I still might press thy silent heart,  
 And where thy smiles have been!  
 While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,  
 Thou seemest still mine own;  
 But there I lay thee in thy grave, —  
 And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
 Thou hast forgotten me;  
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,  
 In thinking too of thee;  
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
 Of light ne'er seen before, —  
 As fancy never could have drawn,  
 And never can restore!

CHARLES WOLFE.

### THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I LOVED him not; and yet, now he is gone,  
 I feel I am alone.  
 I checked him while he spoke; yet, could he speak,  
 Alas! I would not check.  
 For reasons not to love him once I sought,  
 And wearied all my thought

To vex myself and him: I now would give  
     My love, could he but live  
 Who lately lived for me, and, when he found  
     'T was vain, in holy ground  
 He hid his face amid the shades of death!  
     I waste for him my breath  
 Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,  
     And this lone bosom burns  
 With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,  
     And waking me to weep  
 Tears that had melted his soft heart; for years  
     Wept he as bitter tears!  
 "Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer,  
     "These may she never share!"  
 Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold  
     Than daisies in the mould,  
 Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,  
     His name and life's brief date.  
 Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,  
     And oh! pray, too, for me!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

### TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,  
     That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
 Again thou usher'st in the day  
     My Mary from my soul was torn.  
 O Mary! dear departed shade!  
     Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?  
     Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?



That sacred hour can I forget,  
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
 To live one day of parting love?  
 Eternity will not efface  
 Those records dear of transports past;  
 Thy image at our last embrace;  
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green:  
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.  
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
 The birds sang love on every spray,  
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
 And fondly broods with miser care;  
 Time but th' impression deeper makes,  
 As streams their channels deeper wear.  
 My Mary! dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

### HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around  
 The castle o' Montgomery,  
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
 Your waters never drumlie!

There simmer first unfold her robes,  
 And there the langest tarry!  
 For there I took the last fareweel  
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk!  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom!  
 As underneath their fragrant shade,  
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!  
 The golden hours, on angel wings,  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
 For dear to me, as light and life,  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace,  
 Our parting was fu' tender;  
 And pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore oursels asunder:  
 But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,  
 That nipp'd my flower sae early!  
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!  
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!  
 And mould'ring now in silent dust,  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
 But still within my bosom's core,  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

## THE WIDOW'S SONG.

I BURN no incense, hang no wreath  
O'er this thine early tomb:  
Such cannot cheer the place of death,  
But only mock its gloom.  
Here odorous smoke and breathing flower  
No grateful influence shed;  
They lose their perfume and their power,  
When offer'd to the dead.

And if, as is the Afghaun's creed,  
The spirit may return,  
A disembodied sense, to feed  
On fragrance, near its urn —  
It is enough, that she, whom thou  
Didst love in living years,  
Sits desolate beside it now,  
And falls these heavy tears.

\*EDWARD C. PINKNEY.



## EPISCHES.

---

Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!  
When granite moulders and when records fall,  
A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.  
Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate,  
See how the mighty shrink into a song!  
Can volume, pillar, pile preserve thee great?  
Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,  
When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does  
thee wrong?

LORD BYRON.



## BANNOCK-BURN.\*

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

---

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led!  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;  
See the front o' battle lower;  
See approach proud Edward's power —  
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw!  
Free-man stand, or free-man fa'!  
Caledonian on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
By your sons in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall, they shall be free!

\* Robert Bruce, König von Schottland, schlug bei Bannockburn 1314 Eduard II. auf's Haupt. — William Wallace (the Guardian of Scotland) zeichnete sich zu Ende des 13. und Anfang des 14. Jahrhunderts in den Kriegen gegen England aus.

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
 Tyrants fall in every foe!  
 Liberty's in every blow!  
 Forward! let us do, or die!

ROBERT BURNS.

### PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.\*

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,  
 Pibroch of Donuil,  
 Wake thy wild voice anew,  
 Summon Clan Conuil.  
 Come away, come away,  
 Hark to the summons!  
 Come in your war array,  
 Gentles and Commons!

Come from deep glen, and  
 From mountain so rocky;  
 The war-pipe and pennon  
 Are at Inverlochy.  
 Come every hill-plaid, and  
 True heart that wears one;  
 Come every steel blade, and  
 Strong hand that bears one!

Leave untended the herd,  
 The flock without shelter;  
 Leave the corpse uninterred,  
 The bride at the altar.

\* Pibroch, a Highland air of a martial character.

Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
Leave nets and barges;  
Come with your fighting gear,  
Broadsword and targes.

Come as the winds come, when  
Forests are rended:  
Come as the waves come, when  
Navies are stranded.  
Faster come, faster come,  
Faster and faster:  
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,  
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;  
See how they gather!  
Wide waves the eagle plume,  
Blended with heather.  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
Forward each man set;  
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
Knell for the onset!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

---

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;  
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none,  
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.



He stay'd not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,  
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;  
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late:  
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
 'Mong bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:  
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)  
 "O come ye in peace, or come ye in war,  
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied; —  
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —  
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up,  
 He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
 She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,  
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —  
 "Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;  
 And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far  
 To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood  
near;  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!  
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochin-  
var.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;  
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they  
ran:

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see!  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?  
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,  
ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green  
On every blooming tree,  
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white  
Out o'er the grassy lea:  
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,  
And glads the azure skies;  
But nocht can glad the weary wight  
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,  
Aloft on dewy wing;  
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,  
Makes woodland echoes ring;

The mavis mild, wi' many a note,  
 Sings drowsy day to rest:  
 In love and freedom they rejoice,  
 Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
 The primrose down the brae;  
 The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
 And milk-white is the slae:  
 The meanest hind in fair Scotland  
 May rove their sweets amang;  
 But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,  
 Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,  
 Where happy I hae been;  
 Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,  
 As blithe lay down at e'en:  
 And I'm the Sov'reign of Scotland,  
 And monie a traitor there:  
 Yet here I lie in foreign bands,  
 And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,  
 My sister and my fae,  
 Grim Vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword  
 That through thy soul shall gae:  
 The weeping blood in woman's breast  
 Was never known to thee;  
 Nor th' balm that drops on wounds of woe  
 Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars  
 Upon thy fortune shine;  
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign,  
 That ne'er wad blink on mine!

God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,  
 Or turn their hearts to thee;  
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,  
 Remember him for me!

Oh! soon, to me, may summer suns  
 Nae mair light up the morn;  
 Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds  
 Wave o'er the yellow corn;  
 And in the narrow house o' death  
 Let winter round me rave;  
 And the next flow'rs that deck the spring,  
 Bloom on my peaceful grave!

ROBERT BURNS.

## G O D I V A.

---

I WAITED for the train at Coventry;  
 I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,  
 To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped  
 The city's ancient legend into this: —

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,  
 New men, that in the flying of a wheel  
 Cry down the past; not only we, that prate  
 Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well  
 And loathed to see them overtax'd; but she  
 Did more, and underwent, and overcame,  
 The woman of a thousand summers back,  
 Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled  
 In Coventry: for when he laid a tax  
 Upon his town, and all the mothers brought

Their children, clamouring, "If we pay, we starve;"  
 She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode  
 About the hall, among his dogs, alone,  
 His beard a foot before him, and his hair  
 A yard behind. She told him of their tears,  
 And pray'd him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."  
 Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,  
 "You would not let your little finger ache  
 For such as these!" — "But I would die," said she.  
 He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul:  
 Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear;  
 "O ay, ay, ay, you talk!" — "Alas!" she said,  
 "But prove me what it is I would not do."  
 And from a heart, as rough as Esau's hand,  
 He answer'd, "Ride you naked thro' the town,  
 And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,  
 He parted, with great strides among his dogs!

So left alone, the passions of her mind,  
 As winds from all the compass shift and blow,  
 Made war upon each other for an hour,  
 Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,  
 And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all  
 The hard condition; but that she would loose  
 The people: therefore, as they loved her well,  
 From then till noon no foot should pace the street,  
 No eye look down, she passing; but that all  
 Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there  
 Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,  
 The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath  
 She linger'd, looking like a summer moon  
 Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,  
 And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;  
 Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair  
 Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid  
 From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd

The gateway; there she found her palfrey trap  
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:  
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,  
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.  
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout  
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur  
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot  
Light horrors thro' her pulses: the blind walls  
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead  
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she  
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw  
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field  
Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:  
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,  
The fatal byword of all years to come,\*  
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,  
Peep'd — but his eyes, before they had their will,  
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,  
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait  
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused;  
And she, that knew not, pass'd: and all at once,  
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon  
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,  
One after one: but even then she gain'd  
Her bower; whence re-issuing, robed and crown'd,  
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,  
And built herself an everlasting name.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

\* Wird noch jetzt sprichwörtlich 'peeping Tom of Coventry' genannt.

## THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW.

## A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

‘AND where have you been, my Mary,  
And where have you been from me?’  
‘I’ve been to the top of the Caldon-Low,  
The Midsummer night to see!’

‘And what did you see, my Mary,  
All up on the Caldon-Low?’  
‘I saw the blithe sunshine come down,  
And I saw the merry winds blow.’

‘And what did you hear, my Mary,  
All up on the Caldon-Hill?’  
‘I heard the drops of the water made,  
And the green corn ears to fill.’

‘Oh, tell me all, my Mary —  
All, all that ever you know;  
For you must have seen the fairies,  
Last night on the Caldon-Low.’

‘Then take me on your knee, mother,  
And listen, mother of mine:  
A hundred fairies danced last night,  
And the harpers they were nine.

And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,  
And their dancing feet so small;  
But, oh, the sound of their talking  
Was merrier far than all!’

And what were the words, my Mary,  
That you did hear them say?  
'I'll tell you all, my mother —  
But let me have my way!

And some they played with the water,  
And rolled it down the hill;  
"And this," they said, "shall speedily turn  
The poor old miller's mill;

For there has been no water  
Ever since the first of May;  
And a busy man shall the miller be  
By the dawning of the day!

Oh, the miller, how he will laugh,  
When he sees the mill-dam rise!  
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,  
Till the tears fill both his eyes!"

And some they seized the little winds,  
That sounded over the hill,  
And each put a horn into his mouth,  
And blew so sharp and shrill: —

"And there," said they, "the merry winds go,  
Away from every horn;  
And those shall clear the mildew dank  
From the blind old widow's corn:

Oh, the poor, blind old widow —  
Though she has been blind so long,  
She'll be merry enough when the mildew's gone,  
And the corn stands stiff and strong!"



And some they brought the brown lintseed,  
 And flung it down from the Low —  
 "And this," said they, "by the sunrise,  
 In the weaver's croft shall grow!

Oh, the poor, lane weaver,  
 How will he laugh outright,  
 When he sees his dwindling flax-field  
 All full of flowers by night!"

And then upspoke a brownie,  
 With a long beard on his chin —  
 "I have spun up all the tow," said he,  
 "And I want some more to spin.

I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,  
 And I want to spin another —  
 A little sheet for Mary's bed,  
 And an apron for her mother!"

And with that I could not help but laugh,  
 And I laughed out loud and free;  
 And then on the top of the Caldun-Low  
 There was no one left but me.

And all, on the top of the Caldun-Low,  
 The mists were cold and gray,  
 And nothing I saw but the mossy stones  
 That round about me lay.

But, as I came down from the hill-top,  
 I heard, afar below,  
 How busy the jolly miller was,  
 And how merry the wheel did go!

And I peeped into the widow's field;  
 And, sure enough, was seen  
 The yellow ears of the mildewed corn  
 All standing stiff and green.

And down by the weaver's croft I stole,  
 To see if the flax were high;  
 But I saw the weaver at his gate  
 With the good news in his eye!

Now, this is all I heard, mother,  
 And all that I did see;  
 Go, prithee, make my bed, mother  
 For I'm tired as I can be!

MARY HOWITT.

### BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

---

OF Nelson and the North,  
 Sing the glorious day's renown,  
 When to battle fierce came forth  
 All the might of Denmark's crown,  
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone;  
 By each gun the lighted brand,  
 In a bold determin'd hand,  
 And the Prince of all the land  
 Led them on. —

Like leviathans afloat,  
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine;  
 While the sign of battle flew  
 On the lofty British line:

It was ten of April morn by the chime  
 As they drifted on their path,  
 There was silence deep as death;  
 And the boldest held his breath,  
 For a time. —

But the might of England flush'd  
 To anticipate the scene;  
 And her van the fleetest rush'd  
 O'er the deadly space between.  
 'Hearts of oak,' our captains cried, when each gun,  
 From its adamant lips,  
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
 Like the hurricane eclipse  
 Of the sun.

Again! again! again!  
 And the havoc did not slack,  
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
 To our cheering sent us back; —  
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom: —  
 Then ceased — and all is wail,  
 As they strike the shatter'd sail;  
 Or, in conflagration pale,  
 Light the gloom. —

Out spoke the victor then,  
 As he hail'd them o'er the wave;  
 'Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
 And we conquer but to save: —  
 So peace instead of death let us bring:  
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
 With the crews, at England's feet,  
 And make submission meet  
 To our king!' —

Then Denmark blest our chief,  
 That he gave her wounds repose;  
 And the sounds of joy and grief,  
 From her people wildly rose,  
 As death withdrew his shades from the day.  
 While the sun look'd smiling bright  
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,  
 Where the fires of fun'ral light  
 Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise!  
 For the tidings of thy might,  
 By the festal cities' blaze,  
 While the wine cup shines in light;  
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
 Let us think of them that sleep,  
 Full many a fathom deep,  
 By thy wild and storming steep,  
 Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
 Once so faithful and so true,  
 On the deck of fame that died; —  
 With the gallant, good Riou:  
 Soft sigh the winds of heav'n o'er their grave!  
 While the billow mournful rolls,  
 And the mermaid's song condoes,  
 Singing glory to the souls  
 Of the brave! —

THOMAS CAMPBELL.



## JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

SINCE our country, our God — Oh my sire!  
Demand that thy daughter expire;  
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow —  
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,  
And the mountains behold me no more:  
If the hand that I love lay me low,  
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, oh my father! be sure —  
That the blood of thy child is as pure  
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,  
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,  
Be the judge and the hero unbent!  
I have won the great battle for thee,  
And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,  
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,  
Let my memory still be thy pride,  
And forget not I smiled as I died!

LORD BYRON.

## HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
 Out from the land of bondage came,  
 Her father's God before her moved,  
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.  
 By day, along the astonished lands  
 The cloudy pillar glided slow :  
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
 Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
 And trump and timbrel answered keen ;  
 And Zion's daughters poured their lays,  
 With priest's and warrior's voice between.  
 No portents now our foes amaze,  
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone,  
 Our fathers would not know Thy ways,  
 And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen !  
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,  
 To temper the deceitful ray.  
 And oh ! when stoops on Judah's path  
 In shade and storm the frequent night,  
 Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
 A burning and a shining light.

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,  
 The Tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;  
 No censer round our altar beams,  
 And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.

But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,  
 The flesh of rams, I will not prize;  
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,  
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### THE BABYLONIAN CAPTIVITY.\*

ALONG the banks where Babel's current flows,  
 Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd;  
 Where Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose, —  
 Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

The tuneful harp that once with joy we strung,  
 When praise employ'd and mirth inspired the lay,  
 In mournful silence on the willows hung,  
 And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.

Our proud oppressors, to increase our wo,  
 With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;  
 Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,  
 While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

But how, in heathen chains, and lands unknown,  
 Shall Israel's sons the sacred anthems raise?  
 O hapless Salem! God's terrestrial throne,  
 Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise!

If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,  
 If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,  
 Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame!  
 My hands shall perish and my voice shall cease!

\* This celebrated paraphrase of the hundred and thirty-seventh psalm added much to the author's reputation.

Yet shall the Lord who hears when Zion calls,  
 O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay;  
 His arm avenge her desolated walls,  
 And raise her children to eternal day.  
\*JOEL BARLOW.

### VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.\*

THE king was on his throne,  
 The satraps throng'd the hall;  
 A thousand bright lamps shone  
 O'er that high festival.  
 A thousand cups of gold,  
 In Judah deem'd divine —  
 Jehovah's vessels hold  
 The godless Heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall,  
 The fingers of a hand  
 Came forth against the wall,  
 And wrote as if on sand:  
 The fingers of a man; —  
 A solitary hand  
 Along the letters ran,  
 And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,  
 And bade no more rejoice;  
 All bloodless wax'd his look  
 And tremulous his voice.

\* Vergl. 'Belshazzar' von Barry Cornwall (English Songs and Other Small Poems, London. 1846 Moxon. S. 112) und 'Belsazzar' von Heinrich Heine.



“Let the men of lore appear,  
 The wisest of the earth,  
 And expound the words of fear,  
 Which mar our royal mirth.”

Chaldea's seers are good,  
 But here they have no skill:  
 And the unknown letters stood  
 Untold and awful still.  
 And Babel's men of age  
 Are wise and deep in lore;  
 But now they were not sage,  
 They saw — but knew no more.

A captive in the land,  
 A stranger and a youth,  
 He heard the king's command,  
 He saw that writing's truth.  
 The lamps around were bright,  
 The prophecy in view;  
 He read it on that night, —  
 The morrow proved it true.

“Belshazzar's grave is made,  
 His kingdom pass'd away,  
 He in the balance weigh'd,  
 Is light and worthless clay.  
 The shroud, his robe of state,  
 His canopy, the stone;  
 The Mede is at his gate!  
 The Persian on his throne!”

LORD BYRON.

R U T H.  

---

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,  
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,  
Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,  
Deeply ripened; — such a blush  
In the midst of brown was born,  
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,  
Which were blackest none could tell,  
But long lashes veil'd a light,  
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,  
Made her tressy forehead dim; —  
Thus she stood amid the stooks,  
Praising God with sweetest looks: —

Sure, I said, heav'n did not mean,  
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,  
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,  
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

---

MAHMOUD.

---

THERE came a man, making his hasty moan  
 Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,  
 And crying out — “My sorrow is my right,  
 And I will see the Sultan, and to-night.”  
 “Sorrow,” said Mahmoud, “is a reverend thing:  
 I recognise its right, as king with king;  
 Speak on.” “A fiend has got into my house,”  
 Exclaim’d the staring man, “and tortures us:  
 One of thine officers; — he comes, the abhorr’d,  
 And takes possession of my house, my board,  
 My bed: I have two daughters and a wife,  
 And the wild villain comes, and makes me mad with life.”  
 “Is he there now?” said Mahmoud. “No; he left  
 The house when I did, of my wits bereft;  
 And laugh’d me down the street, because I vow’d  
 I’d bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud.  
 I’m mad with want — I’m mad with misery,  
 And O thou Sultan Mahmoud, God eries out for thee!”  
 Thē Sultan comforted the man, and said,  
 “Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread,”  
 (For he was poor,) “and other comforts. Go;  
 And, should the wretch return, let Sultan Mahmoud know.”  
 In three days’ time, with haggard eyes and beard,  
 And shaken voice, the suitor re-appear’d,  
 And said, “He’s come.” — Mahmoud said not a word,  
 But rose and took four slaves, each with a sword,  
 And went with the vex’d man. They reach the place,  
 And hear a voice, and see a woman’s face,  
 That to the window flutter’d in affright:  
 “Go in,” said Mahmoud, “and put out the light;

But tell the females first to leave the room ;  
And when the drunkard follows them, we come."

The man went in. There was a cry, and hark!  
A table falls, the window is struck dark :  
Forth rush the breathless women; and behind  
With curses comes the fiend in desperate mind.  
In vain; the sabres soon cut short the strife,  
And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody life.

"Now light the light," the Sultan cried aloud.  
'T was done; he took it in his hand, and bow'd  
Over the corpse, and look'd upon the face;  
Then turn'd, and knelt, and to the throne of grace  
Put up a prayer, and from his lips there crept  
Some gentle words of pleasure, and he wept.

In reverent silence the beholders wait,  
Then bring him at his call both wine and meat;  
And when he had refresh'd his noble heart,  
He bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart.

The man amazed, all mildness now, and tears,  
Fell at the Sultan's feet with many prayers,  
And begg'd him to vouchsafe to tell his slave  
The reason first of that command he gave  
About the light; then, when he saw the face,  
Why he knelt down; and, lastly, how it was  
That fare so poor as his detain'd him in the place.

The Sultan said, with a benignant eye,  
"Since first I saw thee come, and heard thy cry,  
I could not rid me of a dread, that one  
By whom such daring villanies were done  
Must be some lord of mine, ay, e'en perhaps a son.  
Whoe'er he was, I knew my task, but fear'd  
A father's heart, in case the worst appear'd:  
For this I had the light put out; but when  
I saw the face, and found a stranger slain,  
I knelt and thank'd the sovereign Arbitrer,  
Whose work I had perform'd through pain and fear;

And then I rose and was refresh'd with food,  
The first time since thy voice had marr'd my solitude."

LEIGH HUNT.

### ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABOU Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel, writing in a book of gold;  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold:  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
"What writest thou?" The vision rais'd its head,  
And with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."  
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"  
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night  
It came again, with a great wakening light,  
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,  
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.



### THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

UPON the hill he turn'd  
To take a last fond look

Of the valley and the village church  
And the cottage by the brook;  
He listen'd to the sounds,  
So familiar to his ear,  
And the soldier leant upon his sword,  
And wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch  
A girl was on her knees,  
She held aloft a snowy scarf,  
Which flutter'd in the breeze;  
She breath'd a prayer for him,  
A prayer he could not hear,  
But he paused to bless her, as she knelt,  
And wiped away a tear.

He turn'd and left the spot,  
Oh, do not deem him weak;  
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,  
Though tears were on his cheek;  
Go watch the foremost rank  
In danger's dark career,  
Be sure the hand most daring there  
Has wiped away a tear.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

### SWORD CHANT OF THORSTEIN RAUDI.

---

'Tis not the gray hawk's flight o'er mountain and mere;  
'Tis not the fleet hound's course, tracking the deer  
'Tis not the light hoof-print of black steed or gray,  
Though sweltering it gallop a long summer's day,

Which mete forth the lordships I challenge as mine:  
     Ha! ha! 'tis the good brand  
     I clutch in my strong hand,  
 That can their broad marches and numbers define.  
     Land Giver! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses, base tillers of earth,  
 Gaping, ask me what lordships I owned at my birth;  
 But the pale fools wax mute when I point with my sword  
 East, west, north, and south, shouting, 'There am I lord!'   
 Wold and waste, town and tower, hill, valley, and stream,  
     Trembling, bow to my sway,  
     In the fierce battle fray,  
 When the star that rules fate is this falchion's red gleam.  
     Might Giver! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harps sounding in brave bower and hall;  
 I've drank the sweet music that bright lips let fall;  
 I've hunted in greenwood, and heard small birds sing;  
 But away with this idle and cold jargonning!  
 The music I love is the shout of the brave,  
     The yell of the dying,  
     The scream of the flying,  
 When this arm wields death's sickle, and garners the grave.  
     Joy Giver! I kiss thee.

Far isles of the ocean thy lightning hath known,  
 And wide o'er the mainland thy horrors have shone.  
 Great sword of my father, stern joy of his hand!  
 Thou hast carved his name deep on the stranger's red  
     strand,  
 And won him the glory of undying song.  
     Keen cleaver of gay crests,  
     Sharp piercer of broad breasts,  
 Grim slayer of heroes, and scourge of the strong!  
     Fame Giver! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding than that the heart knows  
 For maiden more lovely than summer's first rose,  
 My heart's knit to thine, and lives but for thee;  
 In dreamings of gladness thou'rt dancing with me,  
 Brave measures of madness, in some battle field,  
     Where armour is ringing,  
     And noble blood springing,  
 And cloven, yawn helmet, stout hauberk, and shield.  
     Death Giver! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye soon may depart;  
 And light is the faith of fair woman's heart;  
 Changeful as light clouds, and wayward as wind,  
 Be the passions that govern weak woman's mind.  
 But thy metal's as true as its polish is bright:  
     When ills wax in number,  
     Thy love will not slumber;  
 But, starlike, burns fiercer the darker the night.  
     Heart Gladdener! I kiss thee.

My kindred have perished by war or by wave;  
 Now, childless and sireless, I long for the grave.  
 Where the path of our glory is shadowed in death,  
 With me thou wilt slumber below the brown heath;  
 Thou wilt rest on my bosom, and with it decay;  
     While harps shall be ringing,  
     And Sealds shall be singing  
 The deeds we have done in our old fearless day.  
     Song Giver! I kiss thee.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.



## THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.\*

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!  
 Who, with thy hollow breast  
 Still in rude armour drest,  
     Comest to daunt me!  
 Wrapt non in Eastern balms,  
 But with thy fleshless palms  
 Stretched, as if asking alms,  
     Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes  
 Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
 As when the Northern skies  
     Gleam in December;  
 And, like the water's flow  
 Under December's snow,  
 Came a dull voice of wo  
     From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!  
 My deeds, though manifold,  
 No Skald in song has told,  
     No Saga taught thee!  
 Take heed, that in thy verse  
 Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
 Else dread a dead man's curse!  
     For this I sought thee.

\* The following ballad was suggested to me while riding on the seashore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armour; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Wind Mill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors.

“Far in the Northern Land,  
By the wild Baltic’s strand,  
I, with my childish hand,  
    Tamed the ger-falcon;  
And, with my skates fast-bound,  
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,  
That the poor whimpering hound  
    Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair  
Tracked I the grisly bear,  
While from my path the hare  
    Fled like a shadow;  
Oft through the forest dark  
Followed the were-wolf’s bark,  
Until the soaring lark  
    Sang from the meadow.

“But when I older grew,  
Joining a corsair’s crew,  
O’er the dark sea I flew  
    With the marauders.  
Wild was the life we led;  
Many the souls that sped,  
Many the hearts that bled,  
    By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail-bout  
Wore the long Winter out;  
Often our midnight shout  
    Set the cocks crowing,  
As we the Berserk’s tale  
Measured in cups of ale,  
Draining the oaken pail,  
    Filled to o’erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee  
 Falls of the stormy sea,  
 Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
     Burning yet tender;  
 And as the white stars shine  
 On the dark Norway pine,  
 On that dark heart of mine  
     Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
 Yielding, yet half afraid,  
 And in the forest's shade  
     Our vows were plighted.  
 Under its loosened vest  
 Fluttered her little breast,  
 Like birds within their nest  
     By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall  
 Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
 Loud sang the minstrels all,  
     Chaunting his glory;  
 When of old Hildebrand  
 I asked his daughter's hand,  
 Mute did the minstrels stand  
     To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,  
 Loud then the champion laughed,  
 And as the wind-gusts waft  
     The sea-foam brightly,  
 So the loud laugh of scorn,  
 Out of those lips unshorn,  
 From the deep drinking-horn  
     Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,  
 I but a Viking wild,  
 And though she blushed and smiled,  
     I was discarded!  
 Should not the dove so white  
 Follow the sea-mew's flight,  
 Why did they leave that night  
     Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,  
 Bearing the maid with me, —  
 Fairest of all was she  
     Among the Norsemen! —  
 When on the white sea-strand,  
 Waving his armed hand,  
 Saw we old Hildebrand,  
     With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,  
 Bent like a reed each mast,  
 Yet we were gaining fast,  
     When the wind failed us;  
 And with a sudden flaw  
 Came round the gusty Skaw,  
 So that our foe we saw  
     Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale  
 Round veered the flapping sail,  
 Death! was the helmsman's hail,  
     Death without quarter!  
 Mid-ships with iron keel  
 Struck we her ribs of steel;  
 Down her black hulk did reel  
     Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,  
Sails the fierce cormorant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt,  
    With his prey laden,  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane,  
    Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,  
And when the storm was o'er,  
Cloud-like we saw the shore  
    Stretching to lee-ward;  
There for my lady's bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
    Stands looking sea-ward.

"There lived we many years;  
Time dried the maiden's tears;  
She had forgot her fears,  
    She was a mother;  
Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
Under that tower she lies;  
Ne'er shall the sun arise  
    On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,  
Still as a stagnant fen!  
Hateful to me were men,  
    The sun-light hateful!  
In the vast forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
    O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,  
 Bursting these prison bars,  
 Up to its native stars  
     My soul ascended!  
 There from the flowing bowl  
 Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
 Skoal!\* to the Northland! skoal!"  
 — Thus the tale ended.

\*HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

### THE BATTLE OF IVRY.\*\*

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts,  
     From whom all glories are!  
 And glory to our sovereign liege,  
     King Henry of Navarre!  
 Now let there be the merry sound  
     Of music and of dance,  
 Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines,  
     Oh pleasant land of France!  
 And thou Rochelle, our own Rochelle,  
     Proud city of the waters,  
 Again let rapture light the eyes  
     Of all thy mourning daughters.  
 As thou wert constant in our ills,  
     Be joyous in our joy,  
 For cold, and stiff, and still are they  
     Who wrought thy walls annoy.  
 Hurrah! hurrah! a single field  
     Hath turn'd the chance of war,  
 Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry  
     And king Henry of Navarre!

\* Ein nordischer Trinkspruch.

\*\* Heinrich IV. besiegte 1590 bei Ivry die Ligue unter dem Herzog von Mayenne.

Oh! how our hearts were beating,  
 When, at the dawn of day,  
 We saw the army of the League  
 Drawn out in long array;  
 With all its priest-led citizens,  
 And all its rebel peers,  
 And Appenzel's stout infantry,  
 And Egmont's Flemish spears.  
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine,  
 The curses of our land!  
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst,  
 A truncheon in his hand;  
 And as we look'd on them, we thought  
 Of Seine's empurpled flood,  
 And good Coligni's hoary hair  
 All dabbled with his blood;  
 And we cried unto the living God,  
 Who rules the fate of war,  
 To fight for his own holy name,  
 And Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us,  
 In all his armour drest,  
 And he has bound a snow-white plume  
 Upon his gallant crest.  
 He look'd upon his people,  
 And a tear was in his eye;  
 He look'd upon the traitors,  
 And his glance was stern and high.  
 Right graciously he smiled on us,  
 As roll'd from wing to wing,  
 Down all our line, in deafening shout,  
 "God save our lord, the king."  
 "And if my standard-bearer fall,  
 As fall full well he may —  
 For never saw I promise yet

Of such a bloody fray —  
 Press where ye see my white plume shine,  
 Amidst the ranks of war,  
 And be your oriflamme, to-day,  
 The helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving!  
 Hark to the mingled din  
 Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum,  
 And roaring culverin!  
 The fiery Duke is pricking fast  
 Across Saint André's plain,  
 With all the hireling chivalry  
 Of Guelders and Almayne.  
 Now by the lips of those ye love,  
 Fair gentlemen of France,  
 Charge for the golden lilies now, —  
 Upon them with the lance!  
 A thousand spurs are striking deep,  
 A thousand spears in rest,  
 A thousand knights are pressing close  
 Behind the snow-white crest;  
 And in they burst, and on they rush'd,  
 While, like a guiding star,  
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed  
 The helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours!  
 Mayenne hath turn'd his rein.  
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter, —  
 The Flemish Count is slain.  
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds  
 Before a Biscay gale;  
 The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds,  
 And flags, and cloven mail;



And then we thought on vengeance,  
 And all along our van,  
 "Remember St. Bartholomew,"  
 Was pass'd from man to man;  
 But out spake gentle Henry,  
 "No Frenchman is my foe;  
 Down, down with every foreigner;  
 But let your brethren go."  
 Oh! was there ever such a knight,  
 In friendship or in war,  
 As our sovereign lord, King Henry,  
 The soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna!  
 Ho! matrons of Lucerne!  
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those  
 Who never shall return.  
 Ho! Philip, send, for charity,  
 Thy Mexican pistoles,  
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass  
 For thy poor spearmen's souls!  
 Ho! gallant nobles of the League  
 Look that your arms be bright!  
 Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve,  
 Keep watch and ward to-night!  
 For our God hath crush'd the tyrant,  
 Our God hath raised the slave,  
 And mock'd the counsel of the wise,  
 And the valour of the brave.  
 Then glory to his holy name,  
 From whom all glories are;  
 And glory to our sovereign lord,  
 King Henry of Navarre!

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

## HOHENLINDEN.\*

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
 When the drum beat, at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light,  
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
 And furious every charger neighed,  
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven  
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,  
 And louder than the bolts of heaven,  
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,  
 On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
 Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,  
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

\* Bei Hohenlinden (3. Dezember 1800) schlug Moreau die Österreicher unter Erzherzog Johann.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!  
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!  
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet;  
 And every turf beneath their feet  
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.\*

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
 As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;  
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
 The sods with our bayonets turning,  
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
 Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;  
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,  
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

\* Blieb im Treffen bei Corunna, 1809, gegen die Franzosen.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
 And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him —  
 But little he'll reckon, if they let him sleep on  
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring;  
 And we heard the distant and random gun  
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;  
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —  
 But we left him alone with his glory!

CHARLES WOLFE.

### MARCO BOZZARIS.\*

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,  
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour  
 When Greece, her knee in supplicance bent,  
 Should tremble at his power:  
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore  
 The trophies of a conqueror;

\* He fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Plataea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were: 'To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain.'

In dreams his song of triumph heard;  
 Then wore his monarch's signet-ring:  
 Then press'd that monarch's throne — a king;  
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
 As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,  
 True as the steel of their tried blades,  
 Heroes in heart and hand.  
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,  
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood  
 On old Platæa's day;  
 And now there breathed that haunted air  
 The sons of sires who conquer'd there,  
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,  
 As quick, as far as they.

An hour pass'd on — the Turk awoke;  
 That bright dream was his last;  
 He awoke — to hear his sentries shriek,  
 "To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"  
 He woke — to die midst flame, and smoke,  
 And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,  
 And death-shots falling thick and fast  
 As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;  
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
 Bozzaris cheer his band:  
 "Strike — till the last arm'd foe expires;  
 Strike — for your altars and your fires;  
 Strike — for the green graves of your sires;  
 God — and your native land!"

They fought — like brave men, long and well;  
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain;

They conquer'd — but Bozzaris fell,  
 Bleeding at every vein.  
 His few surviving comrades saw  
 His smile when rang their proud hurrah,  
 And the red field was won :  
 Then saw in death his eyelids close  
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to thê bridal chamber, Death !  
 Come to the mother's, when she feels,  
 For the first time, her firstborn's breath ;  
 Come when the blessed seals  
 That close the pestilence are broke,  
 And crowded cities wail its stroke ;  
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm,  
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine ;  
 And thou art terrible — the tear,  
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier ;  
 And all we know, or dream, or fear  
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
 Has won the battle for the free,  
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;  
 And in its hollow tones are heard  
 The thanks of millions yet to be.  
 Come, when his task of fame is wrought —  
 Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought —  
 Come in her crowning hour — and then  
 Thy sunken eye's unearthly light  
 To him is welcome as the sight  
 Of sky and stars to prison'd men :

Thy grasp is welcome as the hand  
 Of brother in a foreign land;  
 Thy summons welcome as the cry  
 That told the Indian isles were nigh  
     To the world-seeking Genoese,  
 When the land-wind, from woods of palm,  
 And orange-groves, and fields of balm,  
     Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave  
     Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
 Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,  
     Even in her own proud clime.  
 She wore no funeral weeds for thee,  
     Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,  
 Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,  
 In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,  
     The heartless luxury of the tomb:  
 But she remembers thee as one  
 Long loved, and for a season gone;  
 For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,  
 Her marble wrought, her music breathed;  
 For thee she rings the birthday bells;  
 Of thee her babes' first lisping tells:  
 For thine her evening prayer is said  
 At palace couch, and cottage bed;  
 Her soldier, closing with the foe,  
 Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;  
 His plighted maiden, when she fears  
 For him, the joy of her young years,  
 Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears:  
     And she, the mother of thy boys,  
 Though in her eye and faded cheek  
 Is read the grief she will not speak,  
     The memory of her buried joys,

And even she who gave thee birth,  
 Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,  
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh:  
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,  
 One of the few, the immortal names,  
 That were not born to die.

\*FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.



### EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,  
 As through an Alpine village pass'd  
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
 A banner with the strange device,  
 Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,  
 Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath,  
 And like a silver clarion rung  
 The accents of that unknown tongue,  
 Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light  
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
 And from his lips escaped a groan,  
 Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;  
 "Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"  
 And loud that clarion voice replied,  
 Excelsior!



"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answer'd, with a sigh,  
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's wither'd branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!"  
This was the peasant's last good-night;  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior!

\*HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

# MARIANA.

"Mariana in the moated grange." — Measure for Measure.

WITH blackest moss the flower-plots  
 Were thickly crusted, one and all,  
 The rusted nails fell from the knots  
 That held the peach to the garden-wall.  
 The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:  
 Unlifted was the clinking latch;  
 Weeded and worn the ancient thatch  
 Upon the lonely moated grange.  
 She only said "My life is dreary,  
 He cometh not," she said;  
 She said "I am aweary, aweary;  
 I would that I were dead!"

Her tears fell with the dews at even;  
 Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;  
 She could not look on the sweet heaven,  
 Either at morn or eventide.  
 After the flitting of the bats,  
 When thickest dark did trance the sky,  
 She drew her casement-curtain by,  
 And glanced athwart the glooming flats.  
 She only said "The night is dreary,  
 He cometh not," she said;  
 She said "I am aweary, aweary,  
 I would that I were dead!"

Upon the middle of the night,  
 Waking she heard the night-fowl crow:  
 The cock sung out an hour ere light:  
 From the dark fen the oxen's low

Came to her: without hope of change,  
 In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,  
 Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn  
 About the lonely moated grange.

She only said, "The day is dreary,  
 He cometh not," she said;  
 She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
 I would that I were dead!"

About a stone-cast from the wall  
 A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,  
 And o'er it many, round and small,  
 The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.  
 Hard by a poplar shook alway,  
 All silver-green with gnarled bark:  
 For leagues no other tree did mark  
 The level waste, the rounding gray.

She only said, "My life is dreary,  
 He cometh not," she said;  
 She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
 I would that I were dead!"

And ever when the moon was low,  
 And the shrill winds were up and away,  
 In the white curtain, to and fro,  
 She saw the gusty shadow sway.  
 But when the moon was very low,  
 And wild winds bound within their cell,  
 The shadow of the poplar fell  
 Upon her bed, across her brow.

She only said, "The night is dreary,  
 He cometh not," she said;  
 She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
 I would that I were dead!"

All day within the dreamy house,  
 The doors upon their hinges creak'd,  
 The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse  
 Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,  
 Or from the crevice peer'd about.  
 Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,  
 Old footsteps trod the upper floors,  
 Old voices call'd her from without.  
 She only said, "My life is dreary,  
 He cometh not," she said;  
 She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
 I would that I were dead!"

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,  
 The slow clock ticking, and the sound  
 Which to the wooing wind aloof  
 The poplar made, did all confound  
 Her sense; but most she loath'd the hour  
 When the thick-moted sunbeam lay  
 Athwart the chambers, and the day  
 Was sloping toward his western bower.  
 Then, said she, "I am very dreary,  
 He will not come," she said;  
 She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,  
 Oh God, that I were dead!"

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## D O R A.

WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode  
 William and Dora. William was his son,  
 And she his niece. He often look'd at them,

And often thought "I'll make them man and wife.  
 Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,  
 And yearn'd towards William; but the youth, because  
 He had been always with her in the house,  
 Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day  
 When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son,  
 I married late; but I would wish to see  
 My grandchild on my knees before I die:  
 And I have set my heart upon a match.  
 Now therefore look to Dora; she is well  
 To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.  
 She is my brother's daughter: he and I  
 Had once hard words, and parted, and he died  
 In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred  
 His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;  
 For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,  
 For many years." But William answer'd short,  
 "I cannot marry Dora; by my life,  
 I will not marry Dora." Then the old man  
 Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said,  
 "You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!  
 But in my time a father's word was law,  
 And so it shall be now for me. Look to 't.  
 Consider, William: take a month to think,  
 And let me have an answer to my wish;  
 Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,  
 And never more darken my doors again."  
 But William answer'd madly; bit his lips,  
 And broke away. The more he look'd at her  
 The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;  
 But Dora bore them meekly. Then before  
 The month was out he left his father's house,  
 And hired himself to work within the fields;  
 And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed  
 A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd  
 His niece and said, "My girl, I love you well;  
 But if you speak with him that was my son,  
 Or change a word with her he calls his wife,  
 My home is none of yours. My will is law."  
 And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,  
 "It cannot be; my uncle's mind will change!"

And days went on, and there was born a boy  
 To William; then distresses came on him;  
 And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,  
 Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.  
 But Dora stored what little she could save,  
 And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know  
 Who sent it; till at last a fever seized  
 On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat,  
 And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought  
 Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:  
 "I have obey'd my uncle until now,  
 And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me  
 This evil came on William at the first.  
 But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,  
 And for your sake, the woman that he chose,  
 And for this orphan, I am come to you:  
 You know there has not been for these five years  
 So full a harvest: let me take the boy,  
 And I will set him in my uncle's eye  
 Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad  
 Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,  
 And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her way  
 Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound  
 That was unsown, where many poppies grew.  
 Far off the farmer came into the field  
 And spied her not; for none of all his men  
 Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;

And Dora would have risen and gone to him,  
But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,  
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came she rose and took  
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;  
And made a little wreath of all the flowers  
That grew about, and tied it round his hat  
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.  
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field  
He spied her, and he left his men at work,  
And came and said, "Where were you yesterday?  
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"  
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,  
And answer'd softly, "This is William's child!"  
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not  
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again,  
"Do with me as you will, but take the child  
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"  
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick  
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.  
I must be taught my duty, and by you!  
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared  
To slight it. Well — for I will take the boy;  
But go you hence, and never see me more."

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud  
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell  
At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,  
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,  
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,  
Remembering the day when first she came,  
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down  
And wept in secret: and the reapers reap'd,  
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood  
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy  
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise

To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.  
 And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;  
 But, Mary, let me live and work with you:  
 He says that he will never see me more."  
 Then answer'd Mary, "This shall never be,  
 That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself:  
 And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,  
 For he will teach him hardness, and to slight  
 His mother; therefore thou and I will go,  
 And I will have my boy, and bring him home;  
 And I will beg of him to take thee back;  
 But if he will not take thee back again,  
 Then thou and I will live within one house,  
 And work for William's child, until he grows  
 Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd  
 Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.  
 The door was off the latch; they peep'd, and saw  
 The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,  
 Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,  
 And clapp'd him on the hands and on the cheeks,  
 Like one that loved him; and the lad stretch'd out  
 And babbled for the golden seal, that hung  
 From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.  
 Then they came in: but when the boy beheld  
 His mother, he cried out to come to her,  
 And Allan set him down; and Mary said:

"O Father! — if you let me call you so —  
 I never came a-begging for myself,  
 Or William, or this child; but now I come  
 For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.  
 O Sir, when William died, he died at peace  
 With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said,  
 He could not ever rue his marrying me;  
 I had been a patient wife: but, Sir, he said  
 That he was wrong to cross his father thus:



'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know  
The troubles I have gone thro'!' Then he turn'd  
His face and pass'd — unhappy that I am!  
But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you  
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight  
His father's memory; and take Dora back,  
And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face  
By Mary. There was silence in the room;  
And all at once the old man burst in sobs: —

"I have been to blame — to blame. I have kill'd my son.  
I have kill'd him — but I loved him — my dear son.  
May God forgive me! — I have been to blame.  
Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about  
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times.  
And all the man was broken with remorse;  
And all his love came back a hundredfold;  
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,  
Thinking of William.

So those four abode  
Within one house together; and as years  
Went forward, Mary took another mate;  
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread —

Stitch — stitch — stitch!  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work — work — work!  
 While the cock is crowing aloof!  
 And work — work — work,  
 Till the stars shine through the roof!  
 It's O! to be a slave  
 Along with the barbarous Turk,  
 Where woman has never a soul to save,  
 If this is Christian work!

"Work — work — work!  
 Till the brain begins to swim!  
 Work — work — work!  
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
 Seam, and gusset, and band,  
 Band, and gusset, and seam,  
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
 And sew them on in a dream!

"O! men, with sisters dear!  
 O! men, with mothers and wives!  
 It is not linen you're wearing out,  
 But human creatures' lives!  
 Stitch — stitch — stitch!  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
 A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?  
 That phantom of grisly bone,  
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
 It seems so like my own.

It seems so like my own,  
 Because of the fasts I keep;  
 Oh God! that bread should be so dear,  
 And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work — work — work!  
 My labour never flags;  
 And what are its wages? A bed of straw,  
 A crust of bread — and rags.  
 That shatter'd roof, and this naked floor —  
 A table — a broken chair —  
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
 For sometimes falling there!

"Work — work — work!  
 From weary chime to chime;  
 Work — work — work!  
 As prisoners work for crime!  
 Band, and gusset, and seam,  
 Seam, and gusset, and band,  
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,  
 As well as the weary hand.

"Work — work — work!  
 In the dull December light!  
 And work — work — work!  
 When the weather is warm and bright —  
 While underneath the eaves  
 The brooding swallows cling,  
 As if to show me their sunny backs,  
 And twit me with the spring.

"Oh but to breathe the breath  
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —  
 With the sky above my head,  
 And the grass beneath my feet;

For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want,  
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh but for one short hour!  
A respite however brief!  
No blessed leisure for love or hope,  
But only time for grief!  
A little weeping would ease my heart,  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread —  
Stitch — stitch — stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,  
Would that its tone could reach the rich!  
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THOMAS HOOD.

### COME AND GONE.

THE silent moonbeams on the drifted snow  
Shine cold, and pale, and blue,  
While through the cottage-door the yule log's glow  
Cast on the iced oak's trunk and gray rock's brow  
A ruddy hue.

The red ray and the blue, distinct and fair,  
 Like happy groom and bride,  
 With azured green, and emerald-orange glare,  
 Gilding the icicles from branches bare,  
 Lie side by side.

The door is open, and the fire burns bright,  
 And Hannah at the door,  
 Stands — through the clear, cold moon'd, and starry night,  
 Gazing intently towards the scarce-seen knight,  
 O'er the white moor.

'T is Christmas eve! and, from the distant town,  
 Her pale apprenticed son  
 Will to his heart-sick mother hasten down,  
 And snatch his hour of annual transport — flown  
 Ere well begun.

The Holy Book unread upon his knee,  
 Old Alfred watcheth calm;  
 Till Edwin comes, no solemn prayer prays he,  
 Till Edwin comes, the text he cannot see,  
 Nor chant the psalm.

And comes he not? Yea, from the wind-swept hill  
 The cottage-fire he sees;  
 While of the past remembrance drinks her fill,  
 Crops childhood's flowers, and bids the unfrozen rill  
 Shine through green trees.

In thought, he hears the bee hum o'er the moor;  
 In thought, the sheep-boy's call;  
 In thought, he meets his mother at the door;  
 In thought, he hears his father, old and poor,  
 "Thank God for all."

His sister he beholds, who died when he,  
 In London bound, wept o'er  
 Her last sad letter; vain her prayer to see  
 Poor Edwin yet again: — he ne'er will be  
 Her playmate more!

No more with her will hear the bittern boom  
 At evening's dewy close!  
 No more with her will wander where the broom  
 Contends in beauty with the hawthorn bloom  
 And budding rose!

Oh, love is strength! love, with divine control,  
 Recalls us when we roam!  
 In living light it bids the dimm'd eye roll,  
 And gives a dove's wing to the fainting soul,  
 And bears it home.

Home! — that sweet word hath turn'd his pale lip red,  
 Relumed his fireless eye;  
 Again the morning o'er his cheek is spread;  
 The early rose, that seem'd for ever dead,  
 Returns to die.

Home, home! — Behold the cottage of the moor,  
 That hears the sheep-boy's call!  
 And Hannah meets him at the open door  
 With faint fond scream; and Alfred, old and poor,  
 "Thanks God for all!"

His lip is on his mother's; to her breast  
 She clasps him, heart to heart;  
 His hands between his father's hands are press'd  
 They sob with joy, caressing and caressed:  
 How soon to part!

Why should they know that thou so soon, O Death!  
 Wilt pluck him, like a weed?  
 Why fear consumption in his quick-drawn breath?  
 Why dread the hectic flower, which blossometh  
 That worms may feed?

They talk of other days, when, like the birds,  
 He cull'd the wild flower's bloom,  
 And roam'd the moorland, with the houseless herds;  
 They talk of Jane's sad prayer, and her last words,  
 "Is Edwin come?"

He wept. But still, almost till morning beamed,  
 They talk'd of Jane — then slept,  
 But, though he slept, his eyes, half-open, gleam'd;  
 For still of dying Jane her brother dream'd,  
 And, dreaming, wept.

At mid-day he arose, in tears, and sought  
 The churchyard where she lies.  
 He found her name beneath the snow-wreath wrought;  
 Then from her grave a knot of grass he brought,  
 With tears and sighs.

The hour of parting came, when feelings deep  
 In the heart's depth awake.  
 To his sad mother, pausing oft to weep,  
 He gave a token, which he bade her keep  
 For Edwin's sake.

It was a grassy sprig, and auburn tress,  
 Together twined and tied.  
 He left them, then, for ever! could they less  
 Than bless and love that type of tenderness? —  
 Childless they died!

Long in their hearts a cherish'd thought they wore;  
 And till their latest breath,  
 Bless'd him, and kiss'd his last gift o'er and o'er;  
 But they behold their Edwin's face no more  
 In life or death!

For where the upheaved sea of trouble foams,  
 And sorrow's billows rave,  
 Men, in the wilderness of myriad homes,  
 Far from the desert, where the wild flock roams,  
 Dug Edwin's grave.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

### THE CONVICT SHIP.

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MORN on the waters! — and, purple and bright,  
 Bursts on the billows the flushing of light!  
 O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,  
 See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;  
 Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,  
 And her pennant streams onward, like hope, in the gale!  
 The winds come around her, in murmur and song,  
 And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along!  
 Upward she points to the golden-edged clouds,  
 And the sailor sings gayly, aloft in the shrouds!  
 Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,  
 Over the waters — away, and away!  
 Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,  
 Passing away, like a dream of the heart! —  
 Who — as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,  
 Music around her, and sunshine on high, —  
 Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,  
 Oh! there be hearts that are breaking, below!



Night on the waves! — and the moon is on high,  
 Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky;  
 Treading its depths, in the power of her might,  
 And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!  
 Look to the waters! — asleep on their breast,  
 Seems not the ship like an island of rest?  
 Bright and alone on the shadowy main,  
 Like a heart-cherish'd home on some desolate plain!  
 Who — as she smiles in the silvery light,  
 Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,  
 Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,  
 A phantom of beauty — could deem, with a sigh,  
 That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,  
 And souls that are smitten lie bursting, within!  
 Who — as he watches her silently gliding, —  
 Remembers that wave after wave is dividing  
 Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,  
 Hearts that are parted and broken for ever!  
 Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,  
 The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave!

'T is thus with our life, while it passes along,  
 Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!  
 Gayly we glide, in the gaze of the world,  
 With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurl'd;  
 All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,  
 Yet charter'd by sorrow, and freighted with sighs! —  
 Fading and false is the aspect it wears,  
 As the smiles we put on — just to cover our tears;  
 And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,  
 Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;  
 While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore,  
 Where the dreams of our childhood are vanish'd and o'er!

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

## THE PALM TREE.

It waved not through an Eastern sky,  
Beside a fount of Araby;  
It was not fann'd by southern breeze  
In some green isle of Indian seas,  
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep  
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled palm-tree grew  
Midst foliage of no kindred hue;  
Through the laburnum's dropping gold  
Rose the light shaft of orient mould,  
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,  
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange look'd it there! — the willow stream'd  
Where silvery waters near it gleam'd;  
The lime-bough lured the honey-bee  
To murmur by the desert's tree,  
And showers of snowy roses made  
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours —  
Rich music fill'd that garden's bowers;  
Lamps that from flowering branches hung,  
On sparks of dew soft colours flung,  
And bright forms glanced — a fairy show —  
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, midst the throng,  
Seem'd reckless of all dance or song:

He was a youth of dusky mien,  
Whereon the Indian sun had been,  
Of crested brow, and long black hair —  
A stranger, like the palm-tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,  
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms;  
He pass'd the pale green olives by,  
Nor won the chestnut-flowers his eye;  
But when to that sole palm he came,  
Then shot a rapture through his frame!

To him, to him its rustling spoke,  
The silence of his soul it broke!  
It whisper'd of his own bright isle,  
That lit the ocean with a smile;  
Ay, to his ear that native tone  
Had something of the sea-wave's moan!

His mother's cabin home, that lay  
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay;  
The dashing of his brethren's oar,  
The conch-note heard along the shore; —  
All through his wakening bosom swept,  
He clasp'd his country's tree and wept!

Oh! scorn him not! — the strength whereby  
The patriot girds himself to die,  
The unconquerable power, which fills  
The freeman battling on his hills,  
These have one fountain deep and clear —  
The same whence gush'd that child-like tear!

FELICIA HEMANS.

## THE SHIPWRECKED SOLITARY'S SONG.

TO THE NIGHT.

THOU, spirit of the spangled night!  
I woo thee from the watch-tower high,  
Where thou dost sit to guide the bark  
Of lonely mariner.

The winds are whistling o'er the wolds,  
The distant main is moaning low;  
Come, let us sit and weave a song —  
A melancholy song!

Sweet is the scented gale of morn,  
And sweet the noontide's fervid beam,  
But sweeter far the solemn calm  
That marks thy mournful reign.

I've passed here many a lonely year,  
And never human voice have heard;  
I've passed here many a lonely year  
A solitary man!

And I have lingered in the shade,  
From sultry noon's hot beam; and I  
Have knelt before my wicker door,  
To sing my evening song.

And I have hailed the gray morn high  
On the blue mountain's misty brow,  
And tried to tune my little reed  
To hymns of harmony.

But never could I tune my reed,  
At morn, or noon, or eve, so sweet  
As when upon the ocean shore  
    I hailed thy star-beam mild.

The day-spring brings not joy to me,  
The moon it whispers not of peace!  
But oh! when darkness robes the heavens,  
    My woes are mixed with joy.

And then I talk, and often think  
Aërial voices answer me;  
And oh! I am not then alone —  
    A solitary man.

And when the blustering winter winds  
Howl in the woods that clothe my cave,  
I lay me on my lonely mat,  
    And pleasant are my dreams.

And Fancy gives me back my wife;  
And Fancy gives me back my child;  
She gives me back my little home,  
    And all its placid joys.

Then hateful is the morning hour  
That calls me from the dream of bliss,  
To find myself still lone, and hear  
    The same dull sounds again.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

## A SONG OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.\*

COME, take our boy, and we will go  
 Before our cabin door;  
 The winds shall bring us, as they blow,  
 The murmurs of the shore;  
 And we will kiss his young blue eyes,  
 And I will sing him, as he lies,  
 Songs that were made of yore:  
 I'll sing, in his delighted ear,  
 The island lays thou lov'st to hear.

And thou, while stammering I repeat,  
 Thy country's tongue shalt teach;  
 'Tis not so soft, but far more sweet,  
 Than my own native speech:  
 For thou no other tongue did'st know,  
 When, scarcely twenty moons ago, . . .  
 Upon Tahete's beach,  
 Thou cam'st, to woo me to be thine,  
 With many a speaking look and sign.

I knew thy meaning — thou didst praise  
 My eyes, my locks of jet;  
 Ah! well for me they won thy gaze,  
 But thine were fairer yet!  
 I'm glad to see my infant wear  
 Thy soft blue eyes and sunny hair,  
 And when my sight is met

\* Die Pitcairn-Insel liegt südlich von den Niedrigen Inseln. Ueber die von englischen Matrosen abstammende, patriarchalische Bevölkerung derselben vergl. Blanc's Handbuch des Wissenswürdigsten &c., herausgegeben von Mahlmann, III. 403.

By his white brow and blooming cheek,  
I feel a joy I cannot speak.

Come, talk of Europe's maids with me,  
Whose necks and cheeks, they tell,  
Outshine the beauty of the sea,  
White foam and crimson shell.  
I'll shape like theirs my simple dress,  
And bind like them each jetty tress,  
A sight to please thee well:  
And for my dusky brow will braid  
A bonnet, like an English maid.

Come, for the soft, low sunlight calls,  
We lose the pleasant hours;  
'T is lovelier than these cottage walls  
That seat among the flowers.  
And I will learn of thee a prayer,  
To him, who gave a home so fair,  
A lot so blest as ours —  
The God who made, for thee and me,  
This sweet lone isle amid the sea.

\* WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain!

What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile:  
 In vain, with lavish kindness,  
 The gifts of God are strown,  
 The heathen in his blindness  
 Bows down to wood and stone!

Can we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Can we to men benighted  
 The lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation! oh, Salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till each remotest nation  
 Has learn'd Messiah's name!

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole!  
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign!

BISHOP HEBER.

### WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

VOGELWEID, the Minnesinger,  
 When he left this world of ours,  
 Laid his body in the cloister,  
 Under Würtzburg-Minster towers.



And he gave the monks his treasures,  
 Gave them all with this behest:  
 They should feed the birds at noontide  
 Daily, on his place of rest.

Saying — "From these wandering minstrels  
 I have learned the art of song;  
 Let me now repay the lessons  
 They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed —  
 And, fulfilling his desire,  
 On his tomb the birds were feasted  
 By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,  
 In foul weather and in fair —  
 Day by day, in vaster numbers,  
 Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree, whose heavy branches  
 Overshadowed all the place —  
 On the pavement — on the tombstone —  
 On the poet's sculptured face —

On the cross-bars of each window,  
 On the lintel of each door —  
 They renewed the War of Wartburg,  
 Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,  
 Sang their lauds on every side;  
 And the name their voices uttered,  
 Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot  
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?  
Be it changed to loaves henceforward  
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,  
From the walls and woodland nests,  
When the Minster bells rang noontide,  
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,  
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,  
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers  
For the children of the choir!

Time has long effaced the inscriptions  
On the cloister's funeral stones;  
And tradition only tells us  
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast Cathedral,  
By sweet echoes multiplied,  
Still the birds repeat the legend,  
And the name of Vogelweid.

\*HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.





# ÜBERSETZUNGEN.

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## THE MINSTREL.

FROM GOETHE.

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"WHAT minstrel voice is this that rings  
So blythely by my castle wall?  
Command the joyous wight that sings  
To appear within and bless my hall."  
The king commands — the page forth flies;  
The page returns; the monarch cries —  
"Admit, admit the old man to me,  
That makes my court resound with glee!"

"Accept, oh sire, a bard's salute!  
Accept it, lords and lovely dames!  
What heav'n is here! — what glances shoot!  
These stars! who may tell all their names?  
Be shut, mine eyes! nor dare to gaze  
On palace-pomp, and beauty's blaze;  
Here is not place nor time, I ween,  
Long to luxuriate with my eyne!"

He closed his eyelids, and begun  
His harp-wed roundel, clear and strong;  
The sturdy-hearted knights were won —  
The ladies captivate with song;  
The monarch, grateful for the joy,  
Commands his page, the laughing boy,  
To bring a golden chain, that he  
Might pay the poet for his glee.

"Sire, give me not the golden chain;  
 The golden chain give to your knights,  
 That prop and decorate your reign  
 With gallantry, and feats, and fights;  
 Or to your chanc'lor, that maintains  
 The state's expense with sweat and pains;  
 Add, to his load of things of state,  
 The golden chain's less cumbrous weight!

"I sing as bird in spring-time sings,  
 Rock'd in his house of tufted tree;  
 The song that from glad heart up-rings,  
 Itself is rich repaying fee:  
 Yet, should I dare t'entreat at all,  
 'Twould be a guerdon slight and small —  
 But one draught of thy best of wine,  
 From golden cup so pure and fine!"

He got the cup — he drain'd its bliss;  
 "Oh draught, of heav'nly pow'r possest!  
 Oh blessed be the house, where this  
 Is of its blissful gifts the least!  
 Walk ye in joy up life's gay road,  
 So think of me, and thank your God,  
 With heart as throbbing warm as mine  
 Thanks you for your good cup of wine!"

WILLIAM TENNANT.

### THE ERL-KING.

FROM GOETHE.

WHO rides so late through night and wind?  
 It is with his child a father kind.  
 He has the boy well in his arm;  
 He keeps him surely, he keeps him warm.

"My son, why hid'st thou thy face with fear?"

"See'st thou not, father, the Erl-King near —  
The Erl-King with crown and shroud?"

"My son, it is but a misty cloud."

"Thou dearest child, come, go with me!

Quite lovely sports I'll sport with thee.

Many coloured flowers my gardens hold,

My mother has many dresses of gold."

"My father, my father, hear not ye

What the Erl-King softly promises me?"

"Be quiet, keep quiet, my child;

The wind 'mong the leaves is whisp'ring wild."

"Wilt thou, fair boy? Do go with me;

My daughters shall prettily wait upon thee,

Nightly dances with thee they shall keep,

And rock, and dance, and sing thee to sleep."

"My father, my father, canst thou not trace

The Erl-King's daughters in yonder dark place?"

"My son, my son, I see it display

Quite clearly the willow so old and so gray."

"I love thy form, so graceful and fair,

I'll have thee by force if I cannot by prayer."

"My father, my father, me he holds on,

The Erl-King me hath an injury done."

The father trembles, he hastes with alarm;

Gasping, the child is laid in his arm.

He reaches the yard with trouble and dread,

And in his arms the infant was dead!

ANONYMOUS.

24\*



## THE VIOLET.

FROM GOETHE.

A VIOLET on the meadow stood,  
And droop'd in dewy solitude,  
Abash'd its gentle head:  
There came, with bounding pace along,  
A shepherd-maiden fair and young,  
And hither-thither tript and sung,  
Rejoicing o'er the mead.

Ah! (thinks the violet) were I now  
But for a little while, I trow,  
Fair nature's fairest bloom!  
That she, my love that gambols near,  
Might nip me idly dangling here,  
And plant me on her bosom dear,  
T'expire in my perfume.

But ah! but ah! that maid tript by,  
Nor did the bashful violet spy;  
She trod poor violet!  
It died, yet sung, as it did die,  
I die, but die rejoicingly  
That, by her dear foot trodden, I  
So sweet a death have met!

WILLIAM TENNANT.

## THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

FROM SCHILLER.

SHE comes, she comes — the burthen of the Deeps!

Beneath her wails the universal Sea!

With clanking chains and a new God, she sweeps,

And with a thousand thunders, unto thee!

The ocean-castles and the floating hosts —

Ne'er on their like, look'd the wild waters! — Well

May man the monster name "Invincible."

O'er shudd'ring waves she gathers to thy coasts!

The horror that she spreads can claim

Just title to her haughty name.

The trembling Neptune quails

Under the silent and majestic forms;

The doom of worlds in those dark sails; —

Near and more near they sweep! and slumber all the  
Storms!

Before thee, the array,

Blest island, Empress of the Sea!

The sea-born squadrons threaten thee,

And thy great heart, Britannia!

Woe to thy people, of their freedom proud

She rests, a thunder heavy in its cloud!

Who to thy hand the orb and sceptre gave,

That thou shoul'dst be the sovereign of the nations?

To tyrant kings thou wert thyself the slave,

Till Freedom dug from Law its deep foundations;

The mighty Chart thy citizens made kings,

And kings to citizens sublimely bow'd!

And thou thyself, upon thy realm of water,  
 Hast thou not render'd millions up to slaughter,  
     When thy ships brought upon their sailing wings  
     The sceptre — and the shroud?  
 What should'st thou thank? — Blush, Earth, to hear  
                                     and feel:  
 What should'st thou thank? — Thy genius and thy steel!  
 Behold the hidden and the giant fires!  
     Behold thy glory trembling to its fall!  
 Thy coming doom the round earth shall appal,  
 And all the hearts of freemen beat for thee,  
 And all free souls their fate in thine foresee —  
     Theirs is thy glory's fall!  
 One look below the Almighty gave,  
 Where stream'd the lion-flags of thy proud foe;  
 And near and wider yawn'd the horrent grave.  
 "And who," saith He, "shall lay mine England low —  
 The stem that blooms with hero-deeds —  
 The rock when man from wrong a refuge needs —  
 The stronghold where the tyrant comes in vain?  
 Who shall bid England vanish from the main?  
 Ne'er be this only Eden Freedom knew,  
 Man's stout defence from Power, to Fate consign'd."  
 God the Almighty blew,  
 And the Armada went to every wind!

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

## THEKLA.

FROM SCHILLER.

Die Blume ist hinweg aus meinem Leben,  
 Und kalt und farblos seh' ich's vor mir liegen.

THE clouds gather fast, the oak forests moan,  
 A maiden goes forth by the dark sea alone,

The wave on the shore breaks with might, with might,  
And she mingles her sighs with gloomy night,

Whilst her eyes are all tearfully roving.

"My heart, it is dead, and the world's void and drear,  
And there's nothing to hope or to live for here.  
Thou Holy One, call back thy child to her rest;  
In the pleasure of earth I've already been blest, —  
In the pleasure of living and loving!"

Vain, vain thy regrets, vain the tears that are shed  
O'er the tomb; no complaints will awaken the dead;  
Yet oh! if there's aught to the desolate heart,  
For the lost light of love can a solace impart, —

It will not be denied thee by heaven.

"Let the soul then sigh on, its tears gently fall;  
Though life, love, and rapture, they cannot recall,  
Yet the sweetest of balms to the desolate breast,  
For the lost love of Him, whom on earth it loved best, —  
Are the pangs to his memory given."

WILLIAM PETER.

## THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

FROM SCHILLER.

"KNIGHT, a sister's quiet love  
Gives my heart to thee!  
Ask me not for other love,  
For it paineth me!  
Calmly could'st thou greet me now,  
Calmly from me go;  
Calmly ever, — why dost thou  
Weep in silence, so?"

Sadly — (not a word he said!) —  
 To the heart she wrung,  
 Sadly clasp'd he once the maid,  
 On his steed he sprung!  
 "Up, my men of Swisserland!"  
 Up awake the brave!  
 Forth they go — the Red-Cross band,  
 To the Saviour's grave!

High your deeds, and great your fame,  
 Heroes of the tomb!  
 Glancing through the carnage came  
 Many a dauntless plume.  
 Terror of the Moorish foe,  
 Toggenburg, thou art!  
 But thy heart is heavy! Oh,  
 Heavy is thy heart!

Heavy was the load his breast  
 For a twelvemonth bore:  
 Never can his trouble rest!  
 And he left the shore.  
 Lo! a ship on Joppa's strand,  
 Breeze and billow fair,  
 On to that beloved land,  
 Where she breathes the air!

Knocking at her castle-gate  
 Was the pilgrim heard;  
 Woe the answer from the grate!  
 Woe the thunder-word!  
 "She thou seekest lives — a Nun!  
 To the world she died!  
 When, with yester-morning's sun,  
 Heaven received a Bride!"

From that day, his father's hall  
 Ne'er his home may be;  
 Helm, and hauberk, steed and all,  
 Evermore left he!  
 Where his castle-crowned height  
 Frowns the valley down,  
 Dwells unknown the hermit-knight,  
 In a sackcloth gown.

Rude the hut he built him there,  
 Where his eyes may view  
 Wall and cloister glisten fair  
 Dusky lindens through.  
 There, when dawn was in the skies,  
 Till the eve-star shone,  
 Sate he with mute wistful eyes,  
 Sate he there — alone!

Looking to the cloister, still,  
 Looking forth afar,  
 Looking to her lattice — till  
 Clink'd the lattice-bar.  
 Till — a passing glimpse allow'd —  
 Paused her image pale,  
 Calm and angel-mild, and bow'd  
 Meekly tow'rds the vale.

Then the watch of day was o'er,  
 Then, consoled awhile,  
 Down he lay, to greet once more,  
 Morning's early smile.  
 Days and years are gone, and still  
 Looks he forth afar,  
 Uncomplaining, hoping — till  
 Clinks the lattice-bar:

Till, — a passing glimpse allow'd, —  
 Paused her image pale,  
 Calm, and angel-mild, and bow'd  
 Meekly tow'rds the vale.  
 So, upon that lonely spot,  
 Sate he, dead at last,  
 With the look where life was not  
 Tow'rds the casement cast!

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

### THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM UHLAND.

“HAST thou seen that lordly castle,  
 That castle by the Sea?  
 Golden and red above it  
 The clouds float gorgeously.

“And fain it would stoop downward  
 To the mirrored wave below;  
 And fain it would soar upward  
 In the evening's crimson glow.”

“Well have I seen that castle,  
 That Castle by the Sea,  
 And the moon above it standing,  
 And the mist rise solemnly.”

“The winds and the waves of ocean,  
 Had they a merry chime?  
 Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,  
 The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?”

"The winds and the waves of ocean,  
 They rested quietly,  
 But I heard 'on the gale a sound of wail,  
 And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets  
 The king and his royal bride?  
 And the wave of their crimson mantles?  
 And the golden crown of pride?"

"Led they not forth, in rapture,  
 A beauteous maiden there?  
 Resplendent as the morning sun,  
 Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,  
 Without the crown of pride;  
 They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,  
 No maiden was by their side!"

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

## THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM UHLAND.

OF Edenhall, the youthful Lord  
 Bids sound the festal trumpet's call!  
 He rises at the banquet board,  
 And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,  
 "Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,  
 The house's oldest seneschal,  
 Takes slow from its silken cloth again  
 The drinking glass of crystal tall;  
 They call it The Luck of Edenhall.



Then said the Lord: "This glass to praise,  
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"  
The gray-beard with trembling hand obeys;  
A purple light shines over all,  
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light,  
"This glass of flashing crystal tall  
Gave to my Sires the Fountain-Sprite;  
She wrote in it; If this glass doth fall,  
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

"'T was right a goblet the Fate should be  
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!  
Deep draughts drink we right willingly;  
And willingly ring, with merry call,  
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,  
Like to the song of a nightingale;  
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;  
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,  
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,  
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;  
It has lasted longer than is right;  
Kling! klang! — with a harder blow than all  
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,  
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;  
And through the rift, the wild flames start;  
The guests in dust are scattered all,  
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;  
He in the night had scaled the wall,  
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,  
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,  
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,  
The gray-beard in the desert hall,  
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,  
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall  
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside,  
Down must the stately columns fall;  
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;  
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball  
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!"

\*HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

## THE PASSAGE.

FROM UHLAND.

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"MANY a year is in its grave,  
Since I crossed this restless wave;  
And the evening, fair as ever,  
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then, in this same boat, beside,  
Sat two comrades old and tried;  
One with all a father's truth,  
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,  
 And his grave in silence sought;  
 But the younger, brighter form,  
 Passed in battle and in storm!

So, whene'er I turn my eye  
 Back upon the days gone by,  
 Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,  
 Friends who closed their course before me.

Yet what binds us, friend to friend,  
 But that soul with soul can blend?  
 Soul-like were those hours of yore;  
 Let us walk in soul once more!

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;  
 Take; I give it willingly;  
 For, invisibly to thee,  
 Spirits twain have crossed with me!"

ANONYMOUS.

### THE SHEPHERD'S SUNDAY SONG.

FROM UHLAND.

It is the Lord's own day!  
 And on the wide moors I'm alone,  
 The bell tells one more hour flown;  
 Again how still are they!

I bend the adoring knee.  
 O holy awe! O transport still!  
 Methinks, a host invisible  
 Is praying here with me!

Around me, far away,  
 One grand unbroken blue!  
 As heav'n's gate were glistening through.  
 This is the Lord's own day!

ALEXANDER PLATT.

## COUNT EBERSTREIT.

FROM UHLAND.

IN Spire's saloon, hark to revelry sounding!  
 By torch-light and taper, a dancing and bounding.  
     Count Eberstreit  
     Trippeth it light  
 With the Emperor's fair little daughter to-night.

And as blithely they circle again and again,  
 She whispers him softly, — she cannot refrain, —  
     "Count Eberstreit,  
     Ward thee aright,  
 'T is like to go hard with thy castle to-night."

'Ho! ho!' thinks the Count, 'your Imperial Grace!  
 So for this then you please to set store on my face.'  
     His steed he has sought,  
     Turn'd his back on the court;  
 And is off at full speed to his jeopardiz'd fort.

Round Eberstreit's hold the beleagu'ers are swarming,  
 They steal through the fog with their tackle for storming.  
     Count Eberstreit  
     Greets them aright,  
 Hurls them into the moat from the bartizan'd height.

When the Emperor comes the next day to review,  
He fancies the fort his, without more ado.

But, on the wall,  
Their boisterous ball  
Are dancing the Count and his armed men all.

"Sir Emp'ror, when forts you'd surprise or lay waste,  
In case of need, dancing were more to your taste.

Your daughter so bright  
Trippeth it light,  
So for her to my strong-hold I'll open a right."

In the hall of the Count, hark to revelry sounding!  
By torch-light and taper, a dancing and bounding.

Count Eberstreit,  
In the Emperor's sight,  
Leads the ball with the Emperor's daughter to-night.

And now as they circle, again and again,  
He whispers her softly, — how can he refrain? —

"Ladye-love bright,  
Ward thee aright,  
'Tis like to go hard with a castle to-night."

ALEXANDER PLATT.

## THE POET'S LIFE.

FROM RÜCKERT.

No station in the world  
Can the poet's envy raise: —  
The shepherd with his flock  
Has delight in summer-days:

And in the leafy woods  
 The hunter's joy I share,  
 And the husbandman's who walks  
 Through his yellow corn-fields fair.

The reaper, with his hook,  
 Amid the golden wheat;  
 The priest whose days are closèd  
 With psalms and vespers sweet;

The miner down below  
 Among the veins of gold,  
 And in the stirring fight,  
 The hero young and bold;

The sailor in his ship  
 Upon the ocean blue;  
 The watchman on the tower  
 With the noble, distant view;

The hermit in the forest  
 With book and beads alone;  
 The fiddler leading dances  
 With the viol's sprightly tone; —

Let others have the labour;  
 I hold, in studious rest,  
 The joys of every station  
 Within a poet's breast.

I would build myself a house  
 Amid some pleasant land,  
 My walls should all be shining  
 Well painted by my hand.

I would go and gather grapes  
All purple, love, with thee,  
And, in the winter, weave  
Clothing for thee and me.

But every earthly station  
Would be so sweet with thee,  
Of all that I can dream of  
I know not what to be.

My love said — "You have chosen  
The poet's better part:  
The joys of every station  
Are in the poet's heart.

"Your fancy, in a moment,  
Can place yourself and me  
In any clime or country  
Wherever you would be.

"See, now you are a hunter,  
In green and golden dress,  
And find me 'mid my lambkins,  
A simple shepherdess.

"And now you plant a garden  
In bloom the whole year round,  
And not a tiny weed  
Deforms the poet's ground.

"To-day we dwell together  
'Mid Alpine hunters brave;  
To-morrow under palm-trees  
Where Ganges rolls his wave.

"You need not for bright diamonds,  
Go down into the mine;  
With jewels rare and splendid  
Your songs, my poet, shine.

"With the music of your lyre  
You have built within my breast  
A dwelling for yourself —  
There, poet, ever rest!" \*

JOSEPH GOSTICK.

### THE PILGRIM OF ST. JUST.

FROM PLATEN.

"It is black night — loud is the tempest's roar —  
Good Spanish monk, open the convent-door.

"And let me rest till, ere the dawning day,  
The convent bell awakens me to pray.

"Prepare for me the little I require —  
A monk's black gown and funeral attire.

"Give me one little cell within your shrine —  
Once, more than half this hollow world was mine.

"The head I offer for the tonsure now  
Once had a jewelled crown upon its brow,

"And on these shoulders which the cowl must hide,  
Purple and costly ermine showed their pride.

"Now, before death, I would be reckoned dead,  
With my old realm in ruins round me spread."

JOSEPH GOSTICK.

\* Diese Uebersetzung ist nicht durchgängig richtig.



## THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

FROM HEINE.

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THE sea hath its pearls,  
The heaven hath its stars;  
But my heart, my heart,  
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven;  
Yet greater is my heart,  
And fairer than pearls and stars  
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,  
Come unto my great heart;  
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven  
Are melting away with love!

\* HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

## THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

FROM HEINE.

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## I.

THE mother stood at the window,  
The son, he lay in bed.  
"Here's a procession, Wilhelm,  
Wilt not look out?" she said.

"I am so ill, my mother,  
 In the world I have no part,  
 I think upon dead Gretchen,  
 And a death-pang rends my heart.

"Rise up, we will to Kevlaar,  
 We'll book and rosary take,  
 God's Mother there will cure thee,  
 Thy sick heart whole will make."

The Church's banner fluttered,  
 The Church's hymns arose;  
 And into fair Cœln city  
 The long procession goes.

The mother joined the pilgrims,  
 Her sick son leadeth she,  
 And both sing in the Chorus:  
 'Gelobt seist du, Marie!'

## II.

The Holy Mother in Kevlaar  
 To-day is well arrayed;  
 To-day has much to busy her,  
 For many sick ask her aid.

And many sick people bring her  
 Such offerings as are meet;  
 Many waxen limbs they bring her,  
 Many waxen hands and feet.

And who a wax-hand bringeth,  
 His hand is healed that day;  
 And who a wax-foot bringeth,  
 With sound feet goes away.

Many went there on crutches,  
 Who now on the rope can spring;  
 Many play now on the viol,  
 Whose hands could not touch a string.

The mother, she took a waxen light  
 And shaped therefrom a heart.  
 "Take that to the mother of Christ," she said,  
 "And she will heal thy smart."

He sigh'd and took the waxen heart,  
 And went to the church in woe,  
 The tears from his eyes fell streaming,  
 The words from his heart came low.

"Thou, that art highly blessed,  
 Thou, Mother of Christ!" said he,  
 "Thou, who art Queen of Heaven,  
 I bring my griefs to thee!

"I dwell in Cœln with my mother,  
 In Cœln upon the Rhine,  
 Where so many hundred chapels,  
 And so many churches shine.

"And near unto us dwelt Gretchen,  
 But dead is Gretchen now!  
 Marie, I bring a waxen heart,  
 My heart's despair heal thou.

"Heal thou my sore heart-sickness,  
 So will I sing to thee  
 Early and late with fervent love:  
 Gelobt seist du, Marie!"

## III.

The sick son and the mother  
 In one chamber slept that night;  
 And the Holy Mother of Jesus  
 Glid in with footsteps light.

She bowed her over the sick man's bed,  
 And one fair hand did lay  
 Upon his throbbing bosom,  
 Then smiled and passed away.

It seemed a dream to the mother,  
 And she had yet seen more,  
 But that her sleep was broken,  
 For the dogs howled at the door.

Upon his bed extended  
 Her son lay and was dead,  
 And o'er his thin pale visage streamed  
 The morning's lovely red.

Her hands the mother folded,  
 Yet not a tear wept she,  
 But sang in low devotion:  
 'Gelobt seist du, Marie!'

MARY HOWITT.

THE SORROW OF THE GERMAN WEAVER BOY,  
 IN THE MOUNTAINS OF SILESIA.  
 FROM FREILIGRATH.

"GREEN grow the budding blackberry hedges;  
 What joy! a violet meets my quest;

The blackbird seeks the last year's sedges,  
 The merry chaffinch builds her nest;  
 The snow has from each vale receded,  
 It only clothes the mountain's brow.  
 I from my home have stolen unheeded;  
 This is the place; I'll venture now:  
 Rübezahl!

"Hears he my call? I'll boldly face him,  
 He is not bad. Upon this stone  
 My pack of linen I will place him;  
 It is a right good, heavy one,  
 And fine; yes, I'll uphold it ever,  
 I th' dale no better's wove at all.  
 He shows himself to mortal never;  
 So courage, heart; once more I call:  
 Rübezahl!

"No sound! Adown the wood I hasted,  
 That he might help us, hard bested.  
 My mother's face, so wan and wasted;  
 Within the house no crumb of bread.  
 To market, cursing, went my father;  
 Might he but there a buyer meet!  
 With Rübezahl I'll venture rather;  
 Him for the third time I entreat:  
 Rübezahl!

"For he so kindly helped a many,  
 My grandmother oft to me has told;  
 Yes, gave poor folks a good luck-penny,  
 Whose woe was undeserved, of old.  
 So here I am: my heart beats lightly,  
 My goods are justly measured all,  
 I will not beg, will sell uprightly.  
 Oh, that he would come! Rübezahl!  
 Rübezahl!

"Suppose these goods should suit his taste,  
 And he should order more to come!  
 We could his wish fulfil with haste,  
 We've plenty more as fine at home.  
 Suppose he took them, every piece;  
 Ah! would his choice on them might fall!  
 What's pawned I would myself release:  
 That would be glorious! Rübezahl!  
 Rübezahl!

"I'd enter then our small room gaily,  
 And cry, 'Here father's gold in store!'  
 He would not curse; that he wove daily  
 A hunger-web, would say no more.  
 Then, then again would smile my mother,  
 And serve a plenteous meal to all;  
 Then would rejoice each little brother —  
 Oh, that he would come! Rübezahl!  
 Rübezahl!"

Thus spake the little weaver lonely,  
 Thus stood and cried he, weak and pale.  
 In vain; the casual raven only  
 Flew o'er the old gnome-haunted dale,  
 Thus stood he while the hours passed slowly,  
 Till the night-shadows dimmed the glen,  
 And with white quivering lips said lowly,  
 Amid his tears, yet once again,  
 "Rübezahl!"

Then, softly from the greenwood turning,  
 He trembled, sighed, took up his pack,  
 And to the unassuaged mourning  
 Of his poor home went slowly back.  
 Oft paused he by the way, heart-aching;

Feeble and by his burden bowed;  
 Methinks the famished father's making  
 For that poor youth, even now, a shroud.

Rübezahl!

MARY HOWITT.

## THE JOINER'S APPRENTICES.

FROM FREILIGRATH.

First:

'T is a shuddering work, 't is a work of dread;  
 Between the boards shall be laid the dead.

Second:

How now! What makes thy tears run fast?  
 Child of the stranger, a weak heart thou hast.

First:

Nay, do not so quickly grow angry, I pray;  
 I ne'er made a coffin, in truth, till to-day.

Second:

Be it first time, or last time, now pledge me in wine;  
 Then to work; and never let faint heart be thine.

First cut up the boards as the length may decide,  
 Then plane the curling-up shavings aside.

Board unto board next mortise them tight,  
 Then polish the narrow bed black and bright.

Next, the varnish-perfumed coffin within,  
 Lay the down-fallen shavings so white and thin;

For, on shavings must slumber the perishing clay:  
 With all undertakers 't is ever the way.

Then carry the coffin to th' house of grief;  
 Corpse within, lid screwed down, and the work is brief.

First:

I cut the boards; and, with accurate ell,  
 Above and below I have measured it well.

I plane the rough boards so smooth; but yet  
 My arm is weak, and my eye is wet.

I mortise the boards above and below;  
 Yet my heart is full, and my heart is woe.

'T is a shuddering work, and a work of dread;  
 For between the boards must be laid the dead.

MARY HOWITT.

### I AM THE ROSE.

FROM GEIBEL.

I AM the rose, so softly through  
 The floating vapours gleaming; —  
 But thou, O love! art like the dew  
 Upon my blossoms streaming.

I am the gem, in gloomy place  
 No splendours round me flinging; —  
 Thou art the sunshine on my face,  
 Bright hues from darkness bringing.



I am the cup of crystal too,  
 From which a king is drinking; —  
 Thou art the wine of purple hue,  
 Bright through the goblet blinking.

I am the cloud of dusky gray,  
 Along the sky extending; —  
 Thou art the rainbow on me, gay  
 With various colours blending.

I am the Memnon, dumb and dead,  
 When night is all-surrounding; —  
 Thou openest, like the morning red,  
 My lips with music sounding.

I am the man in sorrows tried,  
 A pilgrim care-attended; —  
 Thou art my helper and my guide,  
 God's angel strong and splendid.

JOSEPH GOSTICK.

S O N G.  
 FROM GEIBÉL.

WHEN two hearts sever  
 That once have loved,  
 Oh, 'tis a sorrow, never  
 A greater can be proved!  
 Ne'er words so sad were heard before —  
 "Farewell, farewell for evermore!"  
 When two hearts sever  
 That once have loved!

When first I learned that love  
 Could ever cease to be,  
 The light of the sun above  
 Was lost that day to me.  
 I ne'er heard words so strange before —  
 "Farewell, farewell for evermore!"  
 When first I learned that love  
 Could ever cease to be!

The bloom of spring was missing,  
 The summer would not come;  
 For the lips, once fondly kissing,  
 Were now so cold and dumb!  
 She said one word, and all was o'er —  
 "Farewell, farewell for evermore!"  
 And the bloom of spring was missing,  
 The summer would not come!

JOSEPH GOSTICK.

## THE HEMLOCK TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O HEMLOCK tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy  
 branches!

Green not alone in summer time,  
 But in the winter's frost and rime!

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy  
 branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!  
 To love me in prosperity,  
 And leave me in adversity!  
 O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine  
example!

So long as summer laughs she sings,  
But in the autumn spreads her wings.

The nightingale, the nightingale; thou tak'st for thine  
example!

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy  
falsehood!

It flows so long as falls the rain,  
In drought its springs soon dry again.

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy  
falsehood!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



NACHRICHTEN  
ÜBER DIE  
VERFASSER.

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\*ALLSTON, WASHINGTON, geb. 5. Nov. 1779 zu Georgetown, Süd-Carolina, gest. 9. Juni 1843 zu Cambridgeport bei Boston, der vorzüglichste amerikanische Maler seiner Zeit. Von 1801 bis 1809 lebte er in England, Frankreich und Italien dem Studium der Kunst. Die Jahre 1811 bis 1818 verbrachte er abermals in Europa und gab 1813 in England einen Band Gedichte heraus, von denen 'The Sylphs of the Seasons' das längste ist. Auch schrieb er 1820 eine Erzählung, 'Monaldi', die jedoch erst 1841 vollständig erschien. — 44.

BAILLIE, MISS JOANNA, geb. zu Bothwell in Schottland 1765 (?) lebte später zu Hampstead bei London. Ihr Hauptwerk sind ihre Schauspiele (Plays on the Passions), in welchen jede Leidenschaft zum Gegenstande eines Trauerspiels und eines Lustspiels gemacht ist. Die erste Folge derselben erschien 1798 und erregte namentlich wegen ihrer einfachen und männlichen Sprache allgemeine Aufmerksamkeit. Walter Scott verglich die Verf. sogar mit Shakespeare. Die besten und bekanntesten ihrer Stücke, die sich übrigens sämmtlich nicht für die Aufführung eignen, sind 'De Montfort' und 'Count Basil'. Ihre Gedichte sind unter dem Titel 'Fugitive Verses' 1842 bei Moxon erschienen. — 194.

\*BARLOW, JOEL, geb. zu Reading, Connecticut 1755, gest. an einer Lungenentzündung 1812 zu Zarnowicz bei Krakau. Er lebte meist in Europa, namentlich in Paris, und war Washington's Gesandter zu Algier,

Die zu Ende einer jeden Lebensbeschreibung stehenden Zahlen bezeichnen die Seiten, auf denen sich die Gedichte des betreffenden Verfassers vorfinden.

Paris u. s. w. Er ist der Verf. der 'Columbiad' 1808 (welche zuerst unter dem Titel 'Vision of Columbus' 1787 erschien), eines grossen epischen Gedichts, das viel gelobt und noch mehr getadelt worden ist. Unter seinen kleinern Gedichten sind am bekanntesten 'The Hasty Pudding' und die Uebersetzungen des 88. und 137. Psalms. — 314.

BARRETT, MISS ELIZABETH B., lebt in London. Ihre Poesie zeichnet sich durch Tiefe der Gedanken und Empfindungen aus. Ausserdem wird sie ihrer Gelehrsamkeit wegen gerühmt. Sie hat den Prometheus des Æschylus übersetzt (Prometheus Bound, and Miscellaneous Poems 1833) und 'The Seraphim and other Poems 1838', sowie 'Poems' 2 vols 1844 herausgegeben. — 210.

BAYLY, THOMAS HAYNES, geb. zu Bath 1797, gest. zu Cheltenham 22. April 1839. Aus einer vornehmen und reichen Familie entsprossen, erhielt er eine sorgfältige Erziehung und lebte in ländlicher Zurückgezogenheit, bis ihn die unverschuldete Zerrüttung seiner Vermögensverhältnisse im Jahre 1831 zwang, von der Schriftstellerei zu leben. Nächst Thomas Moore ist er der vorzüglichste und beliebteste englische Liederdichter (song-writer) unseres Jahrhunderts. Er hat aber auch viele Schauspiele, Novellen und Erzählungen geschrieben. Seine sämtlichen Gedichte sind 1845 von seiner Wittwe herausgegeben. — 178. 189. 191. 234. 244. 282. 284. 287. 320.

\*BRAINARD, JOHN GARDNER CALKINS, geb. zu New London, Connecticut, den 21. Okt. 1796, gest. ebendaselbst 26. Sept. 1828, an der Schwindsucht. Er studirte sehr jung in Yale College (New Haven) und wollte sich in Middletown den Rechtsgeschäften widmen. Allein er fand weder Erfolg noch Befriedigung darin, und zog es vor, zu Hartford die Herausgabe des Con-

necticut Mirror, einer politisch-literarischen Wochenschrift, zu übernehmen. Seine Gedichte erschienen 1825 gesammelt. — 97. 135. 143.

\*BRIGHT, JONATHAN HUNTINGDON, geb. zu Salem, Massachusetts, 1804, gest. 1837. Führte als Geschäftsmann ein unstätes Leben und schrieb mehrere Jahre lang für Zeitungen und Magazine. Seine Gedichte sind nicht gesammelt worden. — 180.

\*BROOKS, MRS. MARIA, geb. um 1795 zu Medford bei Boston. Ihr Gatte, ein wohlhabender Kaufmann zu Boston, starb 1821 und hinterliess ihr ein Besitzthum auf der Insel Cuba, wo sie seitdem gelebt hat. Im Jahre 1820 erschien von ihr 'Judith, Esther, and other Poems' und 1833 ihre grosse Dichtung 'Zophiel or the Bride of Seven by Maria del Occidente' deren Stoff aus den Apokryphen entnommen ist. Maria del Occidente ist nämlich ihr Schriftstellername, unter welchem sie fast bekannter ist, als unter ihrem wirklichen. Besonders gerühmt wird ihre wissenschaftliche und literarische Bildung. — 117. 246.

BROWNE, MARY ANN, später Mrs. Gray, gest. 1847(?). Sie gab heraus: Mont Blanc; Ada; Repentance and other Poems London 1829; Ignatia and other Poems London 1838. Namentlich die letzte Sammlung zeichnet sich aus durch echt weibliche Innigkeit und Tiefe des Gefühls. Sie ist übrigens keinswegs eine Schwester der Felicia Hemans, wie Griswold (Poets and Poetry of England S. 286) behauptet. — 163. 183. 227. 280. 285.

\*BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN, geb. 3. Nov. 1794 zu Cumington, Massachusetts, wo sein Vater Arzt war. Auch bei ihm zeigte sich jene merkwürdige Fröheife, welche fast allen amerikanischen Schriftstellern eigenthümlich ist. Schon in seinem 14. Jahre trat er mit zwei grössern Gedichten in die Öffentlichkeit: 'Embargo' und



‘Spanish Revolution’, welche sogar im folgenden Jahre, 1809, eine zweite Auflage erlebten. Das berühmte Gedicht *Thanatopsis* (S. 64), welches Richard Dana keinem Amerikaner zutraute, schrieb er in seinem 18. Jahre. Nach Vollendung seiner Studien war er von 1815 bis 1825 Advokat zu Plymouth, Massachusetts, und ging alsdann nach New York, um ausschliesslich der Literatur zu leben. Von 1834—1836 reiste er in Europa, wo er sich u. A. längere Zeit in München und Heidelberg aufhielt. Er ist Herausgeber der *New York Evening Post*. Seine Gedichte erschienen gesammelt zu New York 1832 und sind sowohl in Amerika als auch in England öfter gedruckt. Er ist einer der bedeutendsten amerikanischen Lyriker, ausgezeichnet durch seine grossartige Welt- und Naturanschauung, wie durch den nationalen Charakter seiner Schriften. — 50. 55. 58. 62. 63. 64. 262. 361.

BRYDGES, SIR EGERTON, geb. zu Wootton in der Grafschaft Kent 30. Nov. 1762, gest. bei Genf 8. Sept. 1837. Er studirte in Cambridge, verliess jedoch die Universität ohne einen Grad. Seine schriftstellerische Laufbahn begann er mit einem Bande Gedichte 1785. Er hat sehr Viel und Vielerlei herausgegeben, z. B. *Censura Literaria* in 10 Bänden; *The British Bibliographer* in 3 Bänden; *Letters on the Genius of Lord Byron* 1824; eine Ausgabe von Collins’ *Pecrache* und von Milton; eine *Autobiography*; *Novellen* und *Gedichte*. Von den letztern sind seine *Sonnetts* die vollendetsten. Von 1812—1818 war er Mitglied des Unterhauses. Seit 1818 lebte er auf dem Festlande, in Paris, Italien und Genf. — 95. 101. 111.

BULWER LYTTON, SIR EDWARD, geb. 1803 in Haydon Hall in der Grafschaft Norfolk, ist der deutschen Lesewelt vorzugsweise als ein fruchtbarer und anziehender Romanenschröber bekannt. Seine ersten Werke jedoch waren *Gedichte* (*Weeds and Wild Flowers* 1826

und O'Neil or the Rebel and other Poems 1827). Auch später ist er noch als Dichter aufgetreten, doch ist seine Poesie zu steif und künstlich, als dass sie hätte Glück machen können. Besondere Erwähnung verdient noch seine treffliche Uebersetzung von Schiller's Gedichten und Balladen (1844). Endlich ist er einer der vorzüglichsten und beliebtesten englischen Schauspieldichter (Lady of Lyons; The Duchess de la Valliere; Richelieu; Cromwell &c.). — 373. 375.

BURNS, ROBERT, geb. 25. Jan. 1759 am Ufer des Doon in Ayrshire, gest. zu Dumfries 21. Juli 1796, 'the Shakespeare of Scotland', wie ihn R. Chambers nennt. Dürftigkeit und Noth trieben den armen Bauernsohn zu dem Entschlusse, nach Westindien auszuwandern. Vor seiner Abreise liess er jedoch, um Geld zur Reise zu bekommen, in dem Städtchen Kilmarnock seine Gedichte drucken, 1786. Diese wurden alsbald mit einer so beispiellosen Begeisterung aufgenommen, dass er anstatt nach Westindien nach Edinburg ging, wo er eine Zeit lang von Vornehm und Gering schwärmerisch gefeiert wurde. Bald aber von der Gesellschaft ohne nachhaltige Unterstützung gelassen und vernachlässigt verliess er Edinburg und kaufte sich die Meierei Ellisland, konnte aber auch hier so wenig vorwärts kommen, dass er sie wieder aufgab und eine untergeordnete Stellung bei der Accise annahm. Seine unabhängige Gesinnung und sein unregelmäßiges Leben schnitten ihm jedoch alle Aussicht auf Beförderung und Unterstützung ab, und er starb in seinem 37. Jahre mehr an Kummer und Gram, als an Krankheit. Seine Gedichte sind auch in Deutschland so allgemein bekannt (vergl. die Uebersetzungen von Heintze, Kaufmann &c.), dass es über sie keines Wortes bedarf. Die einfache Thatsache, dass seit 1800 über 100 Ausgaben derselben erschienen sind, wird gewiss die Aufnahme dieses Dichters in eine vorzugsweise dem 19.

Jahrhundert gewidmete Sammlung rechtfertigen. — 18. 20. 22. 23. 27. 112. 190. 224. 272. 273. 277. 290. 291. 297. 301.

BYRON, GEORGE GORDON LORD, geb. 22. Jan. 1788 zu London, gest. 19. März 1824 zu Missolonghi. Sein Vater, Captain Gordon, der schnell das Vermögen seiner Gattin durchgebracht hatte, verliess im Jahre 1789 England, und Byron's arme Mutter sah sich genöthigt, sich mit ihm nach Aberdeen in Schottland zurückzuziehen, wo sie ihn in dürftigen Umständen sorgfältig erzog, bis er unerwartet in seinem 11. Jahre von seinem Grossonkel William Lord Byron die Lordschaft erbte und sich mit seiner Mutter nach dem Stammsitze Newstead Abbey unweit Nottingham begab. Von hier wurde er nach Harrow in die Schule gebracht und bezog dann 1805 Trinity College in Cambridge, wo er sich durch seltsames Wesen und ungeregelte Studien bemerklich machte. Im Jahre 1807 gab er sein erstes Werk, die *Hours of Idleness*, heraus, deren bittere Beurtheilung im *Edinburgh Review* (von Lord Brougham) lebenslänglich einen Stachel in Byron zurückliess. Darauf nahm er seinen Sitz im Oberhause ein, verliess aber England bald und bereiste die Küsten des mittelländischen Meeres. Nach seiner Rückkehr gab er 1812 die beiden ersten Gesänge von Childe Harold heraus und 'als er eines Morgens erwachte, fand er sich berühmt' wie er selbst in seinem Tagebuche sagt. Schnell folgte nun *The Giaour*; *The Bride of Abydos*; *The Corsair*; *Lara* und *The Siege of Corinth*. Im Jahre 1815 vermählte sich Lord Byron mit einer Tochter Sir Ralph Milbanke's. Die Ehe war aber unglücklich und nach der Geburt einer Tochter (Ada Byron, jetzt Countess of Lovelace) kehrte seine Gemahlin zu ihrer Familie zurück. Der von der Welt verurtheilte Dichter verliess England zum zweiten Male — für immer, bei welcher Gelegenheit er das ergreifende 'Fare thee well' an seine Ge-

mahlin (S. 273) dichtete. In Genf, Venedig, Ravenna und Pisa führte er nun ein unstätes und wildes Leben, vollendete Childe Harold, schrieb den Don Juan, seine Schauspiele u. s. w., bis er der schriftstellerischen Laufbahn müde sich im Jahre 1823 nach Missolunghi begab, um den Griechen im Kampfe gegen ihre Unterdrücker beizustehen. Allein durch innere und äussere Anstrengungen aufgerieben erlag er schon nach einigen Monaten einem Fieber. Sein Tod wurde in Griechenland wie in England allgemein betrauert, doch versagte das letztere seiner Asche die Aufnahme in die Westminsterabtei. — Was Allan Cunningham von Byron's Don Juan sagt, dass der Dichter bei Abfassung desselben zwischen Engeln des Lichts und der Finsterniss gesessen zu haben scheine, mag füglich auf die grosse Mehrzahl seiner Schriften ausgedehnt werden. 'Byron's Genius, sagt R. Chambers, zeigt in Childe Harold seine Grösse, in den Erzählungen und kleinern Gedichten seine Zartheit und im Don Juan seinen Reichthum.' — 13. 24. 156. 225. 245. 272. 273. 276. 312. 315.

CALLANAN, JAMES JOSEPH, geb. 1795 (?) in Irland von armen Ältern, gest. 29. Sept. 1829 zu Lissabon. Dem Priesterstande bestimmt, zu dem er jedoch keine Neigung hatte, führte er ein unstätes, träumerisches und dürftiges Leben, meist als 'tutor'. Er war einer der wärmsten irischen Patrioten. Seine Gedichte erschienen nach seinem Tode gesammelt unter dem Titel: 'The Recluse of Inchidony and other Poems'. Cork 1830. — 35. 37. 266. 268.

CAMPBELL, THOMAS, geb. 27. Juli 1777 zu Glasgow, gest. zu Boulogne am 15. Juni 1844 und im Poets' Corner der Westminster-Abtei beigesetzt. Sehr jung bezog er die Universität seiner Vaterstadt, wo er sich durch klassische Studien rühmlichst auszeichnete und mehrere Preise gewann. Nachdem er kurze Zeit

Hauslehrer gewesen war, ging er nach Edinburg, wo er sich durch Herausgabe der *Pleasures of Hope* 1799 den Ruhm eines ächten Dichters erwarb. Von hier begab er sich nach Deutschland, dichtete in Hamburg die beiden herrlichen Gedichte 'Ye mariners of England' (S. 9) und 'Exile of Erin' (S. 39), war Augenzeuge der Schlacht bei Hohenlinden, die er so schön beschrieben hat (S. 333), und knüpfte mit den vornehmsten deutschen Dichtern und Gelehrten Bekanntschaften an. Nach seiner Rückkehr liess er sich bei London nieder, half die Londoner Universität begründen, gab von 1820 — 1830 das *New Monthly Magazine* heraus und ward dreimal zum Lord Rector von Glasgow gewählt. Seine Dichtungen (*Pleasures of Hope*; *Gertrude of Wyoming*; *Lochiel and the Wizard*; *O'Connor's Child* u. s. w.) tragen das Gepräge des edelsten, wahrhaft klassischen Geschmacks; sie sind kräftig und doch wieder zart, von reiner Sprache und wohl lautendem Versbau. Überdies hat er *Specimens of the British Poets* 1819 in 7 Bänden und verschiedene andere prosaische Schriften herausgegeben. — 9. 39. 76. 83. 309. 333.

CHERRY, ANDREW, geb. 1762 zu Limerick, gest. zu Monmouth 12. Febr. 1812. Komischer Schauspieler und Verfasser mehrerer Theaterstücke, von denen 'The Soldier's Daughter' das beliebteste war. — 32.

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, geb. 20. Okt. 1772 zu Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire, gest. 23. Juli 1834 zu Highgate bei London. Er war der Sohn eines armen Geistlichen und erhielt seinen ersten Unterricht in Christ's Hospital zu London. In Cambridge machte er sich durch seine Begeisterung für die französische Revolution bemerklich, was auch wohl die Ursache war, dass er die Universität ohne einen Grad plötzlich verliess und unter einem angenommenen Namen sich für ein Dragonerregiment anwerben liess. Als jedoch hier seine Gelehr-

samkeit und seine wahre Lage entdeckt wurden, ward er entlassen und gab bald darauf seine 'Juvenile Poems' heraus (1794). Eine Zeit lang lebte er nun in Nether Stowey, Somersetshire, mit Zeitungs- und anderer Schriftstellerei beschäftigt. Im Jahre 1798 begab er sich nach Deutschland, wo er sich eine gründliche Kenntniss der deutschen Literatur und Philosophie erwarb. Eine Eruecht dieser Studien ist seine gelungene Übersetzung von Schiller's Wallenstein. Nach seiner Rückkehr schrieb er besonders für die Morning Post und fand endlich im Hause eines Freundes zu Highgate ein Asyl, in welchem er bis zu seinem Tode verblieb. — Ein reicher und überlegener Geist goss er die Schätze seines Wissens und seiner Philosophie mehr im mündlichen Verkehr als in Schriften aus, und war daher stets von bewundernden und ihn verehrenden Freunden umgeben. An Plänen zu grossen, namentlich philosophisch-theologischen Werken fehlte es ihm nicht, wohl aber an der Ausführung derselben. Was er geschrieben hat (Christabel; The Rime of the Ancient Mariner; Remorse, a Tragedy, &c.) sichert ihm jedoch für immer einen ehrenvollen Platz in der englischen Literatur. — 257. 269.

COOK, Miss ELIZA, um 1820 geboren, lebt in London. Eine nicht nur in England, sondern auch in Amerika beliebte und geschätzte Dichterin. Die vollständigste Sammlung ihrer Gedichte erschien unter dem Titel 'Melaia, and other Poems', London 1840. — 252.

CORNWALL, BARRY, mit seinem wahren Namen BRYAN WALTER PROCTER (oder PROCTOR?) geb. um 1790 zu London, besuchte zugleich mit Lord Byron Harrow School und widmete sich der Rechtswissenschaft. Schon seine 1815 erschienenen Dramatic Scenes machten ihn vorthailhaft bekannt. Seine später geschriebenen Songs gehören zu den besten und beliebtesten in der ganzen englischen Literatur. Ausserdem hat er ein

Trauerspiel 'Mirandola'; The flood of Thessaly &c., sowie mehrere prosaische Werke herausgegeben. Er lebt als Advokat in London. English Songs and other Small Poems. London 1846, Moxon. — 16. 76. 104. 115. 134. 141. 186. 226. 249. 254. 281.

\* COXE, ARTHUR CLEVELAND, geb. zu Mendham, New Jersey, 10. Mai 1818. Studirte auf der Universität zu New York fleissig die alten Sprachen und widmete sich dann dem geistlichen Stande. Sein erstes Werk war ein dramatisches Gedicht: Advent, a Mystery 1837. Im folg. Jahre gab er 'Athwold, a Romant' und 'St. Jonathan, the Lay of a Scald' heraus. Seine späteren Gedichte sind fast durchgängig religiösen Inhalts (Christian Ballads 1840). Er lebt als Rector in der Nähe von New York. — 7.

CROLY, GEORGE, geb. in Irland 1786 (?), wurde im Trinity College zu Dublin erzogen und widmete sich dem geistlichen Stande. Im Jahre 1815 bereiste er das Festland und schrieb sein erstes grösseres Werk 'Paris in 1815', das mit grossem Beifall aufgenommen wurde. In diesem wie in seinen späteren dichterischen Werken (The Angel of the World, Catiline a Tragedy, &c.) zeigt er sich als 'correcten und beredten Dichter', aber eine gewisse Kälte lässt den Leser theilnahmlos und ist Ursache, dass er wenig gelesen wird. Von seinen prosaischen Schriften sind Salathiel, ein Roman, und Tales of the Great St. Bernhard die bekanntesten. Er ist gegenwärtig Rector von St. Stephen's, Walbrook, London. — 234.

CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN, geb. zu Blackwood unweit Dumfries in Schottland 7. Dec. 1784, gest. zu London 29. Okt. 1842 (1843?). Von seinem Vater, einem Farmer, wurde er dem Maurerhandwerk bestimmt, welches er auch bei seinem Oheim erlernte. Sein Drang nach etwas Höherem trieb ihn jedoch 1810 nach London, wo er Beschäftigung in der Werkstätte des Bildhauers

Sir Francis Chantrey fand und nebenbei eine äusserst fleissige literarische Thätigkeit entwickelte. Schon in Schottland hatte er sich als glücklicher Nachahmer alter schottischer Lieder und Balladen ausgezeichnet und Sir Walter Scott's Aufmerksamkeit auf sich gezogen, welcher namentlich das Lied 'Hame, hame, hame' (S. 26) den Burns'schen Gedichten an die Seite stellte. Im Jahre 1821 gab er das Schauspiel Sir Marmaduke Maxwell; 1822 *Traditional Tales* in 2 Bänden; 1832 *The Maid of Elvar, a Rustic Epic* in 12 parts, sowie mehrere Romane und Erzählungen von geringerem Werthe heraus. Sein Hauptwerk sind die *Lives of eminent British Painters, Sculptors and Architects* in 6 Bänden. — 26. 142.

DARLEY, GEORGE, ist der Verf. des Gedichts *Sylvia or the May Queen*, sowie der Schauspiele *Thomas a Becket*; *Ethelstan &c.* — 92. 3

\*DAVIDSON, LUCRETIA MARIA, geb. zu Plattsburgh, New York, 27. Sept. 1808, wo ihr Vater Arzt war, gest. ebendasselbst 27. Aug. 1825. Sie und ihre Schwester, Margaret D., geb. 26. März 1823, gest. zu Saratoga 25. Nov. 1838, sind die merkwürdigsten Beispiele der in Amerika so häufigen Frühreife, indem beide schon im zarten Kindesalter lesbare Gedichte schrieben. Die 'Remains' der Lucretia D. sind nach ihrem Tode zu New York von S. F. B. Morse, und die ihrer Schwester von Mr. Irving herausgegeben worden. Auch ist eine ausführliche Lebensbeschreibung der Erstern von Miss C. M. Sedgwick erschienen. — 50.

\*DINNIES, MRS. ANNE PEYRE, geb. um 1810, Tochter des Richters Shackelford in Süd-Carolina, 1830 an John C. Dinnies in St. Louis vermählt, eine fruchtbare und geschätzte Mitarbeiterin an amerikanischen Zeitschriften. — 188.

\*DWIGHT, TIMOTHY, geb. 14. Mai 1752 zu



Northampton, Massachusetts, gest. 11. Jan. 1817 zu New Haven, Connecticut, als Präsident von Yale College (seit 1795). Er war gleich ausgezeichnet als Schulmann, Geistlicher und Schriftsteller. Sein literarischer Ruhm beruht jedoch weniger auf seinen poetischen (America, a Poem; The Conquest of Canaan, ein episches Gedicht in 11 Büchern; Greenfield Hill, a Poem, &c.), als auf seinen prosaischen Schriften (Theology Explained and Defended, eine Reihenfolge von etwa 200 Predigten; Travels in New England and New York, in 4 Bänden, &c.). — 41.

\* ELLETT, MRS. ELIZABETH F., geb. um 1810 in Sodus am Ufer des Ontario-Sees, wo ihr Vater, Mr. Lummis, ein angesehener Arzt war. In ihrem 19. Jahre vermählte sie sich mit Dr. William H. Ellett, Professor der Chemie. Sie hat sich besonders durch ihre Uebersetzungen aus dem Deutschen, Französischen und Italienischen hervorgethan, auch ein Trauerspiel 'Teresa Contrina' (1835) geschrieben. — Poems, Translated and Original, Philadelphia 1836. — 129.

ELLIOTT, EBENEZER, geb. 1781 zu Masbrough bei Sheffield, gest. 1849. Aus der arbeitenden Klasse entsprungen (er war Eisenarbeiter) und mit ihren Leiden vertraut, hat er vorzugsweise diese zum Gegenstande seiner Dichtungen gemacht und mit Liedern gegen die Härte und den Druck der Gesetze, namentlich der Korn-gesetze, gekämpft. Seine Corn-Law Rhymes (1832) verschafften ihm den Beinamen 'the Corn-Law Rhymer'. Sein edler Charakter, so wie die Kraft, die Beredsamkeit und Ächtheit seiner Poesie haben auch bei seinen politischen Gegnern volle Anerkennung gefunden. — 351.

GILFILLAN, ROBERT, ein Irländer, Verfasser des Gedichtes The Exile's Song, S. 28.

GOSTICK, JOSEPH, ist der Herausgeber eines Buches unter dem Titel: 'The Spirit of German Poetry.

A Series of Translations from the German Poets. With Critical and Biographical Notices.' London 1845, welches sich zwar weder durch tiefe Kenntniss der deutschen Literatur, noch durch einsichtige Anordnung auszeichnet, wohl aber unter vielen geringeren manche gelungene Übersetzung enthält. — 384. 387. 395. 396.

\* GOULD, Miss HANNAH, geb. zu Lancaster, Vermont, um 1792, lebt meistens zu Newburyport unweit Boston. Eine geschätzte Dichterin zweiten Ranges, deren Gedichte in 3 Bänden gesammelt erschienen sind. — 100.

\* HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE, geb. 1795 zu Guilford, Connecticut, lebt zu New York, wo er verschiedene kaufmännische Geschäfte betrieben hat und u. A. eine Zeit lang Geschäftsführer des bekannten Mr. Astor gewesen ist. Er hat daselbst besonders durch seine satyrischen Gedichte eine grosse Volksthümlichkeit erlangt. Sein grösstes Gedicht, 'Fanny', erschien 1819; die kleinern sind öfter gesammelt und herausgegeben worden. Sein 'Marco Bozzaris' gilt für eins der schönsten 'Martial Lyrics'. — 335.

HEBER, Dr. REGINALD, geb. zu Malpas in Cheshire 21. April 1783, gest. zu Trichinopoli in Ostindien 2. April 1826. Auf der Universität Oxford erregte er durch sein Preisgedicht 'Palestine' Aufsehen und machte nach Vollendung seiner Studien eine Reise durch Deutschland, Russland und die Krimm. Nach seiner Rückkehr erhielt er eine Pfründe in Shropshire, wo er mit grossem Eifer den Pflichten der Seelsorge und literarischen Arbeiten oblag. Im Jahre 1822 wurde er zum Prediger von Lincoln's Inn in London erwählt und im folgenden Jahre zum Bischof von Calcutta ernannt. Als solcher erwarb er sich allgemeine Bewunderung und Verehrung durch seine unermüdliche Thätigkeit im Dienste der Religion und seinen wahrhaft apostolischen Geist. Ein Schlagfluss machte seinem Leben ein plötzliches Ende. Nach seinem

Tode gab seine Wittve seine Lebensbeschreibung und sein 'Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India from Calcutta to Bombay' heraus. Von seinen Gedichten sind die Hymnen die bedeutendsten. — 89. 362.

HEMANS, MRS. FELICIA (Felicia Dorothea Browne), geb. zu Liverpool 21. Sept. 1793, gest. zu Dublin 16. Mai 1835. Ihre Kindheit verlebte sie in North-Wales und sog hier die Liebe zur Natur ein, welche sich in allen ihren Werken ausspricht. Schon in ihrem 15. Jahre gab sie einen Band Gedichte heraus, der jedoch wenig Glück machte. Im Jahre 1812 wurde sie an Captain Hemans vermählt; ihre Ehe scheint jedoch nicht glücklich gewesen zu sein. Im Jahre 1818 begab sich ihr Gemahl zur Wiederherstellung seiner Gesundheit nach Italien, von wo er niemals zurückkehrte, während sie sich in St. Asaph in North-Wales der Erziehung ihrer fünf Söhne und der Literatur widmete. Später verlegte sie ihren Wohnsitz nach Dublin, wo sie auch gestorben und begraben ist. — Felicia H. ist die bedeutendste englische Dichterin dieses Jahrhunderts, ausgezeichnet durch edle Weiblichkeit, eine reiche Phantasie und wohl-lautende Sprache. Doch tadeln englische Kunstrichter ihre Eintönigkeit, und Sir Walter Scott meinte 'sie habe zu viele Blüthen im Verhältniss zu den Früchten'. Gesammelte Werke in 6 Bänden mit einer Einleitung von ihrer Schwester. — 6. 79. 85. 108. 110. 116. 138. 144. 190. 201. 213. 218. 357.

HERVEY, THOMAS K., geb. zu Paisley in Schottland, lebt meist in London. Er ist der Verf. von 'The Poetical Sketch Book; The Book of Christmas; Australia; The English Helicon' &c. — 198. 355.

\*HOFFMAN, CHARLES FENNO, geb. 1806 zu New York. Als 12jähriger Knabe versuchte er mit andern Knaben von der Landungsbrücke auf ein vorbeiz-

fahrendes Dampfschiff zu springen, erreichte jedoch dasselbe nicht, und wurde so zwischen das Schiff und die Brücke gequetscht, dass ihm sofort der rechte Fuss über dem Knie abgenommen werden musste. Dieser Unglücksfall that jedoch seiner körperlichen und geistigen Schwungkraft nicht den mindesten Eintrag; im Gegentheil wurde er nichts desto weniger ein ausgezeichnete Reiter und Schwimmer. — Die Rechtsgeschäfte, denen er sich nach Vollendung seiner Studien widmete, vertauschte er bald mit der Schriftstellerei und betheiligte sich an mehreren Zeitschriften, z. B. an dem bekannten Knickerbocker Magazine, welches er begründete. Eine Reise in den Westen (1833) beschrieb er unter dem Titel: *Winter in the West*. Ausser seinen Erzählungen und Schilderungen (*Greyslaer; Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie 1837 &c.*) sind besonders seine Lieder beliebt, die zu den besten amerikanischen gehören, aber noch nicht gesammelt sind. — 160. 199. 200. 250. 277.

HOGG, JAMES, the Ettrick-Shepherd, wie er gewöhnlich genannt wird, ward geb. 25. Jan. 1772 in Selkirkshire in Schottland; gest. 21. Nov. 1835. Gleich seinen Vorfahren wurde er von Kindheit an zum Schäfer erzogen und lernte erst im 20. Jahre lesen. Durch seine Mutter hatte er die alten schottischen Lieder und Balladen kennen gelernt und lieb gewonnen und vertrieb sich bei seiner Herde die Zeit durch Nachahmungen derselben. Diese gab er 1801 zu Edinburg in einem kleinen Bande heraus, worauf er die schriftstellerische Laufbahn betrat. Sein Hauptgedicht ist *The Queen's Wake 1813*. Ausserdem: *Queen Hynde; Mador of the Moor; The Pilgrims of the Sun &c.*, auch Novellen und Erzählungen. Wie Burns hatte auch er zeitlebens mit Noth und Dürftigkeit zu kämpfen. — 122.

HOLDEN, MRS. ZOE, gegenwärtig in Deutschland verheirathet. Die beiden zarten Gedichte '*Bright Days*

Departed' und 'Invitation' verdanke ich handschriftlicher Mittheilung, da Mrs. H. nicht als Schriftstellerin aufgetreten ist. — 207. 265.

HOOD, THOMAS, geb. zu London 1798, gest. 1844. Er erlernte die Kupferstecherkunst, wandte sich jedoch bald der Schriftstellerei zu und ärtete namentlich durch seine komischen und satyrischen Gedichte Beifall. So gab er heraus 'Whims and Oddities'; 'The Comic Annual' &c. Doch hat er auch grössere und ernste Sachen geschrieben, unter denen namentlich 'The Song of the Shirt' (S. 348) so grosses Aufsehen erregte, dass der Verf. auf seinen Grabstein nur die Worte: 'He sang the Song of the Shirt' gesetzt haben wollte. — 17. 205. 228. 240. 317. 348.

HOPKINSON, JOSEPH, geb. um 1770, gest. 15. Jan. 1842 zu Philadelphia. Er ist der Verf. des im Jahre 1798 gedichteten nationalen Liedes 'Hail Columbia'. — 45.

HOWITT, MARY, aus einer Quäkerfamilie, ist wie ihr Gemahl, William Howitt, in verschiedenen Fächern als fruchtbare und erfolgreiche Schriftstellerin aufgetreten. Als Dichterin ist sie besonders wegen ihrer glücklichen Nachahmungen altenglischer Balladen rühmlich bekannt. — Poems by William and Mary Howitt 1823. The Seven Temptations 1834. The Book of Seasons. Ballads and other Poems 1847. — 306. 388. 391. 394. 395. 396.

HUNT, LEIGH, geb. 19. Okt. 1784 zu Southgate, Middlesex, wurde mit Charles Lamb und Coleridge in Christ's Hospital erzogen. Statt seine begonnene Laufbahn als Rechtsanwalt fortzusetzen, widmete er sich ausschliesslich der Schriftstellerei, begründete mit seinem Bruder die Wochenschrift The Examiner, büsste eine Verspottung des Prinz-Regenten mit zweijährigem Gefängniss, lebte 1822 mit Byron in Italien, entzweite sich jedoch mit diesem und ging nach London zurück. In

seinen Schriften spricht sich ein lebendiger, heiterer Geist aus. Sein vorzüglichstes Gedicht ist 'The Story of Rimini', sein Hauptwerk in Prosa: 'Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries'. — Poetical Works, London 1844, Moxon. — 318. 320.

HUNTER, MRS. JOHN, geb. 1742, gest. 1821, Gattin des berühmten Wundarztes John Hunter. — Ihre gesammelten Gedichte erschienen 1806. — 152.

JEWSBURY, MARIA JANE, gab u. A. heraus: 'Lays of Leisure Hours', London 1829, in welchen sie sich als eine etwas empfindsame Nachahmerin zeigt. — 160.

KEATS, JOHN, geb. 29. Okt. 1796 zu London, gest. zu Rom 27. Dec. 1820. Er widmete sich anfänglich der Wundarzneikunst, wurde aber durch seine Jugendgedichte mit Leigh Hunt bekannt, der ihn zur literarischen Laufbahn ermunterte und begünstigte. Sein im Jahre 1818 herausgegebener 'Endymion, a Poetic Romance', wurde von Gifford, dem Herausgeber des Quarterly Review, mit so ungerechter Härte und Böswilligkeit beurtheilt, dass der kränkliche und reizbare Dichter davon aufs Heftigste ergriffen wurde. Sein zweiter Band (Lamia; Isabella; The Eve of St. Agnes, and other Poems 1820) wurde bei Weitem günstiger aufgenommen. Als einen letzten Versuch, seinem Brustleiden Einhalt zu thun, begab sich K. nach Italien, wo er jedoch demselben nach kurzer Zeit erlag. — Von den jung gestorbenen englischen Dichtern ist er bei Weitem der bedeutendste. — 5. 126. 167.

KERTLAND, WILLIAM, Verf. des Gedichtes 'Hail to the Oak'. — 34.

\*KEY, FRANCIS S., geb. zu Baltimore, ist der Verf. des Gedichtes 'The Star-Spangled Banner'. — 47.

LAMB, CHARLES, geb. zu London 18. Febr. 1775, gest. zu Edmonton 27. Dec. 1834. Er besuchte die Schule in Christ's Hospital, und erhielt 1792 eine Anstellung im East India House, welche er 35 Jahre lang unausgesetzt verwaltete und dann bis zu seinem Tode einen Ruhegehalt bezog. Er lebte unverheirathet mit seiner Schwester und verliess sogar nur selten die Stadt London, wo er sich einer ausgebreiteten Bekanntschaft und Achtung erfreute. Sein schriftstellerischer Ruhm beruht hauptsächlich auf seinen 'Essays'. — 217.

LANDON, LETITIA ELIZABETH (L. E. L., wie sie ihre Gedichte zu unterzeichnen pflegte), geb. zu Chelsea 14. Aug. 1802, gest. an unvorsichtigem (oder absichtlichem?) Genusse von Blausäure 16. Okt. 1838 zu Cape Coast Castle in Afrika, wohin sie ihrem Gemahl, dem dortigen Gouverneur, Mr. George Maclean, mit welchem sie sich eben erst (1838) vermählt hatte, gefolgt war. Sie ist eine der bedeutendsten und fruchtbarsten engl. Dichterinnen der neuern Zeit. Ihre grössten Dichtungen sind: *The Improvisatrice* 1825; *The Troubadour*; *The Golden Violet*, &c. — 158. 208.

LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE, geb. 1775 auf dem Familiensitze Ipsley Court in Warwickshire. Er lebte längere Zeit auf dem Festlande, namentlich in Spanien und in Italien, auf einer Villa bei Fiesole. Sein Hauptwerk in Prosa sind die 'Imaginary Conversations', die wegen ihres Gedankenreichthums, wie wegen ihrer männlichen und kernigen Sprache allgemein gerühmt werden. Von seinen poetischen Schriften, in welchen jedoch der Verstand die Einbildungskraft überwiegt, sind 'Gebir' und das Trauerspiel 'Count Julian' die bedeutendsten. — 289.

\*LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, geb. 27. Febr. 1807 zu Portland, Maine, begab sich nach Vollendung seiner Studien schon im Frühjahr 1826 nach

Europa, wo er u. A. in Göttingen studirte. Im Sommer 1829 nach Amerika zurückgekehrt, erhielt er die Professur der neuern Sprachen am Bowdoin College, gab jedoch 1835 diese Stelle auf und ging wiederum nach Europa, um die nordischen Sprachen und Literaturen zu studiren. Er durchreiste Dänemark und Schweden, lebte längere Zeit in Heidelberg (wo er durch einen plötzlichen Tod seine Gattin verlor), in Tyrol und in der Schweiz. Im Okt. 1836 kehrte er in seine Heimath zurück und wurde Professor der französischen und spanischen Sprache am Harvard College zu Cambridge. Von allen amerikanischen Schriftstellern ist L. derjenige, welcher die ausgebreitetsten und tiefsten Kenntnisse der europäischen Literaturen besitzt und das meiste germanische Element in sich trägt. Von seinen Gedichten sind die 'Voices of the Night', die Übersetzungen und die Ballade 'The Skeleton in Armour' (S. 324) am berühmtesten. Ausserdem hat er geschrieben: *Outre Mer, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea*; *Hyperion*; *Kavanagh*; *Evangeline*, eine Erzählung in Hexametern, &c. — 77. 149. 168. 179. 203. 212. 324. 339. 363. 378. 379. 388. 397.

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON, erhielt seine Bildung in Cambridge. Er ist in diesem Augenblicke auch in Deutschland vorzugsweise wegen seiner Geschichte von England und seiner 'Essays' berühmt, verdient aber nicht weniger Beachtung wegen seiner 'Lays of the Ancient Rome' und seiner übrigen Balladen. Von 1831—1844 war er Mitglied des Unterhauses und bekleidete dann verschiedene höhere Ämter. — Seine Schreibart ist durchaus eigenthümlich und kräftig, seine Schilderungen sind höchst lebendig, seine Darstellung beredt. — 329.

MACKAY, CHARLES, hat herausgegeben: *The Hope of the World* 1840 und *The Salamandrine* 1842. — 94.



MILMAN, HENRY HART, geb. 10. Febr. 1791 zu London, wo sein Vater Sir Francis M. Arzt war, studierte zu Oxford, wurde Vicar von St. Mary in Reading, 1821 Professor der Dichtkunst zu Oxford und lebt gegenwärtig in London. Er ist hauptsächlich ein dramatischer Dichter (Fazio 1817; The Fall of Jerusalem 1820; Belshazzar; The Martyr of Antioch; Anne Boleyn) hat aber auch eine erzählende Dichtung, 'Samor, Lord of the Bright City', in 12 Büchern, kleinere Gedichte und geschichtliche Werke geschrieben. — 193.

MILNES, RICHARD MONCKTON, geb. in Yorkshire um 1806. Nach Vollendung seiner Studien in Cambridge hat er längere Reisen auf dem Festlande, später (1842 und 1843) auch in Ägypten und Kleinasien gemacht. Er ist Mitglied des Unterhauses. Durch seine zahlreichen Dichtungen (Memorials of a Tour in Greece 1834; Poems of Many Years 1838; Poetry for the People 1840; Palm Leaves 1843; gesammelt in 4 Bänden bei Moxon) hat er sich einen wohlbegründeten und dauernden Ruf erworben. — 170. 260. 263.

MOIR, D. M., Arzt zu Musselburgh, unweit Edinburgh, ist unter dem Namen Delta lange Zeit einer der bedeutendsten Mitarbeiter an Blackwood's Magazine gewesen. Ausser seinen Gedichten hat er auch mehrere Werke in Prosa geschrieben, z. B. Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine. — 202.

MONTGOMERY, JAMES, geb. zu Irvine in Ayrshire in Schottland 4. Nov. 1771, der Sohn eines mährischen (herrnhuthischen) Missionärs, welcher auf der Insel Tobago starb. Weder zum geistlichen Stande, noch zum kaufmännischen Geschäfte Neigung verspürend, fand er endlich 1792 zu Sheffield Beschäftigung bei einer Zeitschrift (The Sheffield Iris), deren Herausgabe er einige Zeit nachher selbständig übernahm und länger als 30 Jahre ehrenvoll führte. Seine Dichtungen behandeln

meist religiöse Gegenstände und haben ihm verdienten Ruhm eingetragen. (*The Wanderer of Switzerland and other Poems* 1806; *The West Indies* 1810; *The World before the Flood* 1812; *Greenland* 1819 &c. Gesammelt in 4 Bänden 1841.) — [106](#). [151](#). [166](#). [195](#). [220](#).

MOORE, THOMAS, geb. zu Dublin [28](#). Mai 1780, gleich ausgezeichnet durch Witz und Satire, wie durch Zartheit und Tiefe der Empfindung. Unter seinen satirischen Schriften stehen 'The Twopenny Post Bag' (1812), 'The Fudge Family in Paris' (1818) und 'Fables for the Holy Alliance' oben an; unter denen der zweiten Klasse nehmen 'Lalla Rookh' und die 'Irish Melodies' den ersten Rang ein. *Lalla Rookh*, aus 4 lose verbundenen Erzählungen bestehend, enthält die treuesten, prächtigsten und zugleich lieblichsten Schilderungen morgenländischer Natur und Sitten; die *Irish Melodies*, nach alten volkstümlichen irischen Weisen gedichtet, geben ein wehmüthiges Zeugniß von der tiefen Liebe des Dichters für sein unglückliches Vaterland und sind an Anmuth und Empfindung wie an sprachlicher Vollendung unübertroffen. — Von den Lebensumständen Th. M.'s ist nur zu erwähnen, dass ihn eine Anstellung in Bermuda (1803) zu einer 14 monatlichen Reise nach Amerika veranlasste und ihn in grosse Geldverlegenheiten verwickelte, so wie dass er später in Frankreich und Italien reiste, wo er sich längere Zeit bei dem ihm befreundeten Lord Byron aufhielt. Dieser vertraute ihm sogar seine Tagebücher und andere Papiere an, welche jedoch aus Familienrücksichten verbrannt worden sind. Auch hat Th. M. unter andern prosaischen Schriften 'Notices of the Life of Lord Byron' (1830) herausgegeben. — [32](#). [35](#). [93](#). [119](#). [133](#). [153](#). [154](#). [155](#). [187](#). [192](#). [206](#). [253](#). [255](#). [256](#). [271](#). [278](#).

MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM, geb. 1797 zu Glasgow, gest. ebendasselbst [15](#). Okt. 1835, am Schlagfluss.

Seit 1819 war er Herausgeber verschiedener Zeitschriften, zuletzt des Glasgow Courier. Er war ein grosser Liebhaber und Kenner der altenglischen Literatur, insbesondere der alten schottischen Liederdichtung, und gab die Ergebnisse seiner Forschungen in der vortrefflichen Sammlung: *Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern* 1827 heraus. Seine eigenen Gedichte (gesammelt 1832) sind durchaus volksthümlich und stehen denen seines Landmannes Burns würdig zur Seite. — 90. 101. 119. 165. 321.

MOXON, EDWARD, der berühmte Verleger alter und neuer englischer Dichter (Beaumont und Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Massinger und Wycherley; Rogers, Wordsworth, Campbell, Talfourd, Tennyson, Hunt, Barry Cornwall, Shelley &c.). Seine Gedichte erschienen 1843. — 149. 171. 239.

\*NACK, JAMES, ist der Verf. eines in New York 1836 erschienenen Bandes Gedichte, deren guter Versbau nicht ahnen lässt, dass ihr Verf. taubstumm ist. — 88.

NICOLL, JAMES, geb. 1814 zu Auchtergaven (Perthshire) in Schottland, gest. an der Schwindsucht 1837. Er war zuletzt Herausgeber der Leeds Times, einer radikalen Wochenschrift. Seine Gedichte verrathen vortreffliche Anlagen und lassen seinen frühzeitigen Tod aufrichtig bedauern. — 176.

\*NOBLE, LOUIS LEGRAND, geb. 1812 im Staate New York, Geistlicher der bischöflichen Kirche. — 131.

NORTON, MRS. CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH, stammt aus der berühmten Familie Sheridan. Von ihrem Gemahl, George Chapple Norton, wurde sie nach einem widerwärtigen und anstössigen Prozesse, aus welchem sie jedoch vollständig gerechtfertigt und unschuldig hervorging, im Jahre 1840 geschieden und lebt seitdem in Zurückgezogenheit. Sie ist der 'Byron unter den engl.

Dichterinnen<sup>1</sup> genannt worden. Ihre erste Dichtung war 'The Sorrows of Rosalie', ihre vorzüglichste 'The Dream and Other Poems' 1840. — 196. 231.

OPIE, MRS. AMELIA, gab 1802 einen Band Gedichte heraus, die sich durch Einfachheit und Zartheit empfehlen. Besonders geschätzt werden ihre Erzählungen (Simple Tales, 4 vols 1806; New Tales, 4 vols 1818; Tales of Real Life, 3 vols; Tales of the Heart, 4 vols). Sie ist die Wittwe des bekannten Künstlers Mr. Opie und begann ihre literarische Laufbahn im Jahre 1801. — 279.

\*PABODIE, WILLIAM JEWETT, geb. um 1812 zu Providence, Rhode Island, seit 1837 Advokat in seiner Vaterstadt. Ausser vielen kleinern Gedichten hat er auch ein grösseres, 'Calidore, A Legendary Poem 1839', geschrieben. — 48. 233.

\*PEABODY, WILLIAM B. O., geb. 1799 zu Exeter, New Hampshire, erhielt seine Bildung in Cambridge (bei Boston) und widmete sich dem geistlichen Stande. Er ist seit 1821 Prediger zu Springfield, Massachusetts, und ein fleissiger Mitarbeiter an den amerikanischen Zeitschriften. — 96.

\*PERCIVAL, JAMES GATES, geb. 15. Sept. 1795 zu Berlin, Connecticut. Er wurde in Anbetracht seiner vielversprechenden Geistesgaben sehr sorgfältig erzogen und that sich in Yale College bald durch seine Kenntniss der klassischen Sprachen hervor. Aber auch mit den Naturwissenschaften machte er sich vertraut, wurde 1823 Doctor der Medizin und war später zu Boston eine Zeit lang Wundarzt beim Heere. Sein erstes Werk war ein Trauerspiel 'Zamor', 1815, eine schwache Nachahmung. Die erste Sammlung seiner Gedichte erschien zu New Haven 1820; eine zweite zu New York 1823. Ausserdem schrieb er, wie alle Amerikaner, hauptsächlich für

Zeitschriften, gab auch selbst eine solche heraus (Clio), die jedoch nur wenige Nummern erlebte. Auch mit gelehrten Arbeiten hat er sich beschäftigt. Unter den amerikanischen Dichtern zeichnet er sich durch schöpferische Kraft, Reichthum der Phantasie und gelehrte, namentlich sprachliche Kenntnisse aus, bleibt jedoch in der Ausfeilung seiner Werke hinter manchen andern zurück. — 70. 136. 171.

PETER, WILLIAM, geb. in Cornwall. Advokat, dann Mitglied des Unterhauses, jetzt englischer Cönsul in Pennsylvanien. Er hat namentlich viel aus dem Deutschen und Italienischen übersetzt. — 374.

\*PINKNEY, EDWARD COATE, geb. 1802 zu London, während sein Vater Gesandter am Hofe von St. James war, gest. den 11. April 1828 zu Baltimore. Zuerst diente er 9 Jahre als Midshipman in der amerikanischen Flotte, wurde dann Advokat und zuletzt Herausgeber einer Zeitung. — 'Rodolph and other Poems' 1825. — 248 (bis). 293.

PLATT, ALEXANDER, hat Uhland's Gedichte ins Englische übertragen: *The Poems of Ludwig Uhland translated from the German by Alexander Platt.* Leipzig 1848. — 382. 383.

\*PRENTICE, GEORGE D., geb. 1804 zu Preston, Connecticut, Herausgeber verschiedener Zeitschriften. — 270.

\*ROCKWELL, JAMES OTIS, geb. 1807 zu Lebanon, Connecticut, gest. 1831 zu Providence. Vom Buchdrucker schwang er sich zum Zeitungsschreiber und Herausgeber empor. Seine Gedichte sind nicht gesammelt. — 139.

ROGERS, SAMUEL, geb. 1762 zu London, wo sein Vater ein reicher Bankier war. Er wurde gleichfalls für den kaufmännischen Stand erzogen und später Theil-

haber des Geschäfts. Nach Vollendung seiner Erziehung reiste er längere Zeit auf dem Festlande, blieb dann aber beständig in seiner Vaterstadt. Als Dichter trat er zuerst 1786 (in demselben Jahre wie Burns) mit einem dünnen Bändchen (Ode to Superstition and other Poems) vor die Lesewelt. Seine beiden vorzüglichsten und berühmtesten Dichtungen sind die 'Pleasures of Memory' (1792) und 'Italy' (1822) ein beschreibendes Gedicht in ungereimten Jamben. Rogers besitzt weder bedeutende Einbildungskraft, noch grosse Erfindungsgabe oder Leidenschaft; dagegen entfaltet er den reinsten und edelsten Geschmack und ist daher ausschliesslich ein Dichter der gebildeten Stände. — 182.

\* SANDS, ROBERT C., geb. zu New York 11. Mai 1799, gest. daselbst 17. Dez. 1832. Er hat sehr Viel und Vielerlei geschrieben, meist in Gemeinschaft mit literarischen Freunden; so 'Yamoiden' 1820, ein episches Gedicht, zusammen mit Eastburn; 'The Talisman', ein Almanach, zusammen mit W. C. Bryant und Verplanck; 'Tales of the Glauber Spa' 1832, zusammen mit Bryant, Paulding; Miss Sedgwick, &c. Er besass nicht nur grosse Federgewandtheit und Humor, sondern auch eine gründliche Kenntniss der alten wie der neuern Sprachen. — 130.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, geb. zu Edinburg 15. Aug. 1771, gest. zu Abbotsford (am Tweed) 21. Sept. 1832 und begraben in Dryburgh Abbey. Wegen seiner schwächlichen Gesundheit brachte er seine Knabenjahre auf dem Lande bei seinem Grossvater zu und sog schon damals den Sinn und die Liebe für die romantischen Gegenden und die romantische Geschichte seines Vaterlandes ein. Auf der hohen Schule zu Edinburg war er weniger durch ausdauernde und gründliche Studien, als durch sein Talent Geschichten zu erfinden und zu erzählen bekannt. Gegen das Griechische hatte er eine Abneigung, dagegen

erlernte er die neuern Sprachen, namentlich die deutsche. Noch vor seinem 30. Jahre war er glücklich verheirathet, Sheriff von Selkirkshire und im Besitz eines reichlichen Einkommens. Allein sein unbegrenzter Ehrgeiz trieb ihn in die schriftstellerische Laufbahn, welche er mit Übersetzungen von Bürger's Lenore und Wildem Jäger, sowie Göthe's Götz von Berlichingen (1796 und 1798) begann. Darauf erschien seine Sammlung altschottischer Romanzen und Balladen (*The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*). Von 1805 bis 1815 folgten seine dichterischen Werke (*Lay of the last Minstrel*; *Marmion*; *Lady of the Lake* &c.) schnell auf einander. Um diese Zeit ging aber Lord Byron's dichterisches Gestirn auf; Scott erkannte dessen Übergewicht an, fühlte dass er seine bisherige Richtung erschöpft habe und öffnete nun die unendlichen Schätze seiner Romane, deren ersten (*Waverley*) er bereits 1805 begonnen, aber bis 1813 bei Seite gelegt hatte. Seine Romane, ausgezeichnet namentlich durch lebendige Darstellung, durch reiche und malerische Schilderungen und durch ihr ritterliches Gepräge, sind in alle europäischen Sprachen übersetzt und der ganzen gebildeten Welt bekannt. W. Scott's Ehrgeiz war jedoch durch Ruhm allein nicht befriedigt, er verlangte auch Besitz. Von dem Ertrage seiner Feder erkaufte er bedeutende Ländereien am Tweed und erbaute das Schloss Abbotsford, 'einen Roman aus Stein und Mörtel', wo er eine wahrhaft fürstliche Gastlichkeit übte, 'doing the honours for all Scotland'. Im Jahre 1820 wurde er zum Baronet erhoben. Im Jahre 1826 brach jedoch plötzlich diese ganze Herrlichkeit zusammen, indem die Buchhandlung von James Ballantyne & Co. in Edinburg, bei welcher W. Scott sehr stark theilhaftig war, bankbrüchig wurde. W. Scott hatte nun plötzlich 117000 Pfund St. Schulden, von denen er binnen 4 Jahren 70000 Pfund durch seine Feder tilgte. Dadurch war leider seine Gesundheit zu Grunde gerichtet; eine Reise nach Italien brachte ihm

die gehoffte Besserung nicht, und er starb nach wiederholten Schlagflüssen in Geisteszerrüttung. — 298. 299. 313.

SHECKBURG; DR., diente als Arzt im britischen Heere in Nordamerika. Er dichtete 1755 'Yankee Doodle' (S. 43) und setzte die Musik dazu, um damit die Amerikaner zu verspotten. Scheinbaren Ernstes empfahl er es den amerikanischen Offizieren und freute sich mit seinen Kameraden, als es bei ihnen wirklich Beifall fand. Allein zwanzig Jahr später begeisterte dieses Nationallied die Helden von Bunkershill, und nach noch nicht dreissig marschirte Lord Cornwallis mit seinem Heere bei der Musik von Yankee Doodle kriegsgefangen in die amerikanischen Reihen. — Vergl. Dr. Julius, Nordamerikas sittliche Zustände. Leipzig 1839. I. 62. — 43.

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE, geb. zu Field Place in der Grafschaft Sussex 4. Aug. 1792, im Mittelländischen Meere verunglückt im Juli 1822. 'Shelley's life,' sagt R. Chambers, 'was a dream of romance, a tale of mystery and grief.' In seinem 17. Jahre wurde er wegen seiner freigeistigen Ansichten, die er ungescheut bekannte und über die er sogar zu Disputationen aufforderte, von der Universität Oxford ausgestossen. Bald darauf dichtete er Queen Mab, 'his pride as a poet, but his shame as a man' und verheirathete sich gegen den Willen seiner Familie mit einem unbemittelten Mädchen. Die Ehe ward aber so unglücklich, dass er sich nach der Geburt zweier Kinder von seiner Frau trennte, welche sich später freiwillig den Tod gab. Aus Italien zurückgekehrt vermählte er sich zum zweiten Male, verliess jedoch sein Vaterland bald wieder, weil ihm auf Beschluss des Kanzleihofes (Court of Chancery) seiner republikanischen und atheistischen Ansichten wegen seine Kinder entzogen werden sollten. Er lebte nun am Genfer See, wo er Umgang mit Lord Byron pflog, in Lucca, Venedig,



Neapel u. s. w. Am 8. Juli 1822 verliess er in einem kleinen Fahrzeuge Livornö, wo er seinen Freund Leigh Hunt bewillkommnet hatte, um nach Spezzia zurückzukehren, verunglückte jedoch unterwegs. Sein Leichnam wurde am Ufer verbrannt, und die Asche auf dem protestantischen Begräbnissplatze bei der Pyramide des Cassius zu Rom beigesetzt. Selbst seine Feinde lassen seinem edeln Charakter und seiner Poesie Gerechtigkeit widerfahren. Er ist einer der ausgezeichnetsten englischen Lyfiker, voll hohen Schwunges und reicher Phantasie. Seine Werke (Alastor; Prometheus Unbound; Hellas; Adonais; The Cenci, ein Trauerspiel, &c.) sind von seiner Wittve vollständig in 4 Bänden herausgegeben. — 80. 85. 123. 239. 264. 267.

SMITH, HORACE, geb. zu London um 1780, der Sohn eines wohlhabenden Advokaten. In Gemeinschaft mit seinem ältern Bruder gab er die berühmten 'Rejected Adresses' 1812 und 'Horace in London' heraus, wie er mit ihm auch fleissig für Londoner Zeitschriften arbeitete. Am bekanntesten ist er durch seine Novellen und Romane (Brambletye House; Tor Hill; The Moneyed Man, &c.), in welchen er sich Walter Scott zum Vorbild nahm. 113.

SOTHEBY, WILLIAM, geb. zu London 9. Nov. 1757, gest. ebendasselbst 30. Dec. 1833. Mit seinem 17. Jahre trat er als Offizier in ein Dragonerregiment, verliess jedoch die Armee 1780 und lebte zurückgezogen auf einem Landsitze bei Southampton den Studien namentlich der alten Sprachen. Als Früchte derselben gab er 1798 eine geschätzte Übersetzung des Homer heraus. Von seinen eigenen Dichtungen sind das Trauerspiel 'Orestes' (1802), das erzählende Gedicht 'Saul' (1807), 'Constance de Castille' in 10 Gesängen (1810) und 'Italy', ein beschreibendes Gedicht, bemerkenswerth. — 23.

SOUTHEY, ROBERT, geb. zu Bristol 12. Aug. 1774, gest. zu Keswick (in Cumberland) 21. März 1843. Er war einer der am reichsten begabten und fruchtbarsten Schriftsteller aller Zeiten; von seinem 20. bis 30. Lebensjahre soll er mehr Verse verbrannt haben, als er in seinem ganzen Leben hat drucken lassen. Seine grössten Dichtungen sind: *Joan of Arc*; *Thalaba the Destroyer*, eine arabische, und *The Curse of Kehama*, eine hindostanische Geschichte; *Madoc*; und *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*. Trotz der sprachlichen Meisterschaft, der glänzenden Erfindungs- und Darstellungsgabe, die in diesen Gedichten waltet, werden doch seine grossen prosaischen Werke von manchen Kunstrichtern noch höher gestellt. Diese sind: *The History of the Peninsular War*, zu der er sich durch mehrere Reisen in Spanien und Portugal befähigt hatte; *The Book of the Church* und *The History of Brazil*. Unter seinen vielen Lebensbeschreibungen gilt sein '*Life of Nelson*' als ein Meister- und Musterwerk. Den wenigsten Ruhm brachte S. die ihm 1813 übertragene Stellung als Poet Laureate ein. Erschöpft von seinen geistigen Anstrengungen verbrachte er die drei letzten Jahre seines Lebens leider in gänzlichem Stumpfsinn, so dass er zuletzt selbst seine Familie nicht mehr kannte. — 181. 241.

\*SPRAGUE, CHARLES, geb. zu Boston 26. Okt. 1791. Er widmete sich dem Kaufmannsstande und wurde später Kassirer bei der Globe Bank zu Boston. Das längste und bedeutendste seiner Gedichte ist '*Curiosity*', 1829. Ausserdem hat er namentlich Prologe für verschiedene Theater und einige prosaische Sachen geschrieben. — 120. 216.

STERLING, JOHN, früher Geistlicher, später ausschliesslich Schriftsteller, hat 1839 einen Band Gedichte, dann '*Hymns of a Hermit*'; '*Strafford a Tragedy*' 1843 &c. herausgegeben. — 250.

SWAIN, CHARLES, geb. zu Manchester 1803. Er erlernte erst die Färberei, wurde dann aber Kupferstecher und Steinzeichner. Gab heraus: 'Metrical Essays on Subjects of History and Imagination' 1827, und 'The Mind and other Poems' 1841. — 197.

TALFOURD, THOMAS NOON, geb. zu Reading um 1796, Sergeant-at-Law und einer der beredtesten englischen Advokaten, ist besonders gefeiert wegen seiner klassischen Dramen 'Jon' und 'The Athenian Captive', weniger wegen 'The Massacre of Glencoe'. Seine 'Critical and Miscellaneous Writings' erschienen bei Carey and Hart 1843, seine sämtlichen Schriften um dieselbe Zeit bei Moxon. — 12.

TENNANT, WILLIAM, geb. zu Anstruther (Anster) an der Ostküste von Schottland um 1784, ist der Verf. des berühmten komischen Heldengedichts 'Anster Fair', welches 1812 namenlos erschien. Er hat sich aus kümmerlichen Verhältnissen bis zu einer Professur an St. Mary's College zu St. Andrews emporgearbeitet und verdankt seine Bildung fast ausschliesslich sich selbst. Er hat auch ein Trauerspiel und andere erzählende Gedichte (The Thane of Fife und Dinging Down of the Cathedral) herausgegeben. — 369. 372.

TENNYSON, ALFRED, der Sohn eines Geistlichen in Lincolnshire trat zuerst 1830 mit einem Bande Gedichte auf, dem er trotz theilweiser ungünstiger Aufnahme desselben, 1832 einen zweiten folgen liess. Später hat er 'The Princess a Medley' und 1850 anonym Gedichte unter dem Titel 'In Memoriam' herausgegeben. Er kann als der hervorragendste jetzt lebende englische Lyriker betrachtet werden. — 99. 145. 161. 241. 269. 303. 341. 343.

THOMSON, JAMES, geb. 11. Sept. 1700 zu Ednam bei Kelso im südlichen Schottland, gest. 27. Aug. 1748

zu Kewlane bei Richmond. Der unsterbliche Dichter der Jahreszeiten und des Nationalliedes Rule Britannia, welches ursprünglich den Schlussgesang des Schauspieles 'Alfred the Masque' bildete. — 3.

WATTS, ALARIC A., hat herausgegeben: *Lyrics of the Heart, with other Poems.* — 242.

WHITE, HENRY KIRKE, geb. zu Nottingham 21. Aug. 1785, gest. 19. Okt. 1806 zu Cambridge. Sein Vater war ein Fleischer und brachte Henry zuerst zu einem Strumpfwirker, dann zu einem Advokaten in die Lehre. Der Wissensdrang des Knaben war jedoch so gross, dass er ohne Hülfe Lateinisch, Griechisch und mehrere neuere Sprachen erlernte. Um sich die Mittel zu weitem Studien zu verschaffen, gab er 1803 einen Band Gedichte heraus. Durch die Vermittelung und Unterstützung einiger Gönner kam er nach Cambridge, wo er sich mit solchem Fleisse und solcher Ausdauer dem Studium der Theologie widmete, dass er seine Gesundheit dadurch untergrub. Southey gab nach seinem Tode seine 'Remains' heraus, welche anfänglich, mehr aus Theilnahme für das Schicksal ihres Verfassers, sehr überschätzt wurden. — 182. 359.

\* WILCOX, CARLOS, geb. zu Newport, Newhampshire, 22. Okt. 1794, gest. als Geistlicher zu Danburg, Connecticut, 27. Mai 1827. Ausser vielen kleinern Gedichten schrieb er zwei grössere: *The Age of Benevolence* (unvollendet) und *The Religion of Taste.* — 105.

\* WILDE, RICHARD HENRY, geb. 1789 zu Boston. Sein Vater, ein wohlhabender Kaufmann, verlor sein Vermögen durch die Schuld eines Geschäftsfreundes und starb bald darauf. Seine Mutter zog sich nach Augusta, Georgia, zurück, wo er sich unter dem Drucke dürftiger Umstände durch ausdauernde Anstrengung Kenntniss der Literatur erwarb und zum Advokaten bildete, als welcher

er 1809 seine Prüfung bestand. Bald darauf wurde er in den Congress gewählt. Von 1835—1840 reiste er in Europa, wo er u. A. 3 Jahre in Florenz lebte und sich ausschliesslich mit dem Studium der italienischen Literatur beschäftigte. Nach seiner Rückkehr gab er heraus: 'Conjectures and Researches concerning the Love, Madness and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso', New York 1842. 2 vols. Auch hat er eine Lebensbeschreibung Dante's geschrieben und viele italienische Gedichte übersetzt. Er lebt jetzt als ein geachteter Advokat zu New Orleans. — 51. 129. 157.

WILSON, JOHN, geb. 1788 zu Paisley in Schottland, seit 1820 Professor der Moralphilosophie an der Universität zu Edinburg. Nach Vollendung seiner Studien in Glasgow und Oxford kaufte er sich am Winandermere in Westmoreland an, wo er sich am herrlichsten Landleben und am Umgange mit Wordsworth erfreute, bis er die erwähnte Stellung in Edinburg erhielt. Hier dichtete er auch 'The Isle of Palms' 1812 und 'The City of the Plague' 1816. Ausserdem ist er der Herausgeber von Blackwood's Magazine, welches hauptsächlich ihm sein grosses Ansehen verdankt. Seine Beiträge zu dieser Zeitschrift sind mehrfach gesammelt erschienen (The Recreations of Christopher North, unter welchem Namen er sie geschrieben hat, und The Noctes Ambrosianæ). Er steht nicht nur als Schriftsteller, sondern auch als Mensch in hohem Ansehen. — 68.

WOLFE, CHARLES, geb. 14. Dez. 1791 zu Dublin, Geistlicher in der Hochkirche, gest. 21. Febr. 1823 in der Nähe von Cork, an der Schwindsucht. Durch das eine Gedicht: 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' (S. 334) hat er sich einen unvergänglichen Ehrenplatz in der englischen Literatur erworben. Dasselbe erschien anonym und wurde anfänglich Lord Byron zugeschrieben, so dass es sich sogar in Ausgaben von dessen Werken vorfindet.

Wolfe's Remains sind herausgegeben von seinem Freunde Dr. Russel. — 185. 283. 288. 334.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, geb. 7. April 1770 zu Cockermouth in Cumberland, gest. 1850(?). Erhielt seine Bildung zu Cambridge, machte eine Fussreise durch Frankreich, die Schweiz und Italien, schlug dann aber seinen bleibenden Wohnsitz am See Rydal in dem romantischen Westmoreland auf. Sein ganzes Leben war ausschliesslich der Dichtkunst gewidmet, welche er zur Einfachheit und Natürlichkeit in Stoff und Form zurückzuführen sich vornahm, wobei er jedoch öfter in den Fehler der Breite und der Alltäglichkeit verfiel. Er gilt daher für den Begründer und das Haupt der sogenannten Lake-School. Nach dem Tode seines Freundes Southey wurde er 1843 zum Poet Laureate ernannt und erhielt von der Regierung ein Jahrgehalt von 300 Pf. St. — Seine Hauptwerke sind die Lyrical Ballads 1798 und 1807; The Excursion 1814; The Recluse; The White Doe of Rylstone 1815; Peter Bell the Waggoner 1819; Poems chiefly of Early and Late Years 1842; das nach seinem Tode erschienene 'Prelude or Growths of a Poet's Mind' &c. — 11. 13. 87. 213. 243. 246.



Earth walketh on the Earth,  
Glistering like gold,  
Earth goeth to the Earth  
Sooner than it wold.  
Earth buildeth on the Earth  
Palaces and towers,  
Earth sayeth to the Earth  
All shall be ours.

On a tombstone in Melrose Abbey.

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